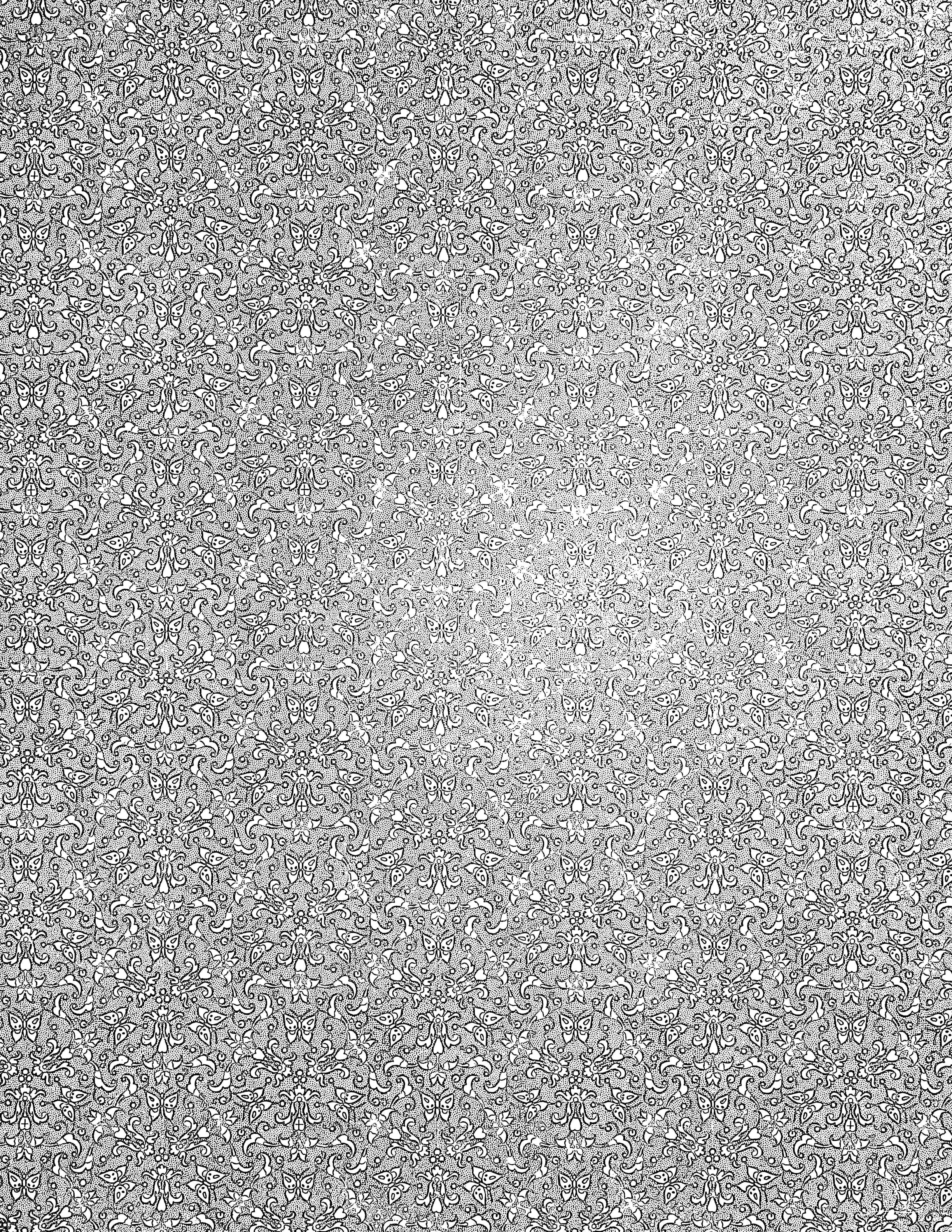
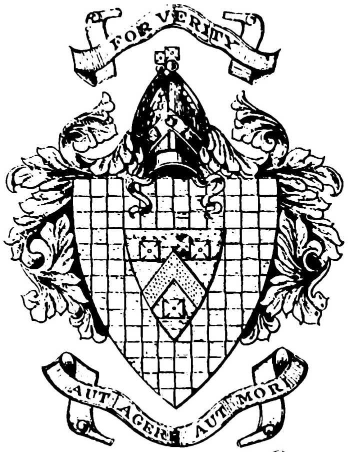
The Logie Collection of Original Music

by

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Yours faithfully
Scott Skinner



THE LOGIE COLLECTION

of

Original Music

for Voice, Violin and Pianoforte,

comprising

SONGS, SLOW AIRS, PASTORAL MELODIES, STRATHSPEYS, REELS, QUICKSTEPS, SCHOTTISCHES, GAVOTTES RONDOS, TARANTELLES Ec

composed by

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Entd. Sta. Hall.

Price 21/_ in Fine Clan Tartan Covers
15/_ in Cloth Covers
10/_ in Paper „

1888.

LONDON: J. B. CRAMER & Co. 201 Regent St. W.
EDINBURGH: WOOD & Co. 49 George Street.
KEITH: CHARLES MIDDLETON, Music-Publisher.
(from whom all Scott Skinners Works may be obtained)

Oscar Brandstetter, Leipzig.

Published by

City of Aberdeen
Arts and Recreation Division
Library Services

As a facsimile limited edition
500 copies printed in 1992

No. ..61.....

Printed by BPCC-AUP Aberdeen Ltd.

To

WILLIAM BARCLAY,

OF LOGIE—MUIR, ETC.,

A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO HIS WORTH

AS AN ADMIRER OF OUR NATIONAL MUSIC,

A LOVER OF HIS NATIVE LAND, THE TRADITIONS OF HIS FATHERS,

AND THE "SANGS HIS MITHER SANG",

ARE DEDICATED

THE FOLLOWING COMPOSITIONS,

KNOWING THAT

"As dew upon the sprig of heath, and as the sound of the bubbling waters

in a dry place to him who is athirst, so is the voice of the native

Muse to the Scottish heart and ear",

WITH THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION AND RESPECT.

The Author.

PREFACE.

In my former publications, I have, in a short preface, made some observations on the character of our national music, and have warmly advocated its claims. On this occasion I may be allowed to substitute for any introductory remarks of my own, an extract from a communication addressed to me by a friend; which so far as it relates to Scottish music in general, aptly and adequately expresses my own ideas. So far as it refers to my own compositions, I trust I may be pardoned for not suppressing the terms of kindly recognition, in which it alludes to them.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

"I see no reason why you should be deterred from giving your compositions to the public, on the ground sometimes alleged that the record of Scotch music is closed, and that any new contribution is superfluous and out of court. If a similar proposition were made regarding Scottish poetry I could better understand it. The dialect in which Burns wrote is fast dying out and much of his nervous force and felicitous phraseology is lost on the Scotchman of to-day, as well as on the Englishman; but even were it otherwise, if the language of Burns still remained as the familiar speech of his native land, so transcendent was his genius, that all who have attempted to follow in the same path have been overshadowed by his superiority. Compared with his, all other Scottish poetry is" as moonlight unto sunlight; and as water unto wine". It is impossible to rival him, and dangerous to imitate him. But our national music betrays no signs of growing antiquated or unintelligible. It may not have grown and flourished of late years, at the same rate as it did a hundred years ago, but it shows no marks of decay. It is a field still open for cultivation and development, the very field in which those, who like yourself are endowed with musical genius and patriotic feeling ought to labour; and you need fear no discouragement, in measuring yourself with former composers; for none have displayed such superlative excellence as to eclipse all successors. There is no Burns among the writers of Scottish music.

But you may meet with a more unpleasant objection. You may encounter contemptuous disparagement. Our music, it is sometimes said, is rude, harsh, and barbarous; it tortures classic ears, it violates all rules of art. In defence, I should be sorry to put in a plea for pity, as a mother might do for her misshapen child, or as Touchstone says of Andrey "a poor thing, but mine own, Sir". I should scorn to avert an unfavourable judgment by the apology that our music is for the most part the chance product of unskilled minds; an outburst of passionate, but transitory feeling, linked with much that is pathetic and tragical in our annals, and that its charm may be due as much to its associations, as to its intrinsic excellence. I should take higher ground and ask if that which fulfils all the functions of Art can be classed outside of Art. Is it not the office of Art to enliven, to stimulate, to awake genuine and purifying emotion, to throw upon the dreary path of life:

"The light that never was on sea or land".

And does not our national music fulfil that function for us, for a race too, not much given to the melting mood, nor easily tossed by every light wind of feeling? When Napoleon astounded the Austrian commanders, by winning battles quite against the accepted rules of military science, he grimly apologised by saying that the purpose of fighting was to win battles, no matter how. If our Scottish music produces those effects, which the best music should, it is quite irrelevant whether rules be observed or broken.

With respect to the charge sometimes made that Scottish airs from their rude structure are incapable of being harmonised, the fault lies, not in the airs, but in the want of will or the want of skill in the composer. Listen to what an English reviewer says in noticing Thomson's famous Collection. "By confounding simplicity of construction with simplicity of effect, we fall into the common error of supposing that the use of learned harmony must destroy the simplicity of national music. In the melodies before us, Beethoven and Auber have produced effects not only perfectly original, but exquisitely simple, by means which perhaps no other composer would have dreamt of. As to the notion that Scottish airs are too wild to be susceptible of harmony, all who understand the matter know that it proceeds from sheer ignorance of the subject. Every air, containing that which is melody to a cultivated ear may be clothed in appropriate harmony, if the composer knows where to find it."

I should be less able to resist the reproach that our music is somewhat deficient in variety and monotonous in form and expression. The song, the strathspey, and the reel, are the usual forms, which our national music takes, and these move within a very restricted region of the musical scale. But it may be observed that the strains which live and circulate among a people, which the ploughman whistles at the plough, and the mother hums beside the cradle, are always simple in their structure. It is the privilege of the few to listen to the opera and the oratorio, and these elaborate performances never permeate a nation and become part of its breath and being. A simple song, the "Marseillaise" has more powerfully influenced Frenchmen than all the works of their illustrious composers. Moreover, simplicity of form does not infer poverty of genius. More epic poems have been written than good and popular songs, and, while floods of florid and pretentious music are continually poured out over the land, it is only now and again that some tuneful little air wins its way to the national heart, and is rescued from that oblivion into which the great mass of more ambitious performances is being rapidly swept.

But if our Scottish music is deficient in variety, that is a fault that can be remedied. If the musical talent of the nation would apply itself in this direction, instead of attempting to acclimatize exotics, it might be found that our music possesses, not only vitality, but the power of growth and expansion. We have a Scottish pastoral drama, one of the best in the world, why should we not have a Scottish opera?

I fancy, however, that arguments for or against Scottish music are of little account with you, when the impulse of composition is upon you. The lark sings careless of listeners, and you must pour forth your melodies, whatever welcome they may receive. There seems to be neither stint nor stay in that perpetual fountain of music within you; and if fertility be one of the characteristic marks of genius, undoubtedly you possess it. You have given evidence already of your capability to write music which wins and retains a high place in the estimation of the public; and I feel sure that the productions which you are now about to publish will maintain the reputation you have acquired. In my own opinion they are in advance of your former efforts. The songs which you are to publish with original words appear to me to possess the true lyric charm. They are melodies, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. In the difficult task of composing airs in the measure of the strathspey and reel, which shall be new and striking, you have in most cases succeeded. Of mere dancing tunes, we have perhaps had enough; but of such measures as The Bonnie Lass o' Bon Accord, our Highland Queen, Huntly Castle; Fyvie Castle and Roualeyn's Plaid, to which dancing would be desecration, we can never have too many. If I found any ears so classically fastidious as to disdain these strains, I should feel inclined to decorate them with the insignia, which Midas once wore. I am glad to observe that the perfect command you possess of your favourite instrument has not betrayed you into the fault of overloading your work with elaboration, or disguising poverty of melody with mere tinsel of showy and difficult execution. But that you can write music for the classical virtuoso you show in your Rondo, Gavotte and Tarentelle which ought to be favourites with every skilful violinist".

Letter from PROFESSOR BLACKIE, *Emeritus Professor of Greek, University of Edinburgh.*

EDINBURGH, *25th April, 1888.*

DEAR SIR,

I am delighted to hear that you are prosecuting vigorously your noble work of giving to the world the Logie Collection of Scottish Songs, Pipe Tunes, Strathspeys, &c. You could not spend your genius on a task at once more patriotic and more opportune; for it is only too evident that there is a class of persons growing up in Scotland at the present hour, who are willing to sacrifice the rich heritage of popular song which they have received from their fathers, for exotic beauties of all descriptions, and the meretricious novelties of the hour. Far be it from me, brought up as I was in Germany, and breathing the inspiring atmosphere of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to throw any discouragement on the study of the highest form of musical art, as presented to us in the masterpieces of the great German and Italian composers; but there is a peculiar charm, as well as a great moral and educative value in all popular song, which the most finished productions of artistic skill do not possess, and which, the greatest masters of the art have often made it their greatest glory to imitate; and, if popular song, or the *Volkslied* as the Germans call it, has this special virtue, the popular music of Scotland has it in a remarkable degree: partly on account of its own excellence, partly because for us Scotsmen it has the additional value of being Scotch, as native to our ears and to our hearts as the purple heather is to the brae, or the graceful tresses of the birch to the glen. If it be true, as the wise man said, that the eyes of a fool are at the ends of the earth, it is equally true that the ears of a wise man should not be tickled merely with far-sought melodies, but be tuned in the first place to airs of native growth, and to sounds as familiar as the breeze on the mountain or the murmur of waters in the plain.

A man's first duty, whether in nature or in art, is always to his immediate surroundings; and the man who flings aside these natural sources of true culture for the worship of strange gods, is both a traitor and a fool. I myself have long been profoundly convinced that, next to the Bible and the familiar acquaintance with its moral treasures that belongs to our Presbyterian piety, the Scotsman owes all that is best and most human in his character to his rich heritage of popular song: and the moment he ceases to draw inspiration from these sources, he will either cease to exist altogether absorbed in the body of John Bull, or exist only in a state of apish artificiality and senile flunkeyism. In connection with Scottish Song, I cannot help alluding to a notion only too current among people who believe in accomplishments and talk of culture; viz:—the notion that the Scottish language is vulgar, and destined to die. Nothing could be a greater mistake. If it be allowed to die, it will be from the neglect of those whose first duty it was to attend to its culture: and so far from being vulgar, it requires very little either of a cultivated ear, or of comparative philology to know that it is, in fact, the most melodious and the most classical dialect of our common English tongue, and ought to be specially studied in all British schools, English as well as Scotch, exactly as the Athenian Greeks maintained the Doric of Epicharmus and Pindar in the choral parts of their tragedies.

Wishing you all the success that your patriotic exertions deserve,

I am, dear sir,

Yours Sincerely,

(Signed,) J. S. BLACKIE.

MR. J. SCOTT SKINNER,

INVERURIE,

ABERDEEN.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ

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THE LOGIE COLLECTION

BY

JAMES SCOTT SKINNER.

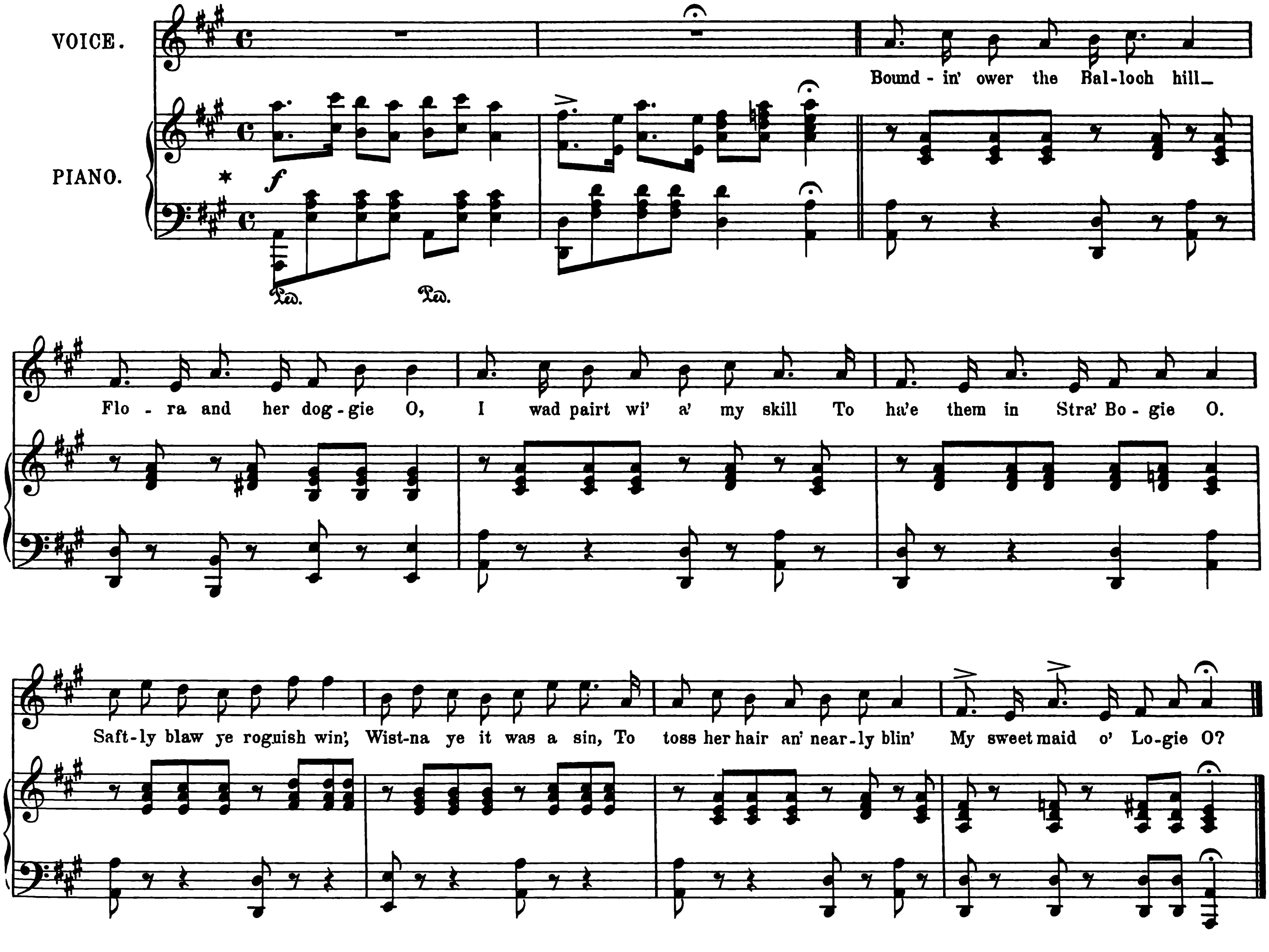
SONGS.

The Maid o' Logie.

(To FLORA MACDONALD BARCLAY.)

Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr^d by J. WATSON.



Topsy,[1] Topsy,_ glaikit thing,
This is perfect folly O,
Sportin' here at a' your swing
And Doddles[2] in a holie O.

Dolly's dress'd in velvet fine,
Beauty sits in ilka line
But a cripple she maun pine_
Puir afflicted dolly O?

Summers six has Flora seen_
Witchin' wee bit lassie O,
Cupid haunts her bonnie een
Neither pert nor saucy O.

Time, what needs thee hurry on,
Fairer sight there can be none
For thee or me to look upon
Than a guileless lassie O.

[1] Flora's doggie. [2] Flora's dolly.

* *Note.* It should be understood that contrary to the usual custom, the poetry in this volume has in nearly every case been suggested by the music _ not the music by the poetry.

Engraved & printed in Leipzig by Oscar Brandstetter

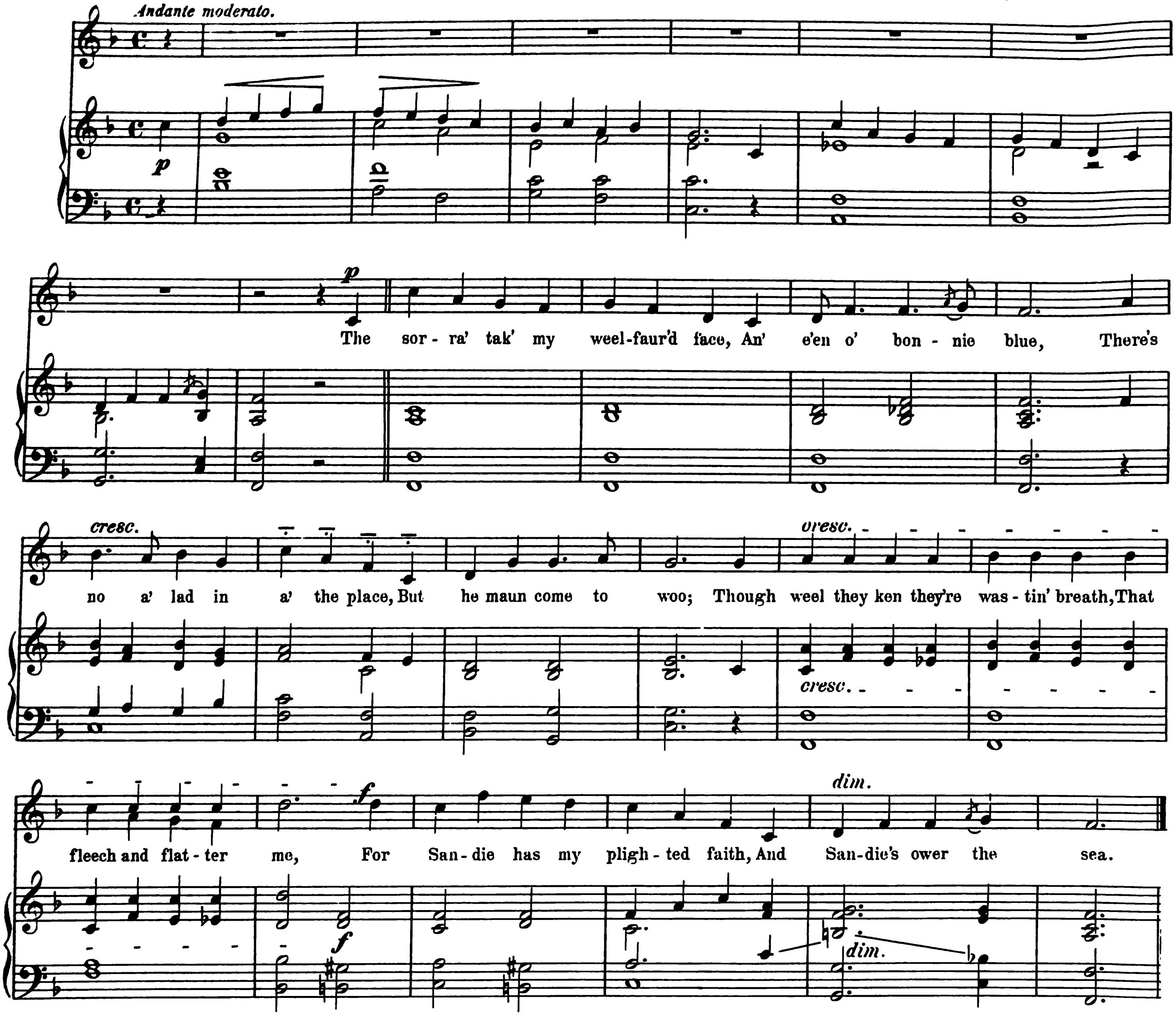
Sandie Ower The Sea.

(To Miss WATT. INVERNESS. Queen of Song.)

Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Harmonised by REG. M. ATKINS.



There's Frank, wi' plenished house an' gear,
An' acres o' his ain;
A hundred times I've heard him swear
He'll marry me or nane.
A chance sae fair, a lad sae leal,
At times may tempt a wee,
But still my heart is true as steel
To Sandie ower the sea.

There's Tam, that was sae fu' o' glee,
If a' be true they say,
He's crazed wi' hopeless love for me,
An' pinin' fast away.
I fear it's nae a Christian part
To let the laddie dee,
But then I've promised hand an' heart
To Sandie ower the sea.

But year on year gangs slippin' past,
An' I maun tak a thocht,
For time will turn a thief at last,
An' steal the bloom it brocht;
An' I at hame may pine an' weep,
While youth an' beauty flee,
An' ower the rose the wrinkles creep,
While Sandie's ower the sea.

The storm may wreck, the fire may burn,
The ship come hame nae mair,
An' Sandie's heart frae me may turn,
For vows are brittle ware.
Some brazen jaud, wi' flatterin' phrase,
May wile his love from me,
Wha kens what pranks my Sandie plays,
When Sandie's ower the sea?

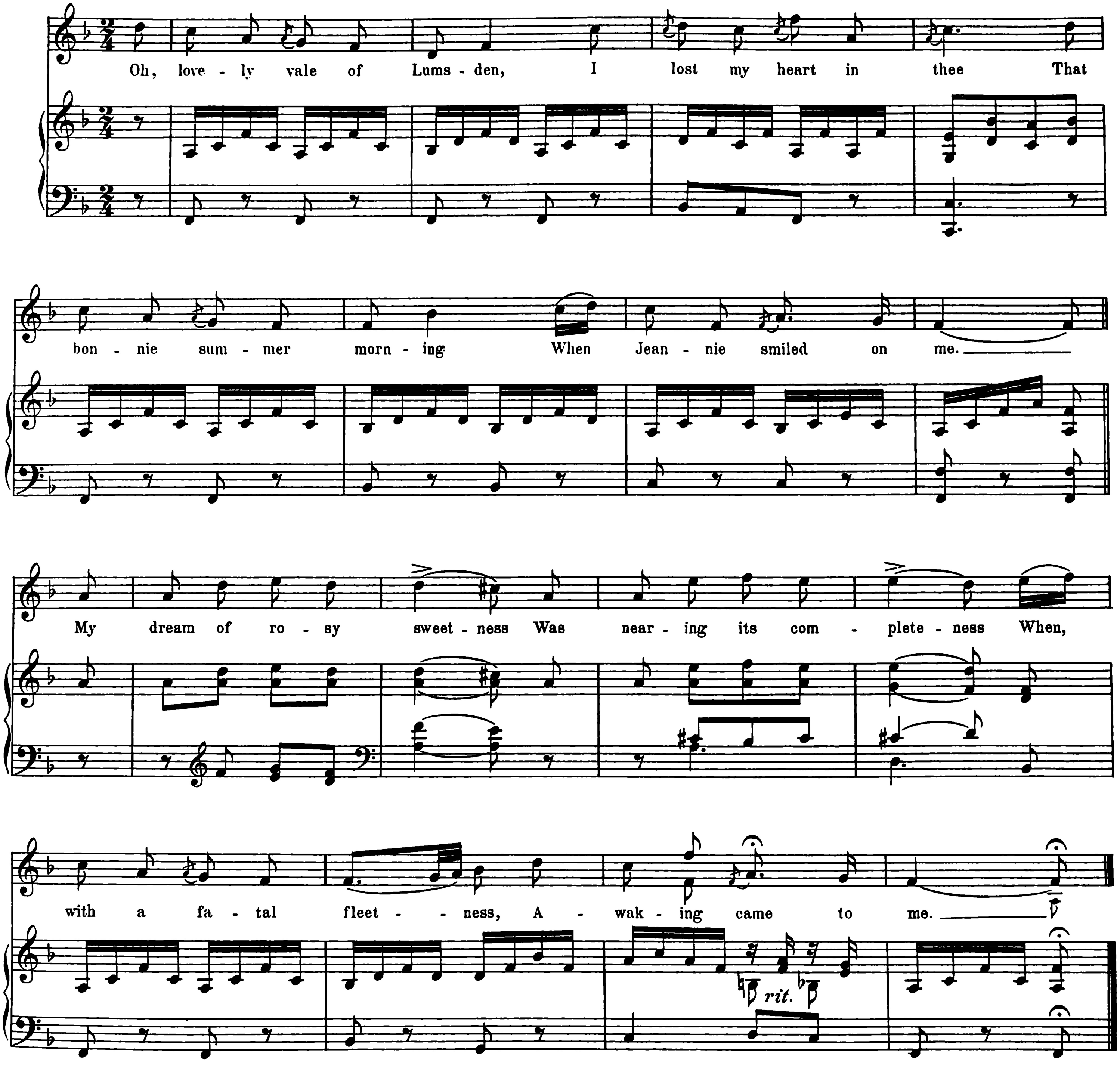
Now, shame upon the doubts an' fears
That wrang a heart sae leal!
Is this the faith I pledged in tears
That day we sighed fareweel?
Heav'n keep my lad from skaith an' ill,
An' send him safe to me!
For I'll be true to Sandie still,
Though Sandie's ower the sea.

A Dream of Love at Lumsden.

(To JEANIE SOUTAR.)

Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr.d by REG. M. ATKINS.



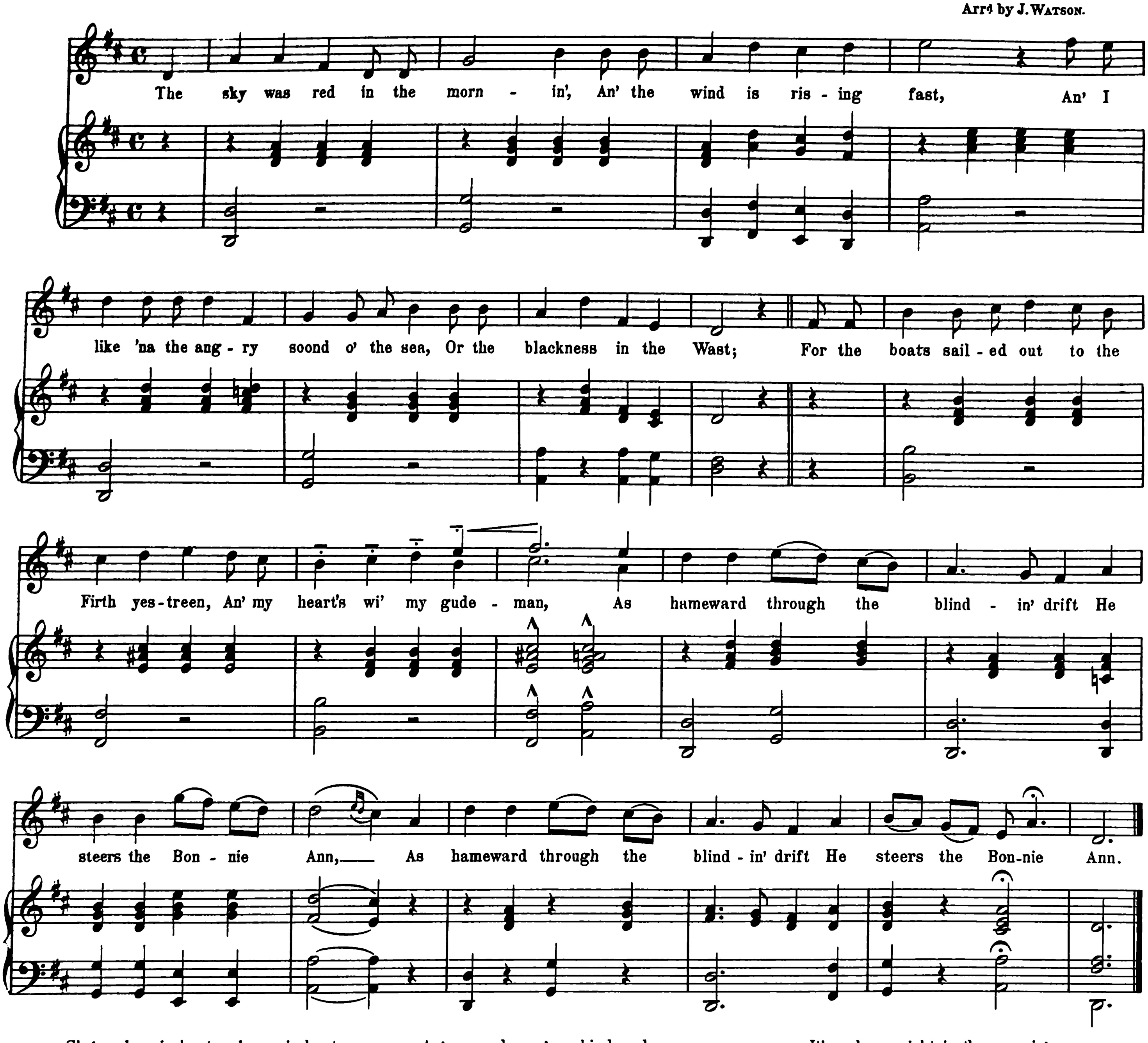
The lilies that we tended
In Lumsden, long ago,
Ere love's fair day had ended,
Continue still to blow;
I watch their yearly springing,
In memory fondly clinging
To thoughts for ever singing
Refrains of long ago.

My song is full of sadness,
My heart is full of pain,
I dream of all the gladness
I may not know again.
Come, Autumn, in thy glory,
Come, Winter, cold and hoary,
Sweet Spring, repeat the story
Of that fair dream again.

The Bonnie Ann.

(To W. L. COCKBURN. FRASERBURGH.)

Words by W. M. — J. SCOTT SKINNER. Arr^d by J. WATSON.



She's a bonnie boat, an' oor ain boat,
An' she's staunch frae mast tae keel,
An' my gudeman he christened her
Wi' the name he likes sae weel;
For I was a bonnie lass in my teens,
Ere the rose in my cheek grew wan,
An' the gentle-folk, they flattered me,
An' ca'd me Bonnie Ann.

An' my gudeman's a kind gudeman,
An' true in heart an' deed,
There's no' his like alang the coast
Frae Pentland tae the Tweed;
An' better he loe's his ain fireside
Than the yill-wife's foaming can,
Where he croons at nicht the auld Scots sangs
To a sweet wee Bonnie Ann.

It's a braw sicht in the mornin',
When the sky is saft an' clear,
An' the boats come flyin' wi' the breeze,
A' laden to the pier;
When, like heaps o' shinin' silver,
Caller herrin' fill the cran,
An' there's luck for a', an' better luck
On board the Bonnie Ann.

But oh! it's sair in the lang dark nicht
To hear the wild wind roar,
An' to see the Firth in the mornin'
Tumblin' white alang the shore,
An' wi' weepin' wives an' sisters,
A' wi' faces wet an' wan,
To stare across the harbour bar
For a blink o' the Bonnie Ann.

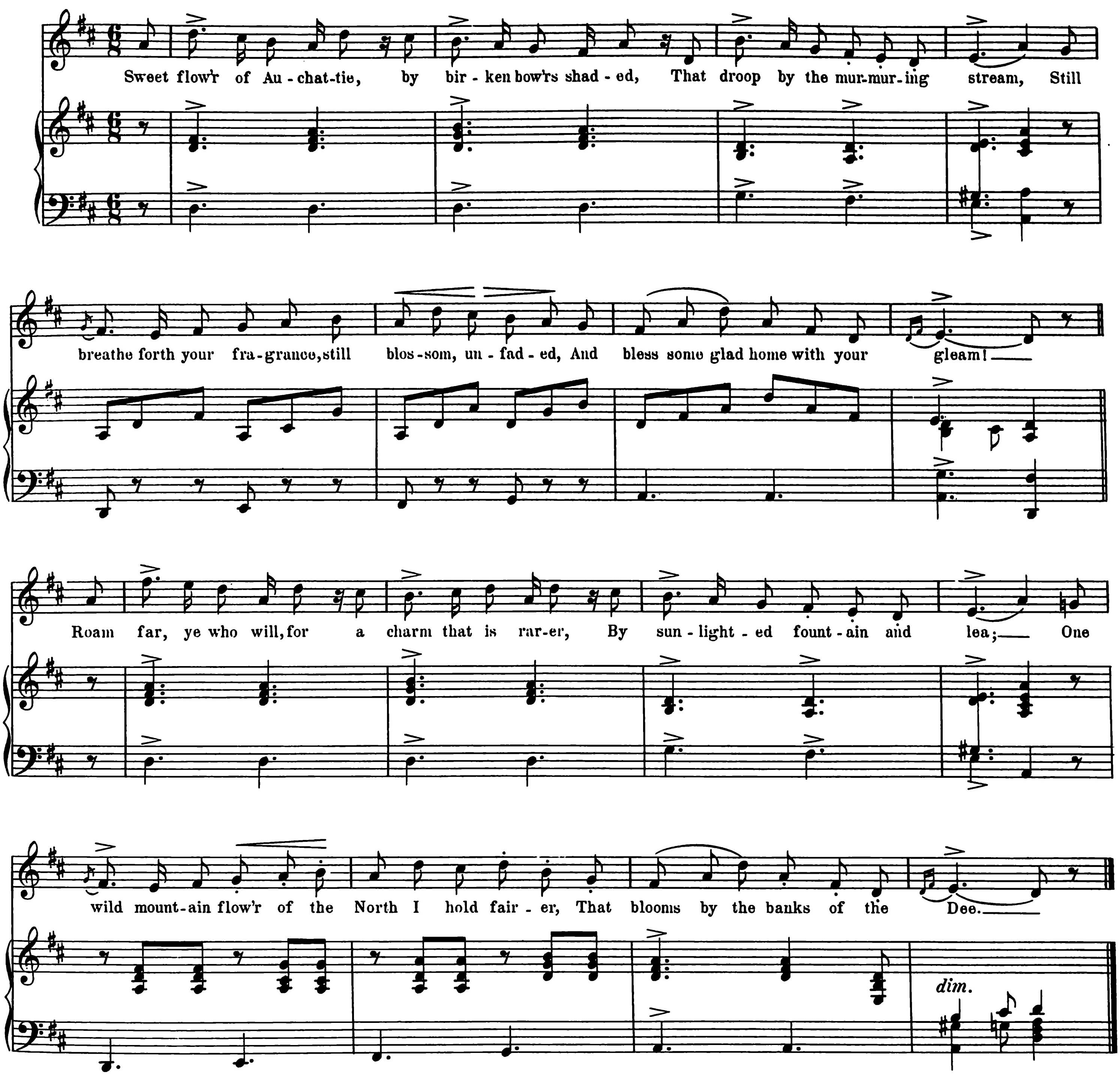
Oh! my dear wee lauchin' laddie,
Wi' your father's curly head,
Ye little ken the risk an' toil
That win your daily bread;
But there ye float your little boat,
An' wish yoursel' a man,
To be a skipper, tall an' stout,
An' steer the Bonnie Ann.

The Flower of Auchattie.

(To Miss B.A. WILSON.)

Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr^d by H. T. JEWSON, L. Mus.



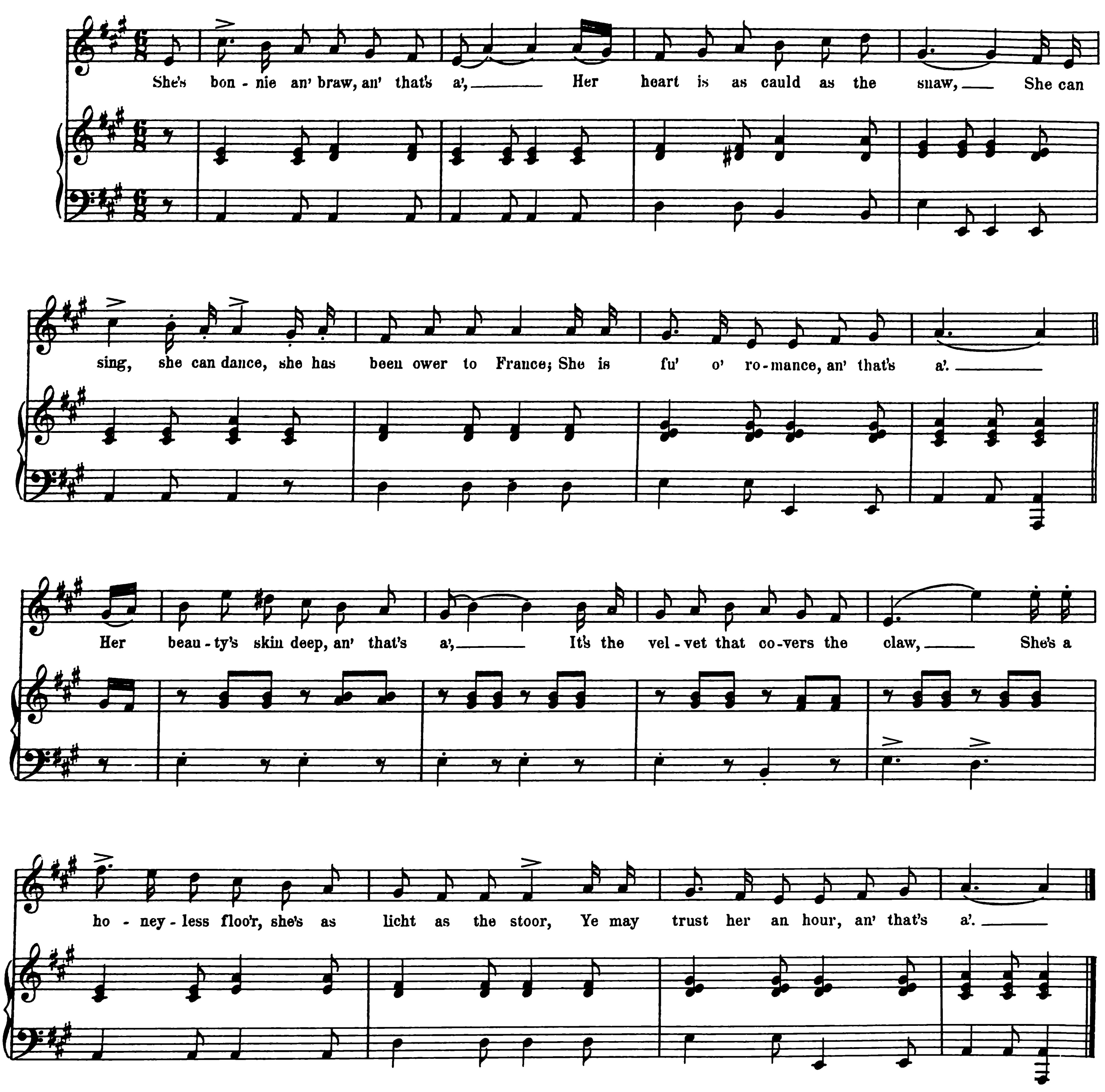
Let heroes win laurels where war-drums are sounding,
Let rovers seek wealth o'er the main,
Let fame lure the heart, where the young blood is bounding,
Her trumpet and wreath I disdain.
No prize, coldly glittering far, will I sigh for,
While true bliss lies nearer to me;
And I'd give all the garlands of glory men die for,
To win that sweet flower by the Dee.

Sweet Flower of Auchattie, still haunting my fancies,
The light of your charms shall not die,
My heart still must thrill to your tones and your glances
Though far from your presence I fly.
And long, like sweet echoes, remembrance shall treasure
Your light laugh of pleasure and glee,
Your touch on the chords in some blithe Scottish measure
And the songs that you sang by the Dee.

She's Bonnie An' Braw, An' That's A'.

(To JAMES MUNRO. CHEMIST, INVERURIE.)

Written by W. M. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



She can flatter an' smile, an' that's a',
An' for nane but hersel' cares a straw,
She's had lovers a score, an' has shown them the door,
Yet has twenty in store, an' that's a'.

She's a belle at the ball, an' that's a',
Fine feathers ne'er hide the jackdaw,
Strip off the fause glow, the tinsel and show;
There's a scare-craw below, an' that's a'.

She has siller an' land, an' that's a',
An' she kens I ha'e naethin' ava';
We were ance lad an' lass at the schule, in ae class,
Now she stares when I pass an' that's a'.

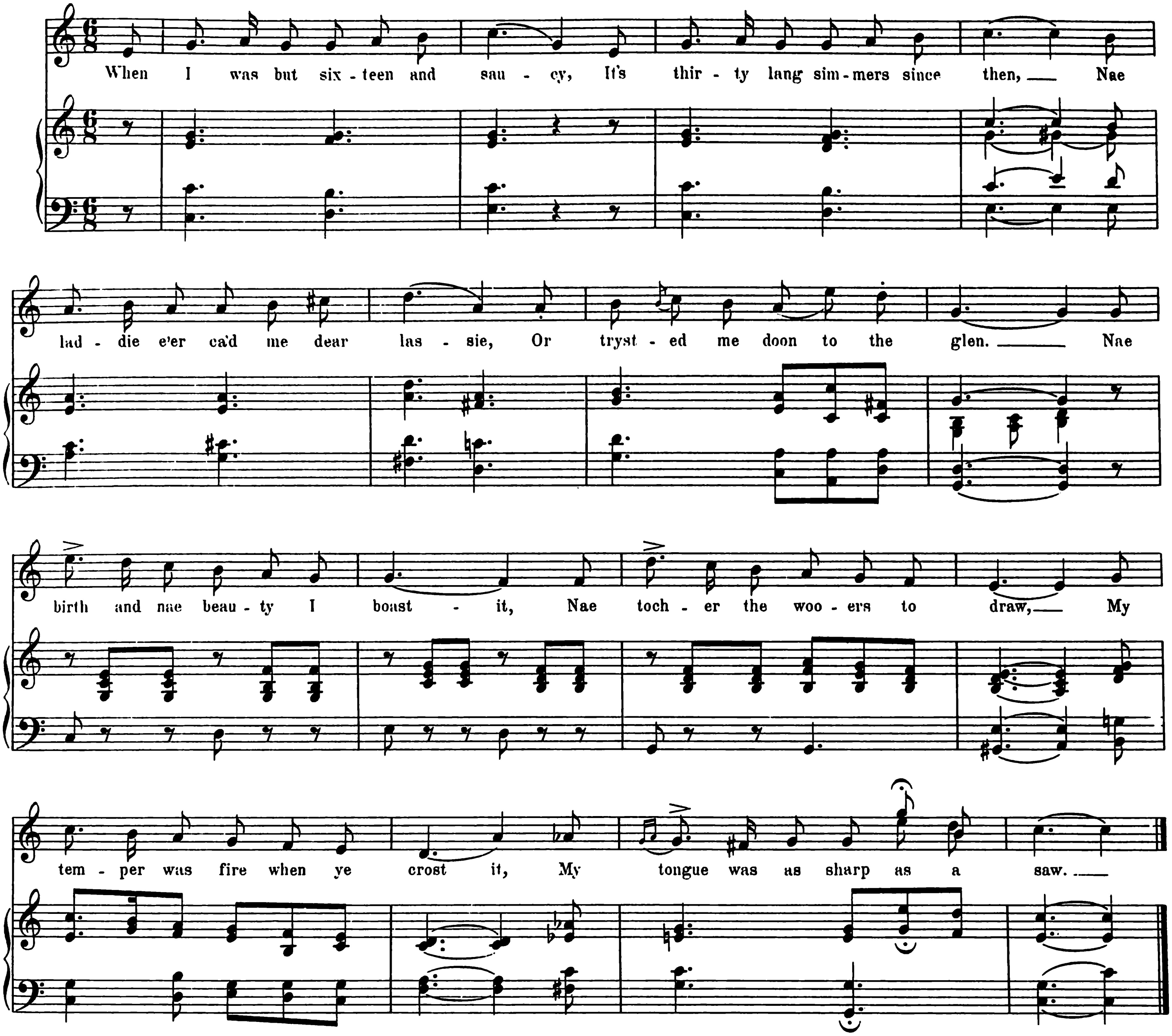
She'll be an auld maid, an' that's a',
She'll tak' up wi' a cat or macaw,
An' instead o' the glee o' sweet bairns at her knee,
She'll ha'e scandal an' tea, an' that's a'.

Sixteen and Saucy.

(To Miss JEANNIE KILGOUR. BANFF.)

Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr.d by REG. M. ATKINS.



But noo that I've gotten the siller,
They're swarmin' like bees to the door,
Frae the laird to the young barley miller,
They swear they were blindit before.
My teeth now are pearls o' the rarest,
An' I've ne'er a sound ane ava',
They ca' me o' lilies the fairest,
An' me just as black as a craw.

A fool body cam' serenadin',
The moon was just then at its heicht,
He sighed an' he sang, "Lovely maiden,
Your charms have enchanted my sicht."
But when owre the window I keekit,
Wi' flannel wrapped round my sair jaw,
Gude sake! how he started and shriekit,
And flew like a wild doo awa'.

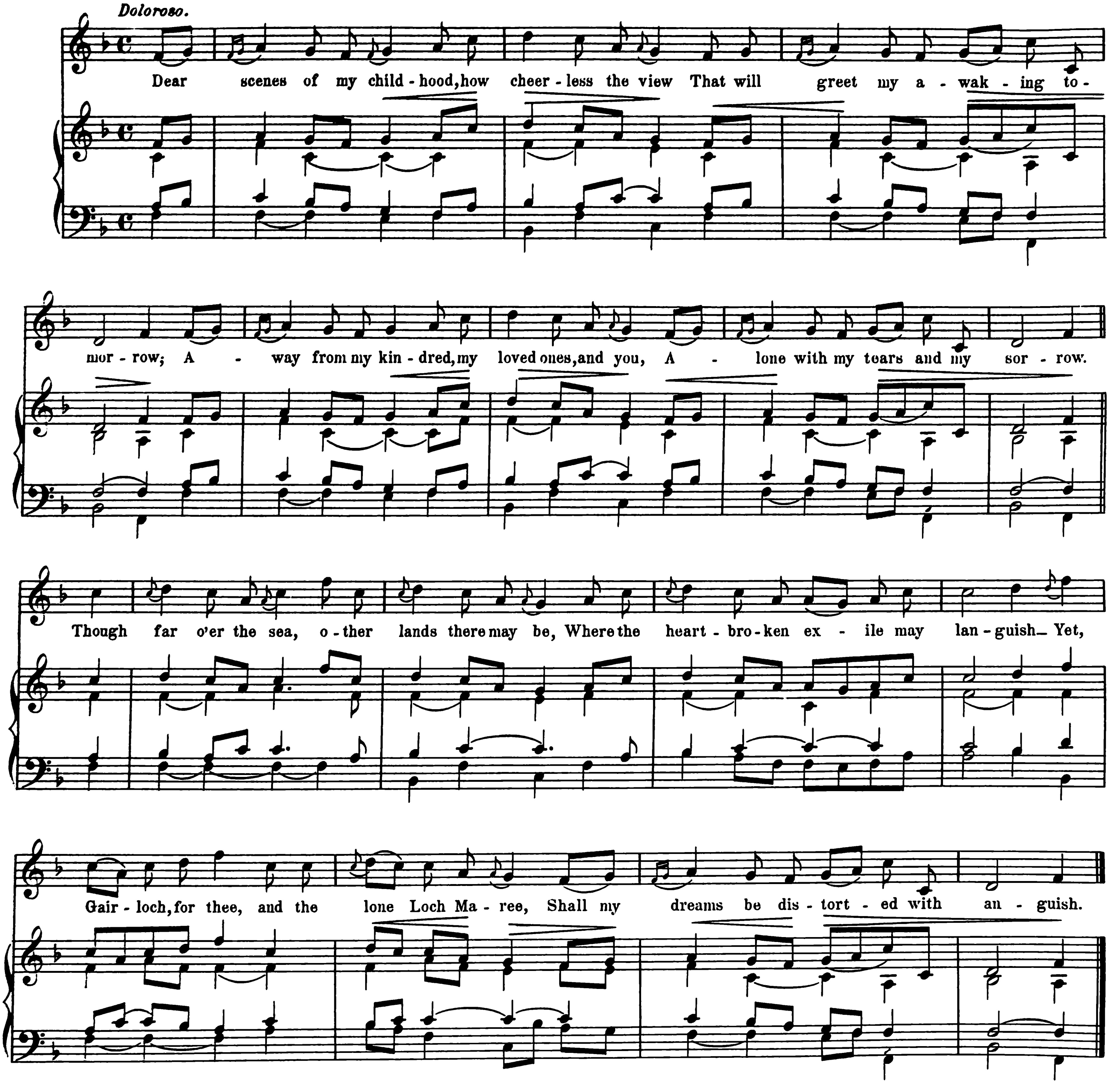
But I lauch at their beckin' an' booin',
As smilin', they slyly slip ben,
I'm wearied to death wi' their wooin',
An' naething I hate like the men.
It's a' for the gear an' the siller,
For me they care naething ava',
So I think I'll e'en tak' the young miller
To plague and to punish them a'.

Farewell To Gairloch.

As sung by MISS MARY MACGREGOR MACKENZIE.
(Dedicated to Wm REID Esq. ISLEWE.)

Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by GRAMIN.



The heather may bloom on Ben Alligin's brow,
And Flowerdale may revel in roses;
But fading from me is Ben Alligin now,
And the spot where my lost one reposes.
The voice of the spoiler is loud on the hill,
And the breezes are burdened with grieving_
For the hearts of the homeless are tenderly, still,
To the land of their forefathers cleaving.

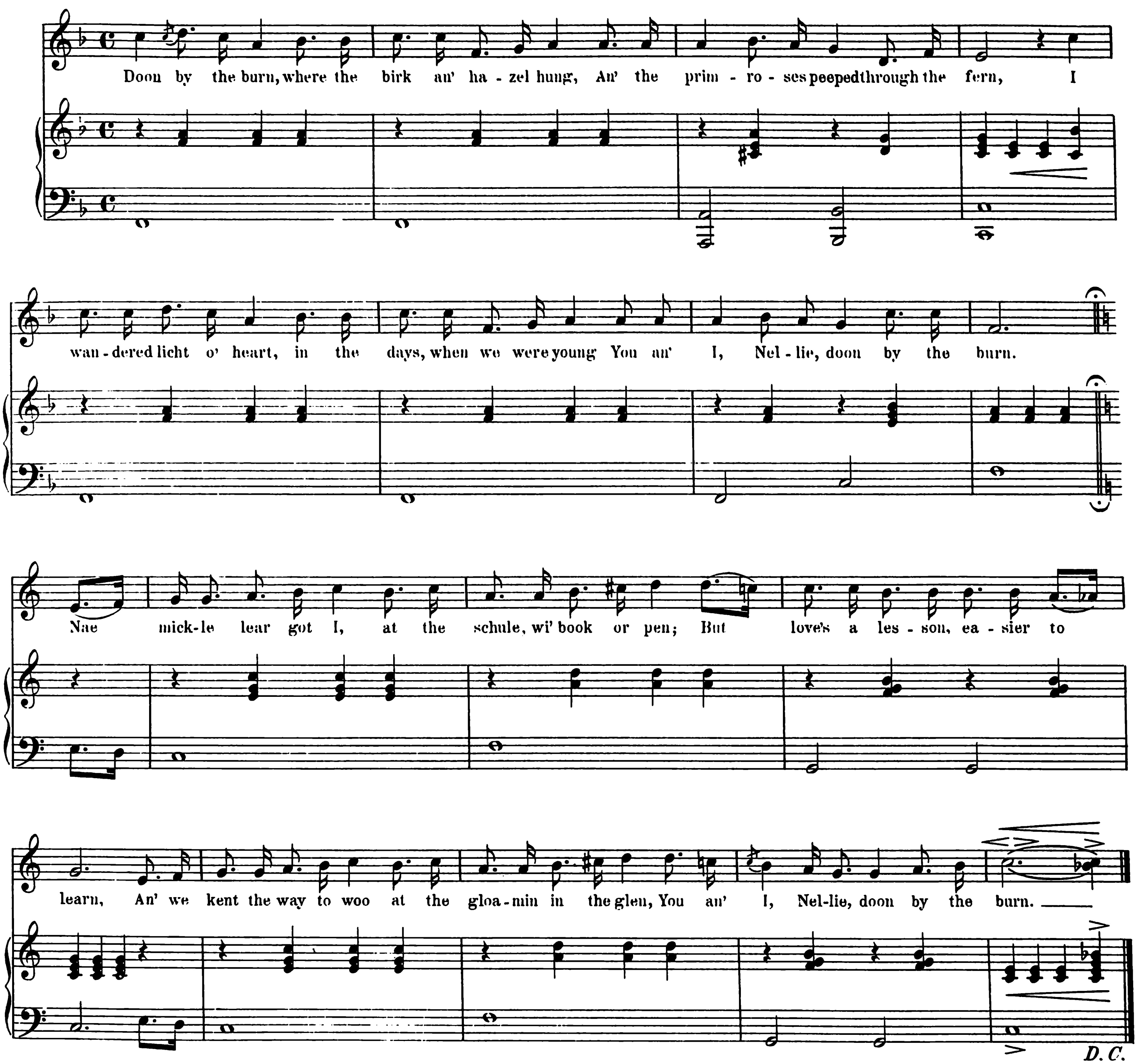
Sweet sunlight that falls o'er the home of my birth_
Alas! now the haunt of the stranger;
No more shalt thou smile on my innocent mirth_
Thou must henceforth inspire the avenger;
For dead and decayed are the feelings that played
Through my bosom in days that are vanished,
And silent the maid who was yesterday laid
In the valley from whence I am banished.

Doon By The Burn.

(To Mrs JOHN MUNRO.)

Written by W. M.

J. Scott Skinner.



But time and tide rin on, as the burn rins to the sea,
  Ever onward, wi' mony a crook an' turn;
An' mony's the weary change, that has come to you an' me,
  Since we met, Nellie, doon by the burn.

Siller's come an' siller's gane, freens we've won, an' freens we've lost,
  An' we've kent the world's kindness an' its scorn,
An' we've seen hope's early blossoms fading sooner in the frost
  Than we dreamed, Nellie, doon by the burn.

But the spring-time, lost to us, blooms again in younger flowers,
  In our bonny bairns, the vanished days return;
An' we'll wander yet again, wi' their dear wee hands in ours,
  You an' I, Nellie, doon by the burn.

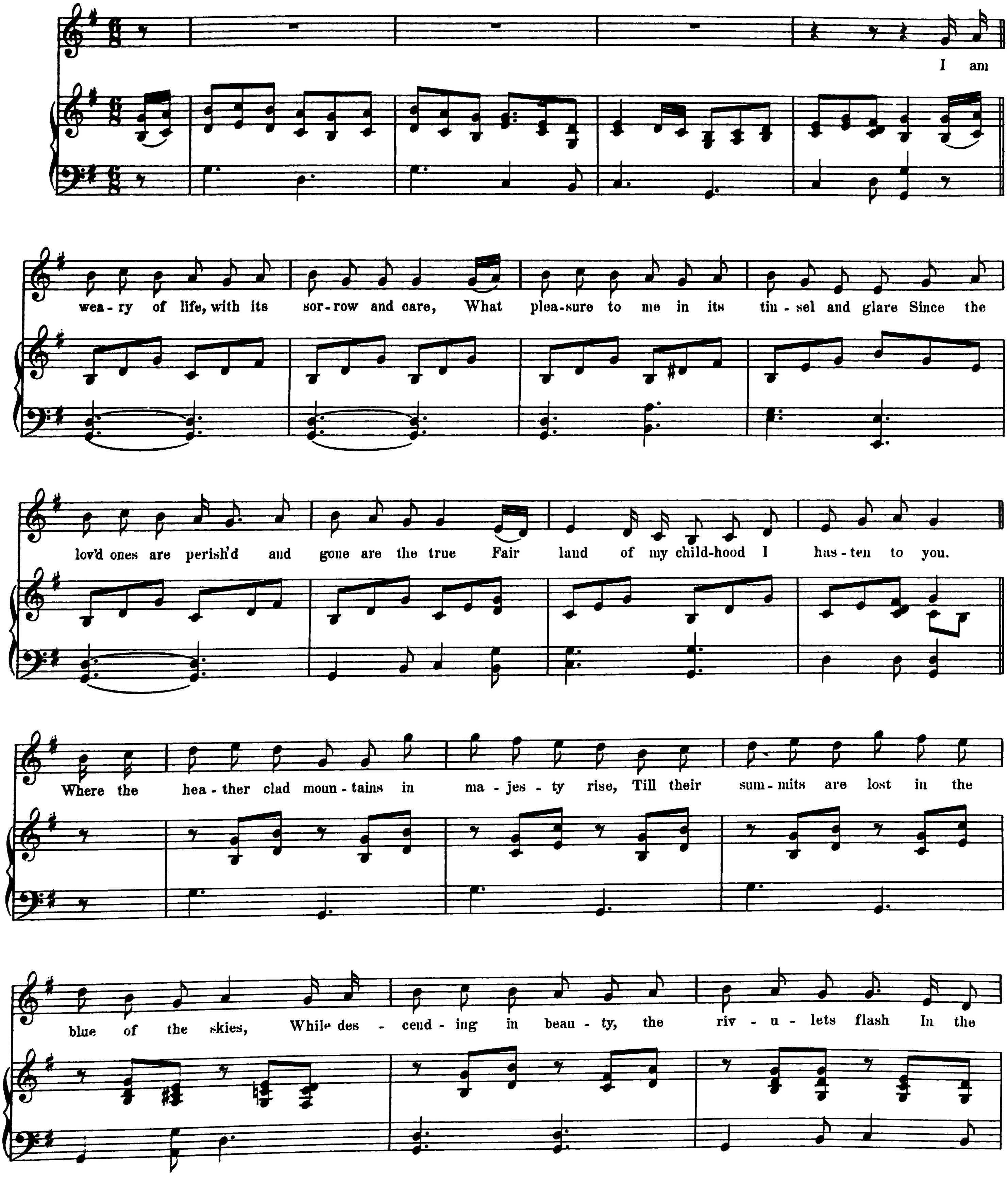
Let time take what it can, youthfu' bloom an' worldly store,
  While love endures, a' ither wealth we'll spurn;
An' we'll bless the gloamin' hour, when our plighted faith we swore,
  You and I, Nellie, doon by the burn.

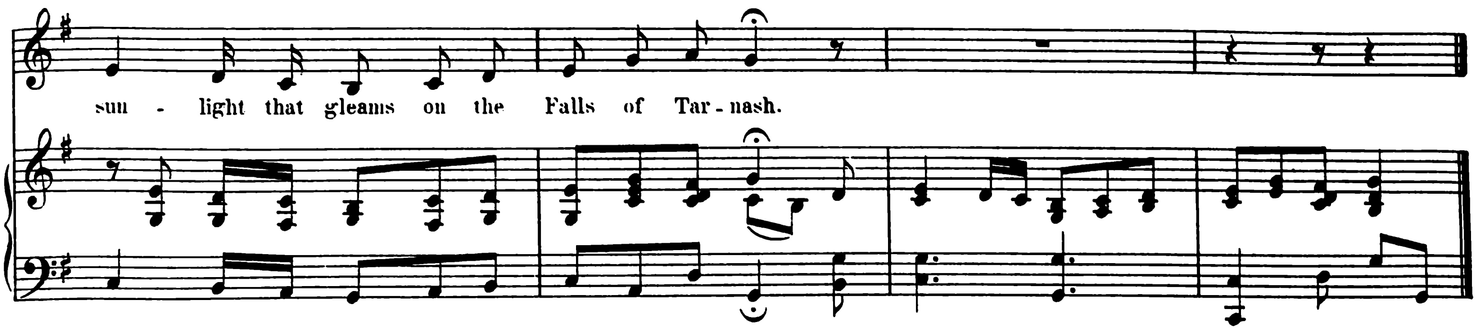
The Falls of Tarnash.

(To Dr F. MAITLAND MOIR of TARNASH.)

Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by H.T. JEWSON L. Mus.





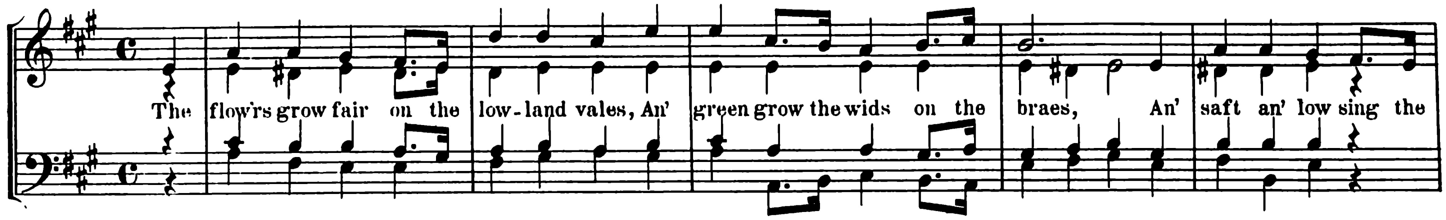
Sweet minstrel of moorland, your melting refrain
A wakes in my bosom regrets that are vain
For a time that is lost, for a love that is cold,
And a happiness barter'd for honours and gold.
I would part with my honours, my riches forego,
And ambition at once to forgetfulness throw,
Could I lave my self pure in the wavelets that wash
Round the rocks that environ the Falls of Tarnash.

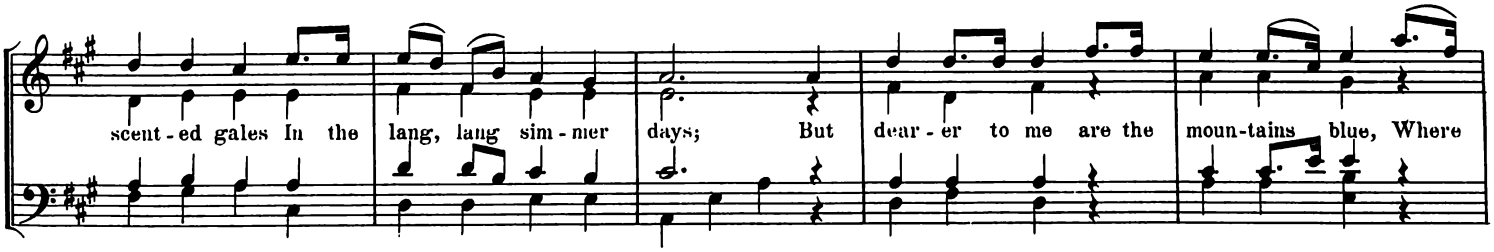
Flow calmly fair Isla my nearest of kin
Lie hush'd in repose by the voice of your Linn,
And desolate now is the homestead that smil'd
In the days when I sported an innocent child.
Oh, I long to revisit the scenes that I knew,
And, vale of my childhood, I hasten to you;
I would drown all my woes in the torrents that dash,
And the thunders that rave o'er the Falls of Tarnash.

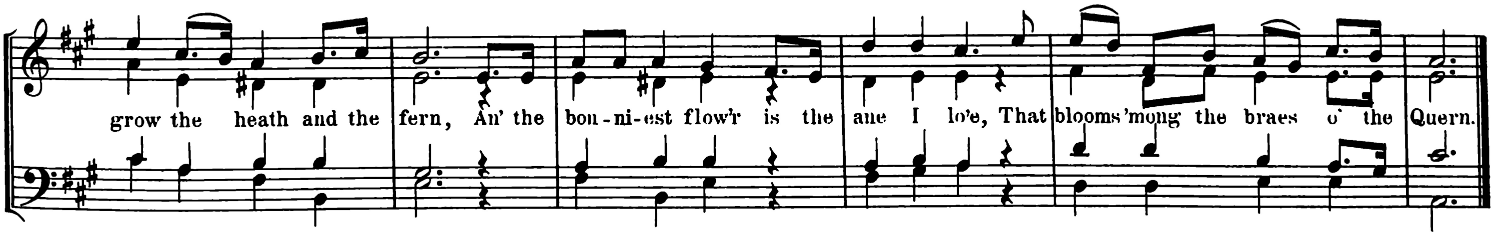
The Flower O' The Quern.

(To Miss JESSIE STOCKWELL.)

Written by J. G. PHILLIPS. J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr^d by J. WATSON.







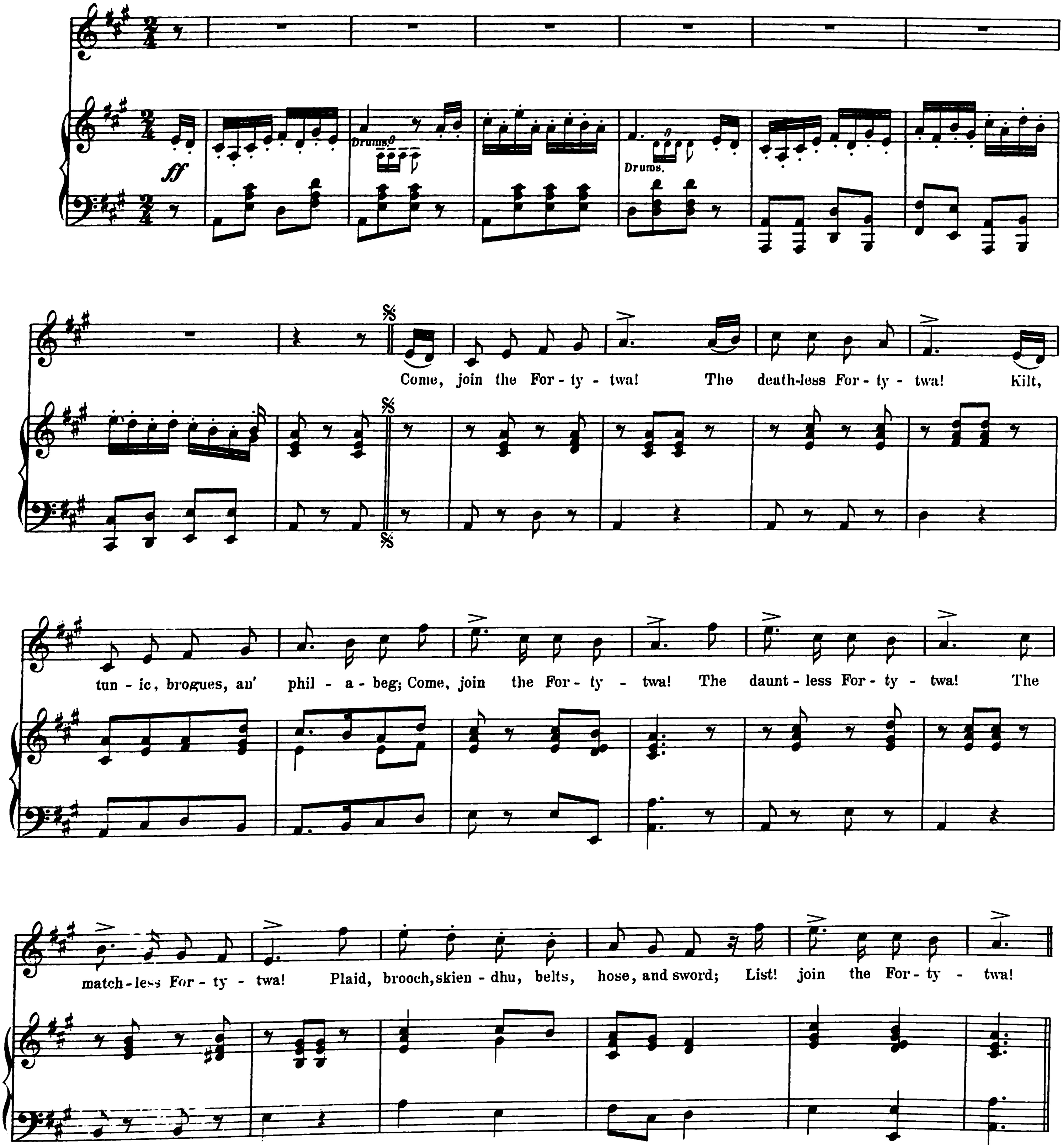
Nae art is hid in her sweet smile,
Or yet in her bonnie blue e'e,
But they baith langsyne did my heart beguile
When they flashed their charms on me.
I lo'e her still as I lo'ed her then,
Though she yet has the secret to learn;
O! life would be bliss in the loneliest glen
If spent wi' the Flower o' the Quern.

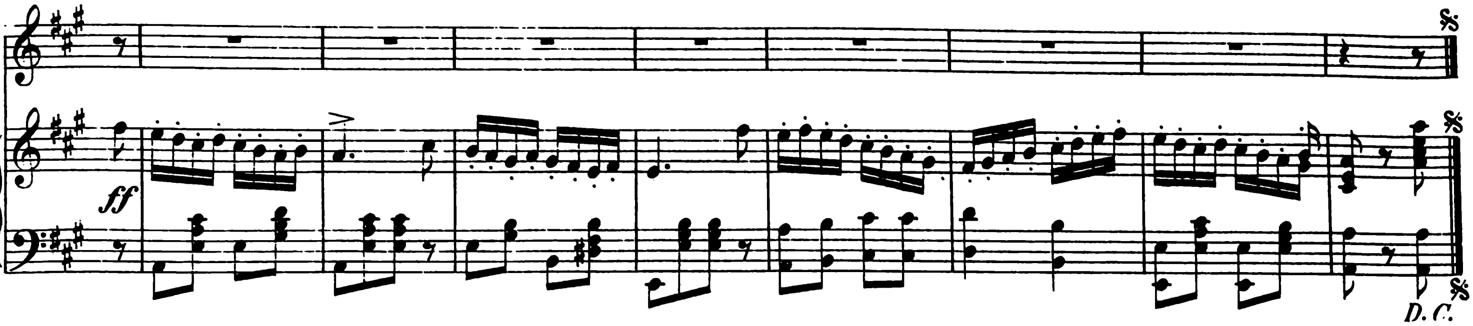
Let grandeur lounge in its gilded halls,
And shine when in gems arrayed,
The lustre dims, and the grandeur palls,
When compared wi' my mountain maid.
She is nature's fairest, loveliest flower,
And for her my heart doth yearn;
I will ever min' on the ae happy hour
That I passed 'mong the braes o' the Quern.

The Forty-Twa.

MILITARY QUICKSTEP AND SONG.

Written and Composed
by J. SCOTT SKINNER.





The fearless Forty-twa!
The famous Forty-twa!
Bold-hearted need the foeman be
Wha'd meet the Forty-twa!
At bayonet's point an' a',
When the bag-pipes shrilly blaw,
Wha dares assail the gallant watch_
Victoria's Forty-twa!

The sturdy Forty-twa!
The stubborn Forty-twa!
Brave stalwart chiels, and true as steel_
The scatheless Forty-twa!
The faithful Forty-twa!
The fighting Forty-twa!
Our country's foes will rue the day
They meet the Forty-twa!

Resistless Forty-twa!
Unconquered Forty-twa!
Engraven on the scroll of fame
Auld Scotland's Forty-twa!
The steady Forty-twa!
Staunch, trusty, Forty-twa!
At the slogan's call they'll do or fall_
Corunna's Forty-twa!

The Gueber Forty-twa!
The Guary Forty-twa!
Wi' stately step an' manly gait
Lead on the Forty-twa!
At Quatre-Bras an' a'!
At Waterloo an' a'!
They heard the pibroch's warlike notes,
An' hacked their foemen sma'.

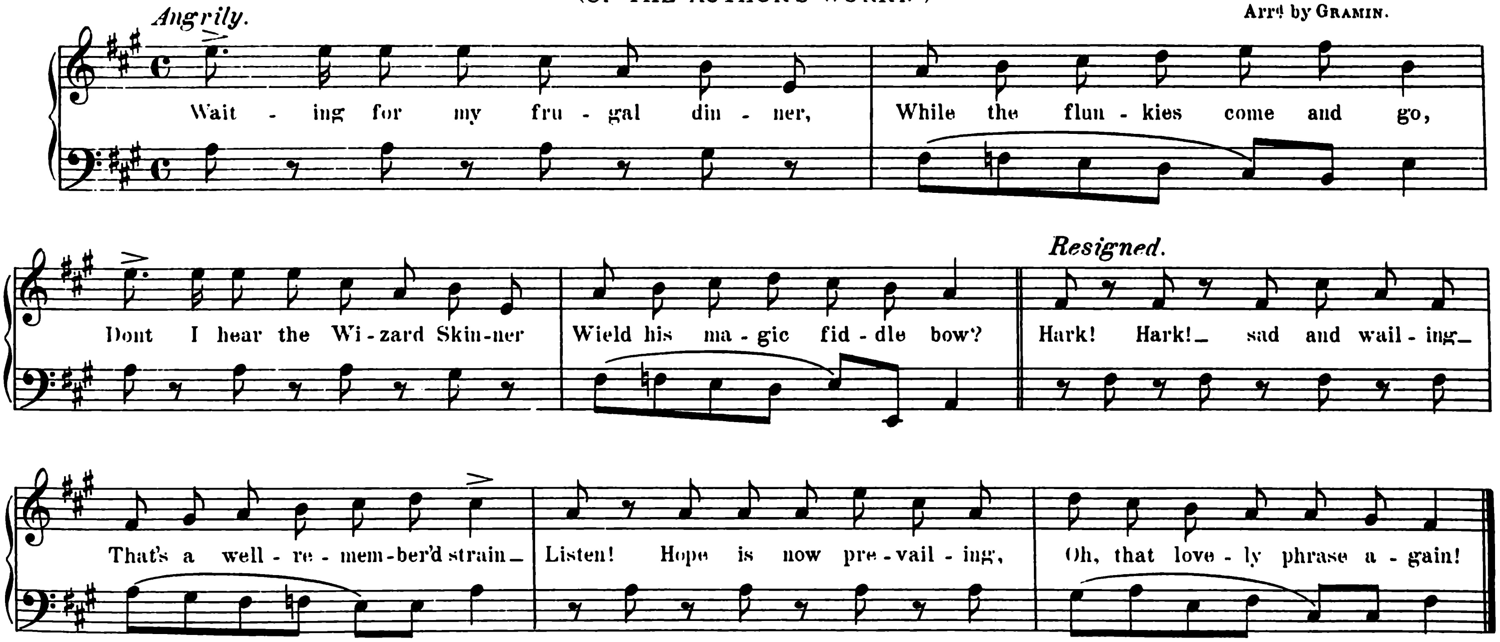
Courageous Forty-twa!
Impulsive Forty-twa!
Wi' victor's flush the tyrants crush!
Intrepid Forty-twa!
The brilliant Forty-twa!
The breekless Forty-twa!
Wi' brasset arm thou'll spread alarm
Beware!_ the Forty-twa!

* The Creaking Door.

Words by GRAMIN.

(Or "THE AUTHOR'S WORRY.")

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr'd by GRAMIN.



Gracious goodness! what a clamour,
Waiter, where's the dying cow?
Bring an axe or bring a hammer,
We must end her troubles *now*.
What! cat?_ well, confound it!
Fetch a gun of widest bore,
Shot and shell must play around it_
Softly now, push back the door.

Ha! it dawns upon me clearly_
Waiter, look me in the eye!
Fun is often purchased dearly,
You have laughed, and you shall die!
Squeek! Squawk!_ I'm disgusted
Fancy, leave me ever more,
Victim of a hinge that's rusted,
And a beastly *Creaking door!*

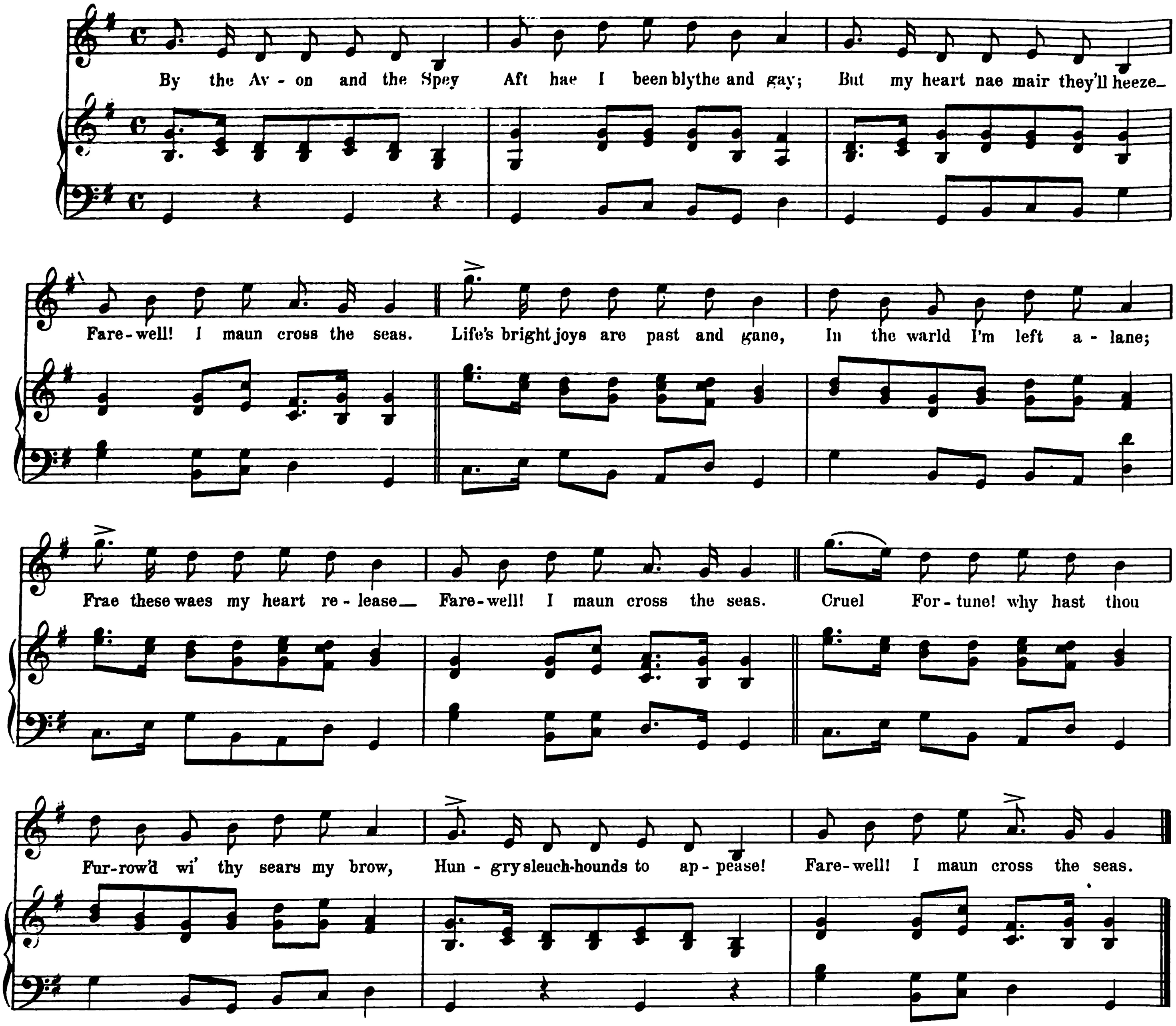
* Composed while writhing under the irritation caused by the frequent use of a door with rusty hinges.

Farewell! I Maun Cross The Seas.

(To Mrs F. BUCHAN. ABERDEEN.)

Words by W.D.J.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by REG. M. ATKINS.



Now I wander here forlorn,
O' a' earthly pleasures shorn;
Bursting bosom, ill at ease_
Farewell! I maun cross the seas.

On my ain dear native braes
I again may never gaze!
Yet how dear their memories_
Farewell! I maun cross the seas.

But altho' I'm far awa',
Bygane days I'll aft reca'
Spent on Scotia's gowany leas_
Farewell! I maun cross the seas.

Should auld Scotia mourn for me
When cauld death has closed my e'e,
Be her dirge my melodies!_
Farewell! I maun cross the seas.

Far across the saut sea feam
I now seek anither hame;
Now the sails stream in the breeze_
Farewell! I maun cross the seas.

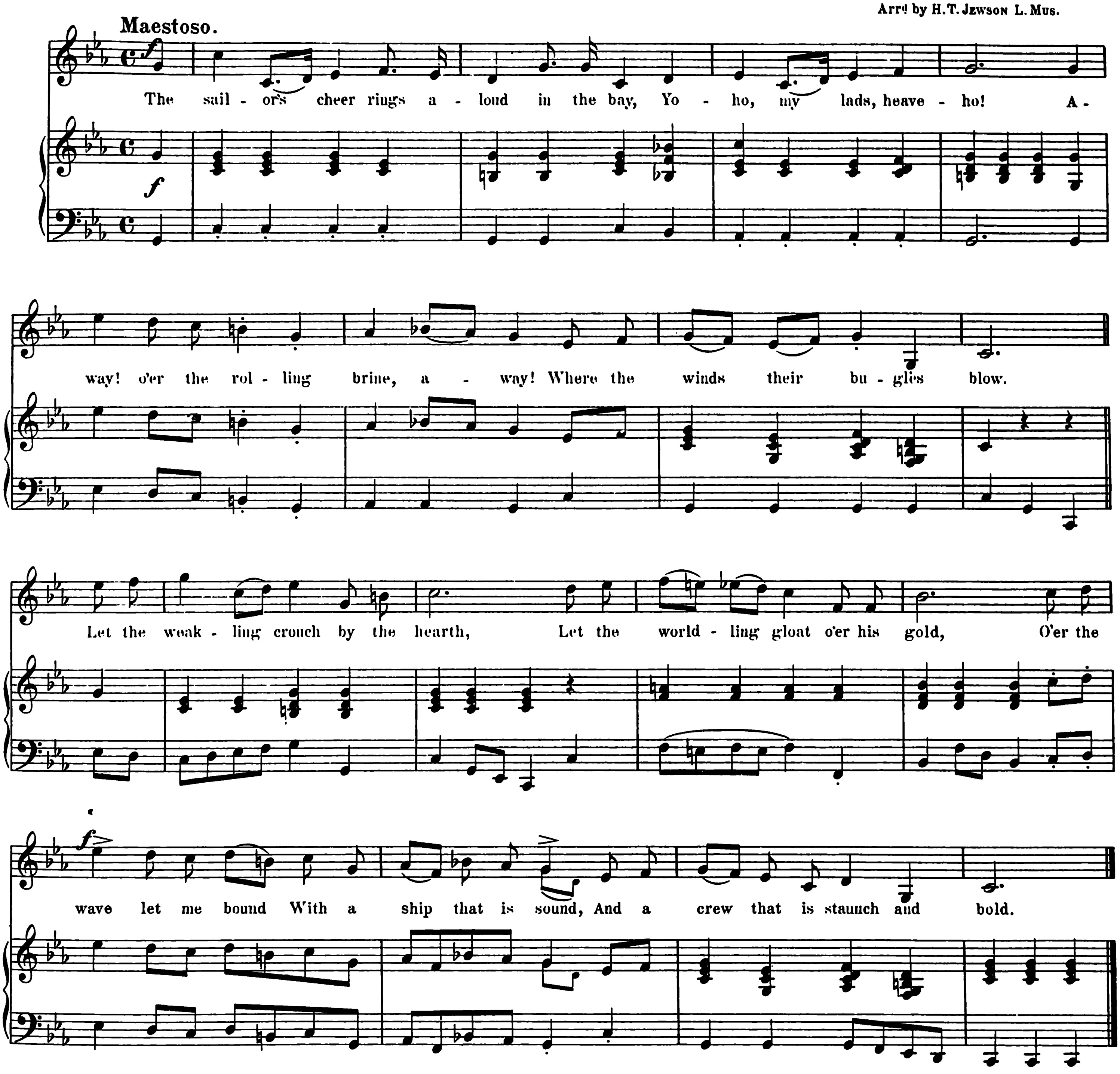
Yet how hard to say good-bye,
Here, to every kindred tie!
While each hand I warmly squeeze_
Farewell! I maun cross the seas.

The Rover.

(To GIDEON DUNCAN.)

Written by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr.d by H. T. JEWSON L. Mus.



Up to the breeze with the shivering sail!
Yo-ho, my lads, heave-ho!
Let the straining shroud ring loud in the gale,
Where the breaker curls in snow.
No home but the deck is ours,
No roof but the sky we crave.
The breath of the brine
Stirs the blood like wine,
As we rush through the salt sea wave.

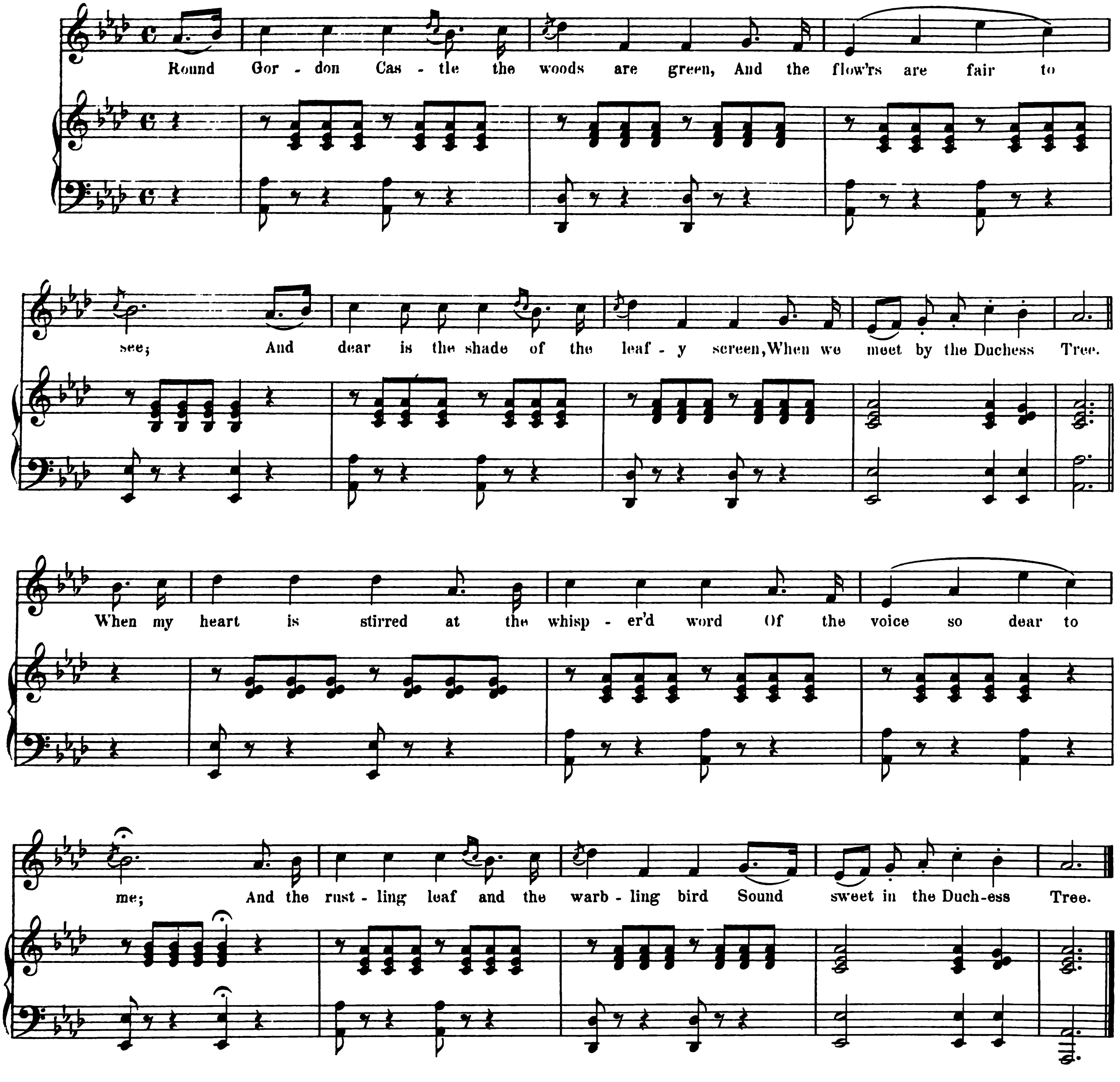
Free as the cloud and the wind we roam,
Yo-ho, my lads, heave-ho!
And our hearts are light as the flying foam,
As from port to port we go.
A fair face smiles on the shore,
And dearly we love for a day.
Then a parting sigh,
And a kind good-bye,
And over the wave, and away.

The Duchess Tree.

(To Miss ELIZA HUNTER.)

Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr^d by J. WATSON.



Let the gay lamp gleam on the glowing dance,
In halls that ring with glee;
Far sweeter to me is the moonbeam's glance
Through the boughs of the Duchess Tree.

Like the queen of the glade, it stands arrayed
In the pride of high degree;
And long may the axe and the woodman's blade,
Spare the boughs of the Duchess Tree.

Blest be the hour in a day that is dead,
When its shoot first waved on the lea;
And blest be the hand that reared and spread
The bower of the Duchess Tree.

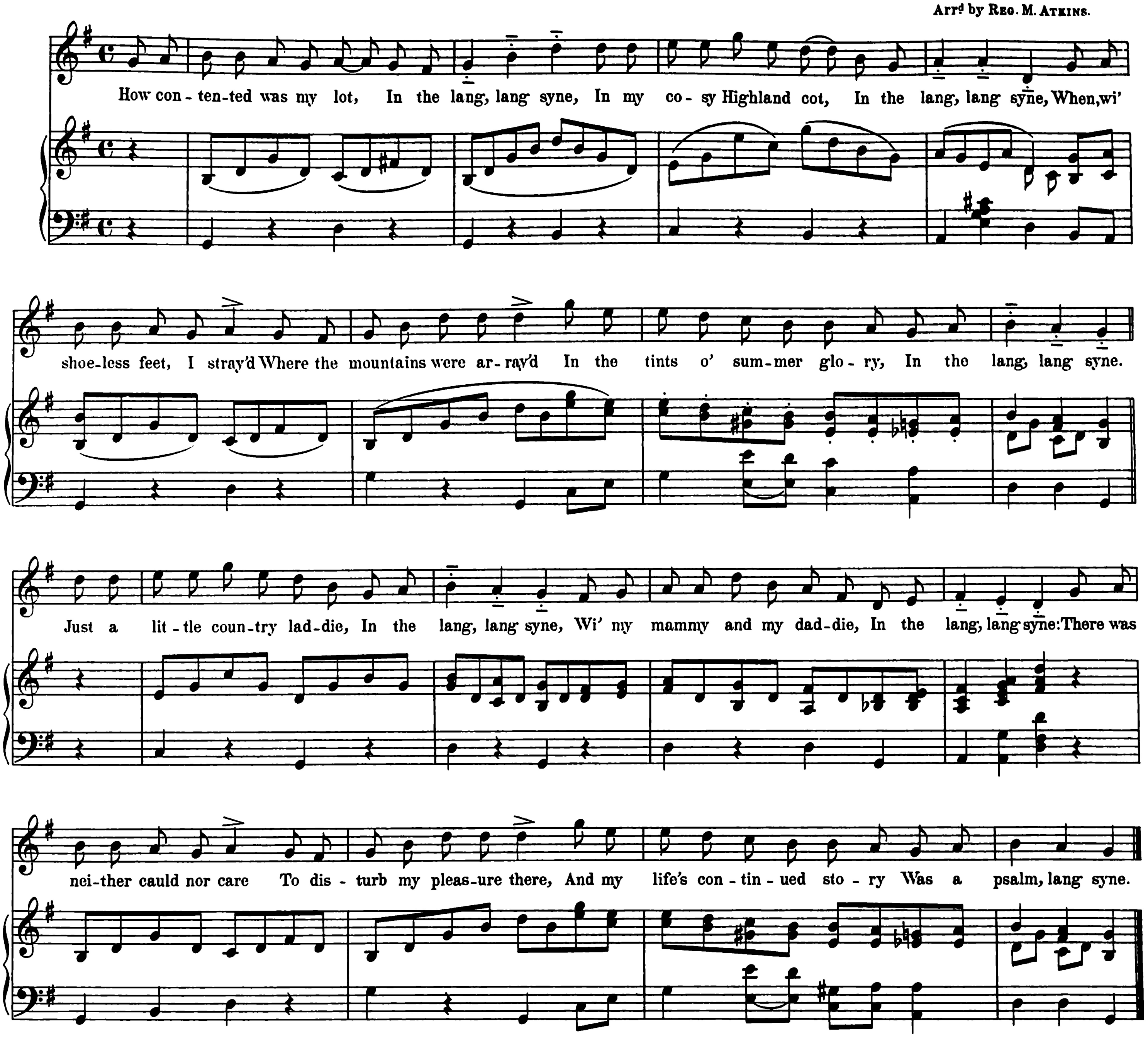
The world is cold like its great god, gold,
And life is a stormy sea;
But there's peace and rest, where the green boughs fold
Like a robe round the Duchess Tree.

The lang, lang syne.

(To Wm BARCLAY of LOGIE-MUIR.)

Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by REG. M. ATKINS.

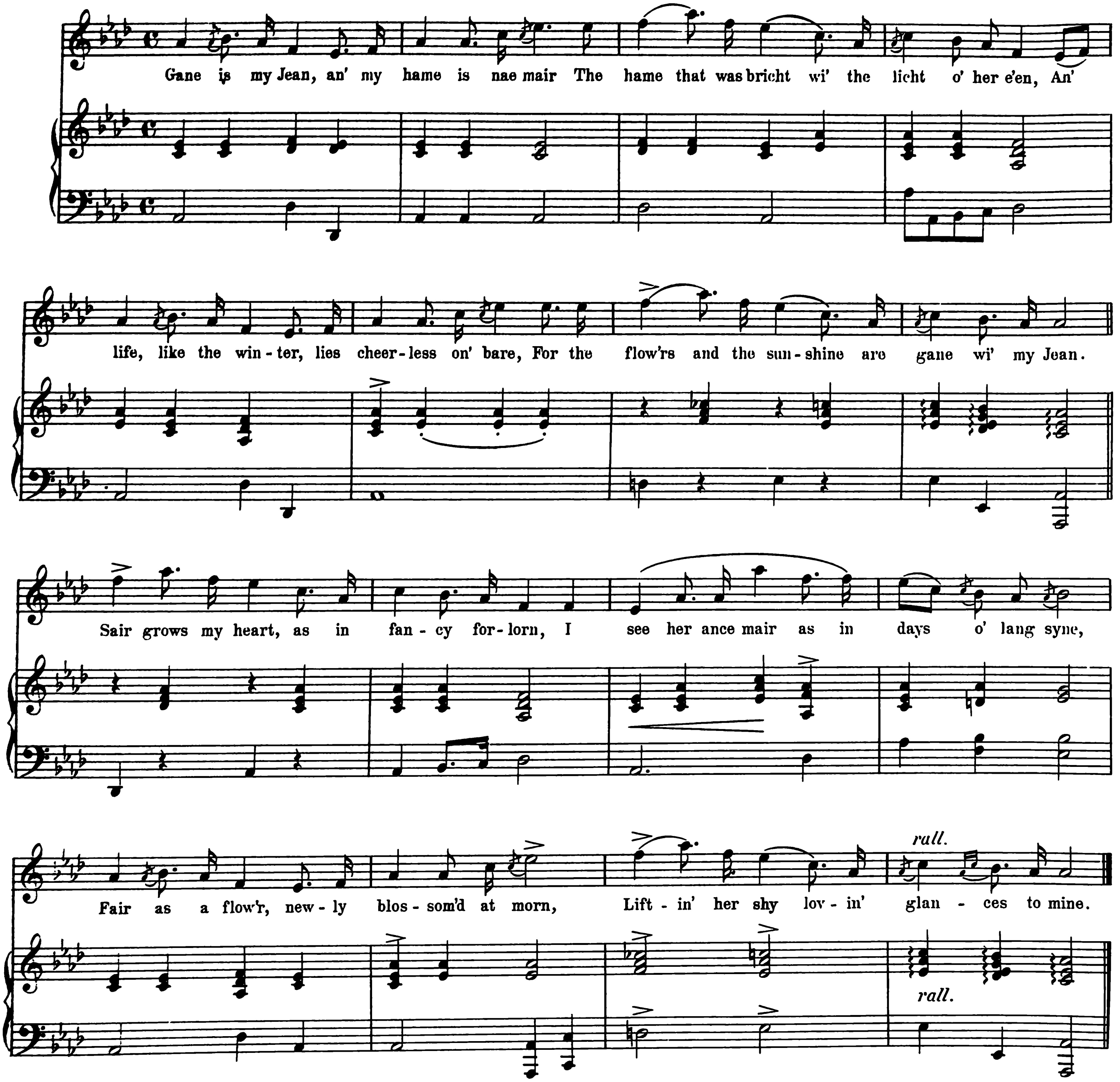


But a change cam' ower my dream,
In the lang, lang syne,
When I startit doon the stream,
In the lang, lang syne,
For ambition's fire was bricht,
And ae silent simmer nicht
The moon surveyed my flittin'
Fae the glen, lang syne.
Nae pairtin' words were spoken,
That nicht, lang syne,
But twa aged hearts were broken,
In the lang, lang syne;
And through mony later years
I hae spent mysel' in tears,
In a foreign country, sittin',
For the lang, lang syne.

I hae gathered gowd an' lan',
Sin' the lang, lang syne,
I've ta'en nobles by the han',
Sin' the lang, lang syne;
I've maintained an honoured name,
Even felt the flush o' fame
Ower my breast come gently stealin',
Sin' the lang, lang syne.
But the peace and sweet content
That I had, lang syne,
Hae been rudely fae me rent,
Sin' the lang, lang syne;
And I canna but deplore
That the lo'esome days o' yore,
Wi' their fresh and generous feelin',
Are awa', lang syne.

Gane Is My Jean.

Words by W. M. J. Scott Skinner.



But wan grew her bloom, ere her simmer was gane,
Nae mair will my Jean sit wi' me at the hearth,
An' dark is the path where I wander alane,
For the licht's oot o' a' that was lovely on earth.

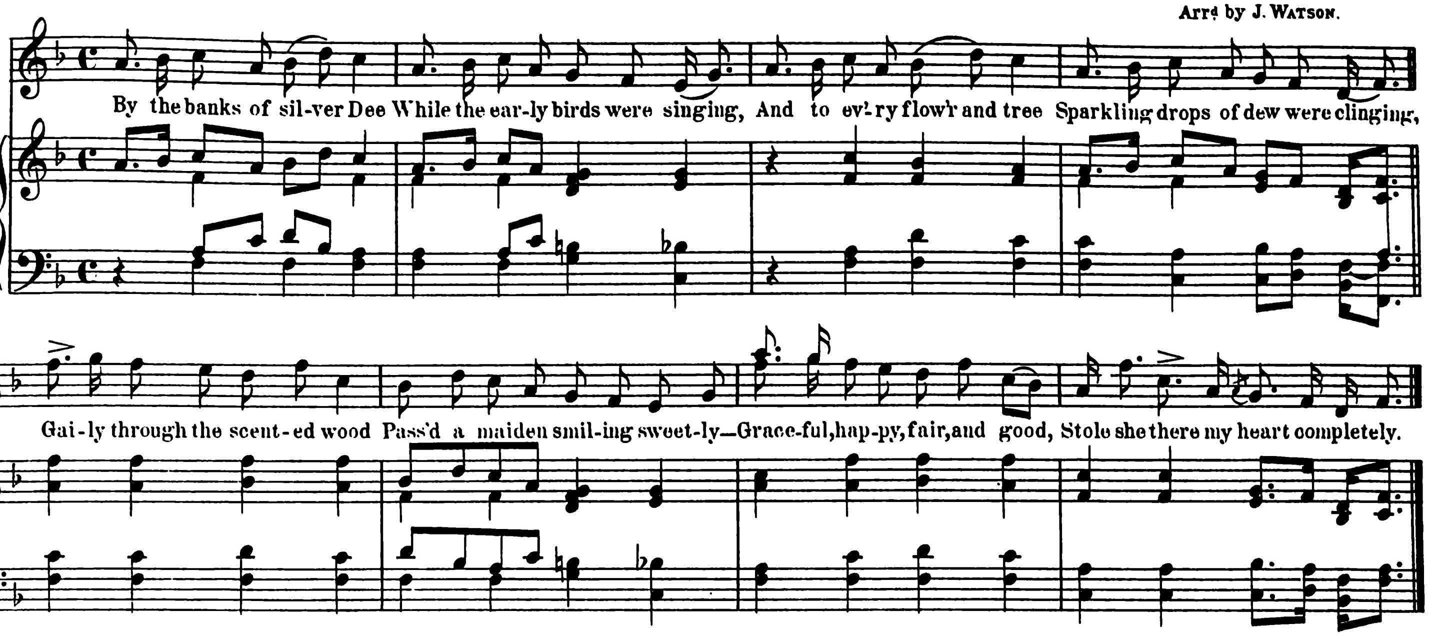
Think nae the sorrow is stilled in my breast,
Or the dear face forgotten that's gane from my sicht;
Though mirth from my lips flash in laughter and jest,
It's the wild fire that flames in the cauld winter nicht.

I care nae though fortune be frownin' or fair,
An' strew on my pathway the rose or the thorn;
Nae pleasure is sweet that my Jean canna share,
Nae pang can be sharper than what I have borne.

Kind words frae saft lips still may fa' on my ear,
An' fair faces smilin' may woo me to mirth;
But oh! for the voice I shall never mair hear,
An' the face I shall ne'er see again on the earth.

Maiden By The Silver Dee.

Written by GRAMIN. (To Miss ISOBEL EWAN. Banchory.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr.d by J. WATSON.



Softly 'neath the morning beam,
  Like a ray of summer glory
Fell her presence o'er my dream
  Lighting up its sombre story.
Maiden by the silver Dee,
  Had my years of life been fewer,
And thy love been laid on me,
  Heart could never loved thee truer!

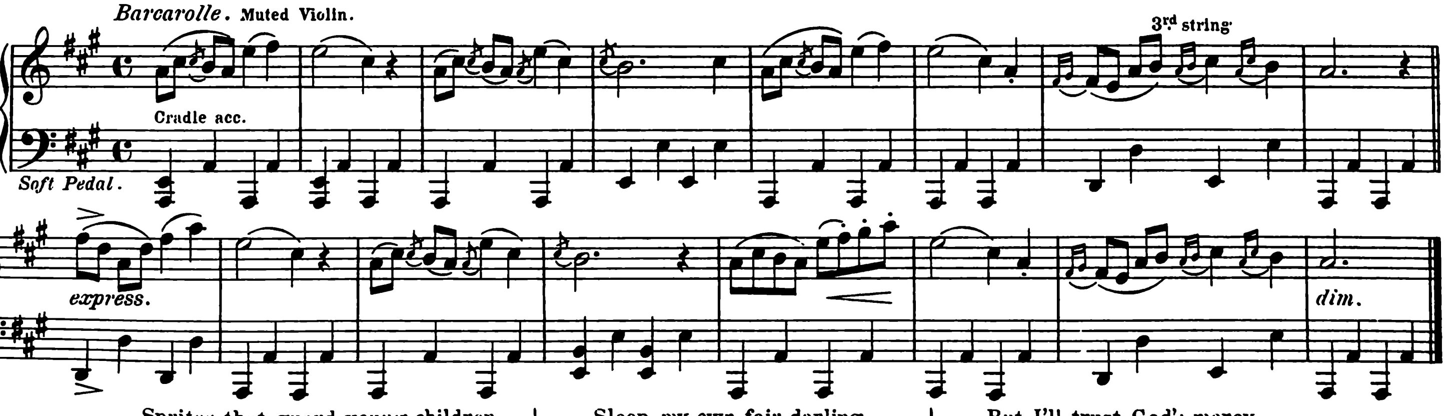
Happy maiden! long ago
  Life to me was full of beauty,
Gilded by the radiant glow,
  Diffused by Hope o'er Love and Duty.
Gone are now those blissful days_
  Too ecstatic while they lasted,
All the flowers that gemmed my ways
  By misfortune's breath are blasted.

Maiden, not to such as thee
  Must the mystic veil be lifted,
Showing life's uncertain sea
  With human wreckage thickly drifted.
Love is sweet when life is young,
  Quaff the tide in brimming measure,
Classic bard hath never sung
  The praise of any richer treasure.

Slowly through the scented wood
  Passed the maiden, smiling sadly,
But afar impatient stood
  One whose arms would fold her gladly.
By the banks of silver Dee
  Ere the flowers had dried their weeping,
Mary's eyes were wet when she
  Gave her heart to Ronald's keeping.

The Cradle Song.

Written by A. H. (To Mrs HAMMOND. Westacre Hall, Norfolk.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Sprites that guard young children,
  Enter here to-night;
O'er my fevered darling
  Watch till morning light.

From our home forever
  Went my Love away;
Crossed the darkling River,
  Entered endless day.

Sleep, my own fair darling,
  I will cling to thee;
Sure my cup of sorrow
  Cannot fuller be.

Oh! my life is lonely;
  Oft my thoughts are wild;
Ah! my heart were broken,
  Did I lose my child.

But I'll trust God's mercy,
  And, through widow's tears,
Watch my precious darling
  Climb to manhood's years.

Then I'll trace my lost one,
  Mirrored in these eyes,
Till I join his presence
  Up beyond the skies.

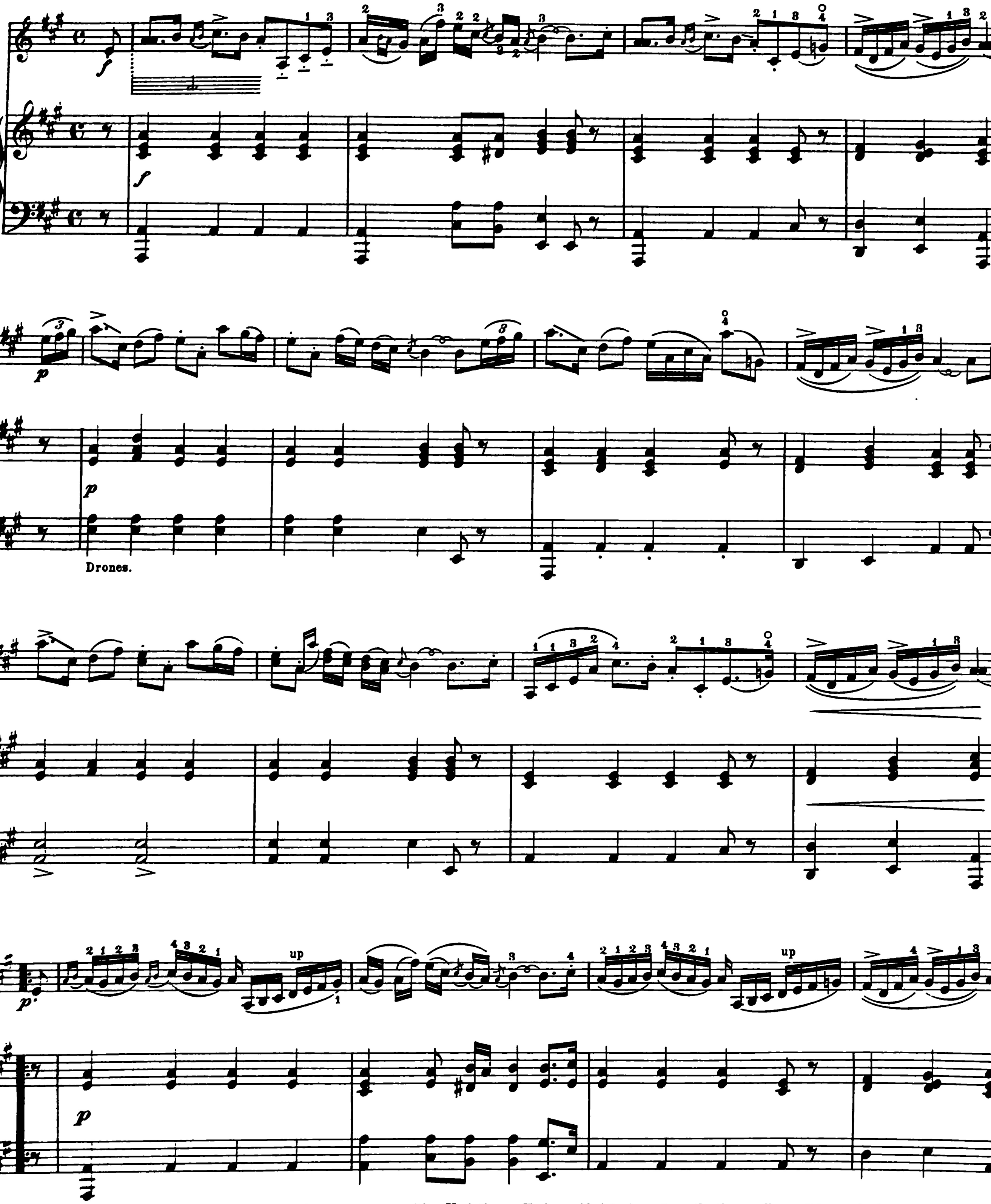
The Bonnie Lass O' Bon-Accord.

(Respectfully dedicated to JAMES WALKER, Esq.
President. Aberdeen, Musical Association.)

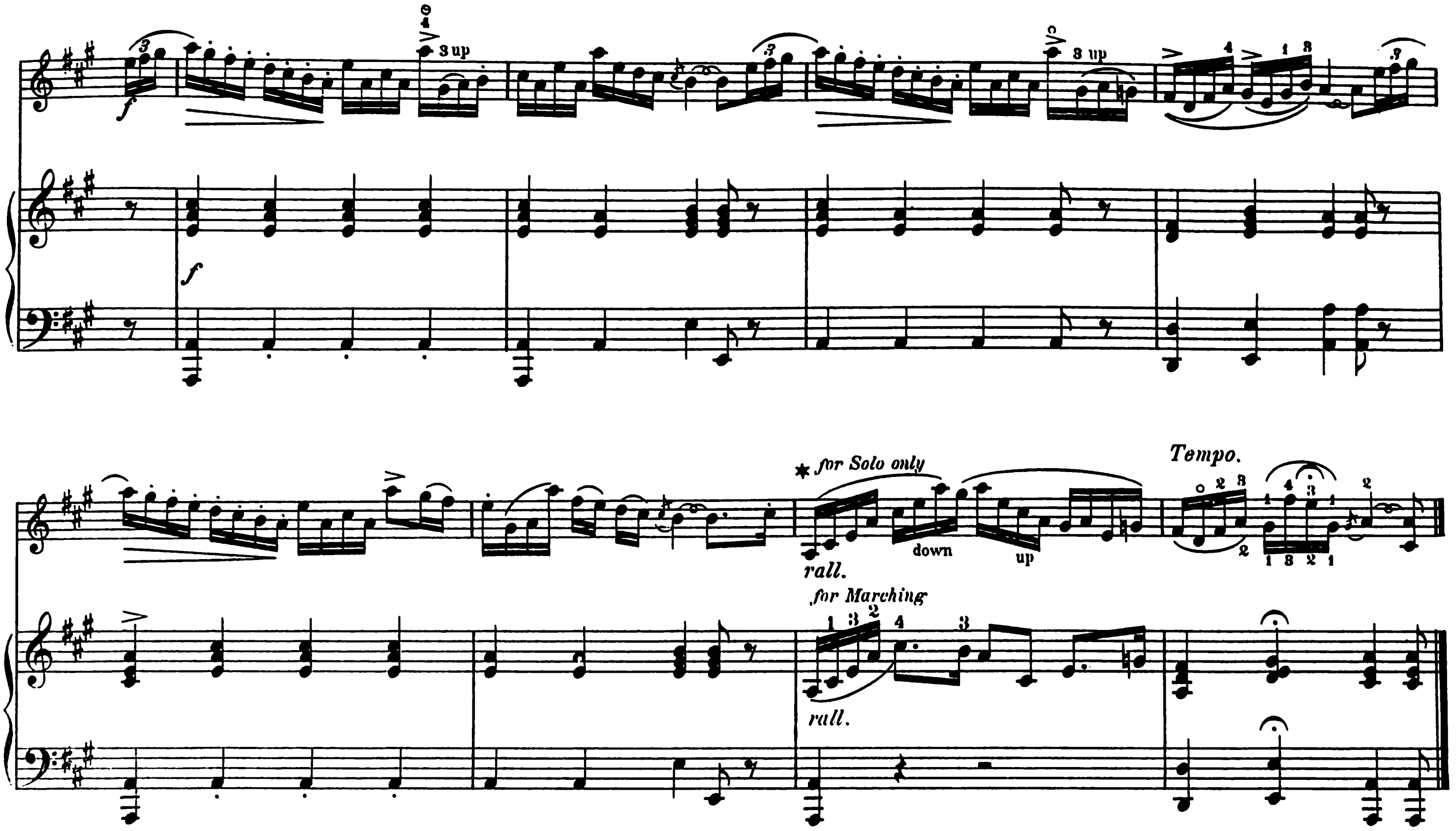
SOLO, SONG, OR MARCHING AIR.
Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Composed at Aberdeen, Dec. 1884.

Moderato. Sprightly.



"Nothing has such fascinating interest to an accomplished composer as writing Variations. He is enabled to draw from the theme all possible conclusions, and to evolve various beauties from the sometimes meagre and insignificant looking theme."



The Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord,
Looks lang owre the bar o' the Dee,
An' the Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord
Comes hame wi' the tear in her e'e.
An there's never a wind but blaws to her gate
Some brisk braw carle come to woo;
But wi' neither the kilt nor the coat will she mate,
For her heart's wi' the jacket o' blue.

Her auld faither girns at the ingle side_
"It's the Lowland squire ye maun wed,
An' ye to the kirk in a coach shall ride,
An' in velvet an' silk ye'll be cled,
An' on siller ware ye shall dine at the board,
An' the diamonds shall shine on your broo";
But the Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord
Still sighs for the jacket o' blue.

Her mither looks up frae her spinning wheel_
"Ye maun lie on the bed that ye mak,
Ye're owre hard to please or your head's in a creel_
It's the Hielant laird ye should tak',
Wi' his philabeg an' his lang broadsword,
An' his kilt o' the scarlet hue";
But the Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord
Sets her heart on the jacket o' blue.

Up speaks her sister, sae cankered an lean_
"The menfolk are a' blin' or daft
To craze their heads for twa saucy een,
An' a round face, silly an' saft;
But ye'll sink or swim if ye'll no tak' the ford,
An' ye'll drink o' the browst that ye brew,"
An' there's mony a lass in Bon-Accord
Cries_ Rue on the jacket o' blue.

The Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord
Turns round wi' the fire in her e'e_
"The carle, an' the clerk, an' the squire an' the lord,
I wish they were droon'd in the Dee;
An' the siller hoard, an' the lang broadsword,
An' the diamonds that shine on the broo_
Tak' them a' for ae blink frae Bon-Accord
O' the ship wi' the jacket o' blue.

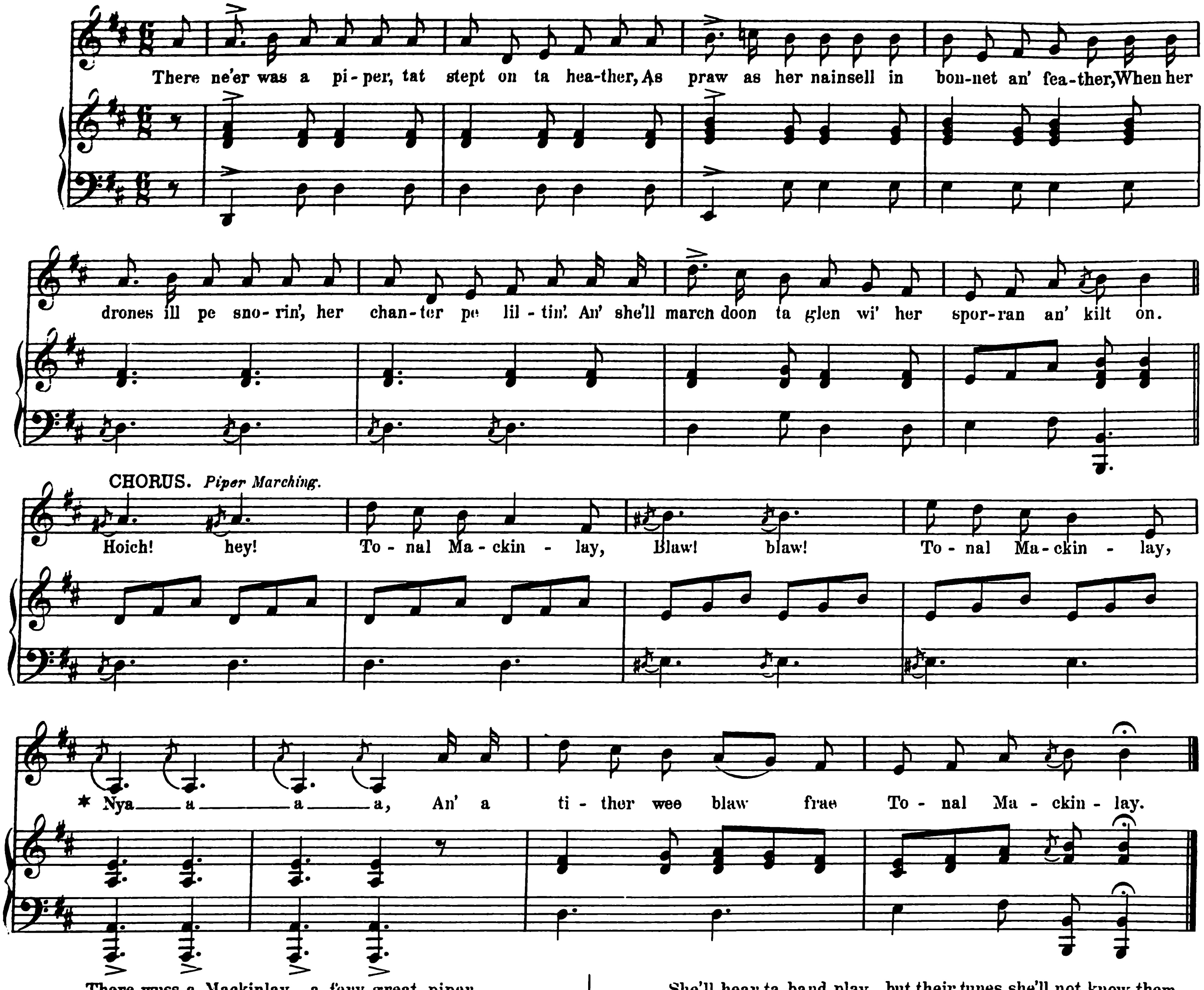
The Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord
Gangs doon to the bar o' the Dee_
But the Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord
Comes hame wi' the smile in her e'e_
An she's missed at morn frae the bed an' the board,
An' they harry the haill toon thro';
But the Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord
Is aff wi' the jacket o' blue.

* Cadenza omitted when played for Marching.

Tonal Mackinlay.

(To W. F. FRAME.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



There wuss a Mackinlay — a fery great piper,
Fery soon after Eve wuss peguiled by ta viper,
An a tither Mackinlay, ta Bible book shows us,
Wass ta piper that played Gillie Callum to Moses.
Hoich! hey! Tonal Mackinlay, &c.

Ta first king, tate'er wore ta kilt an' ta tartan
Wuss Fergus or Pharaoh — her nainsell's not certain,
But whene'er a Mackinlay wuss playin' afore him
He tukit a tram, and he danced Tullochgorum.
Hoich! hey! Tonal Mackinlay, &c.

Low doon in ta heather she'll prew a drap whuskie,
An' she'll sell a wee anker awa doon in Gleskie,
An' she'll puy a praw watch, shest to gie hersell warnin',
When it's time to be takin' her tram in the mornin'.
Hoich! hey! Tonal Mackinlay, &c.

She'll hear ta band play — but their tunes she'll not know them,
But Tonal her nainsell a lesson could show them;
Feuch! fifers an' fiddlers an' drummers — a score o'm,
An' teil a ane there tat could play Tullochgorum.
Hoich! hey! Tonal Mackinlay, &c.

Och ta leddies o' Gleskie are freenly and frisky,
An' it's "here's to you Tonal," they'll cry owre ta whisky;
But tam ta big toon, an' she'll not go back neffer,
For her praw watch, she'll see it no more, nor for ever.
Hoich! hey! Tonal Mackinlay, &c.

But she'll tune up her pipes when her foot's on ta heather.
An' ta lads an' ta lasses are dancin' together,
When she'll kittle her chanter, till louder it's skirlin',
An' ta kilts are a' fleein', *hoooh hey!* as they're whirlin'.
Hoich! hey! Tonal Mackinlay, &c.

Och! for praw lads an' lasses ta Hielants ta place is,
An' gillies to wait on their Lordships an' Graces,
An' for haggis an' whisky, an' mair tat is famous,
But there's shust *one* great piper and Tonal his name is.
Hoich! hey! Tonal Mackinlay, &c.

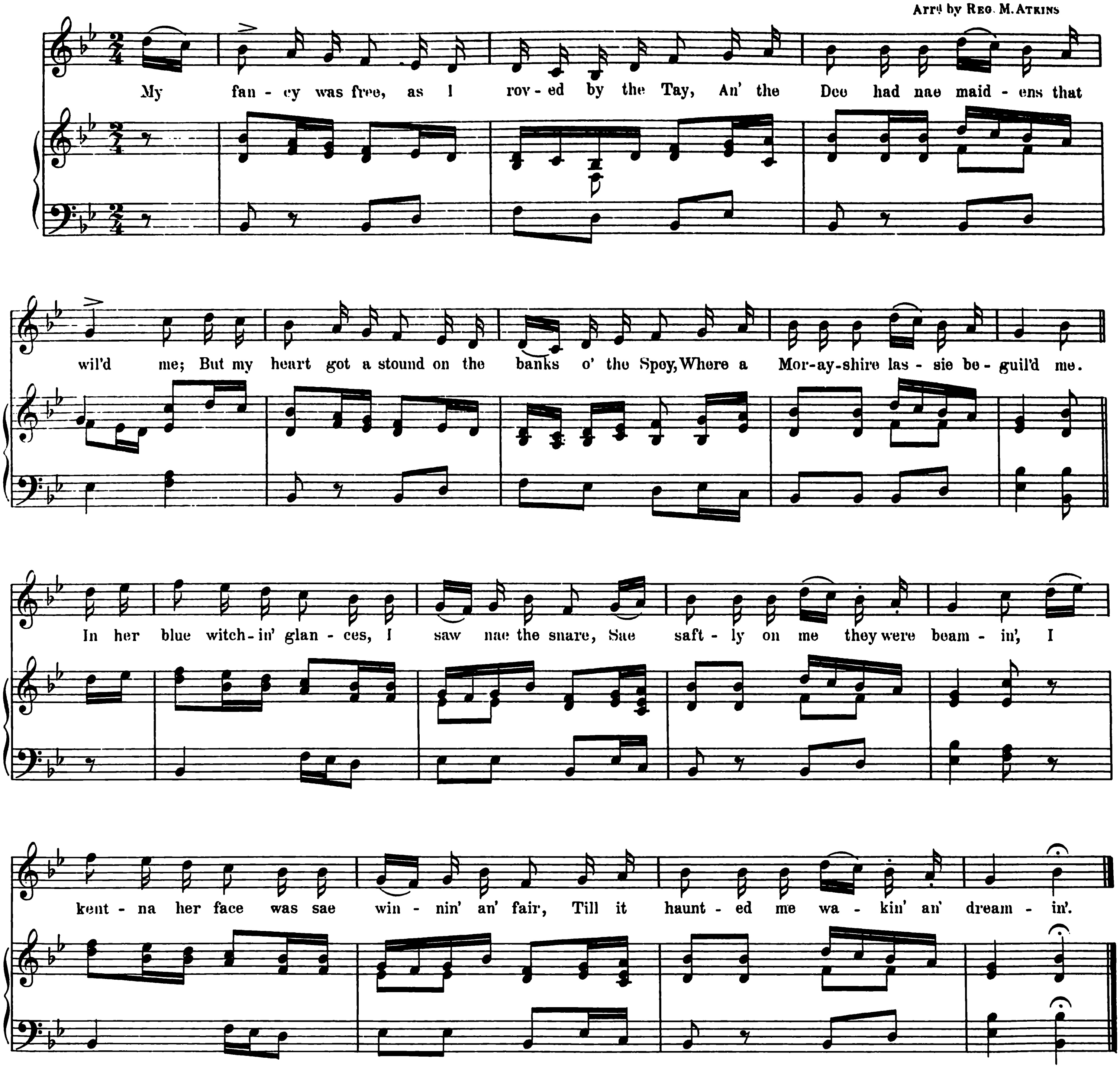
* Nasal accompaniment.

The Morayshire Lassie.

(To Mrs MACKENZIE. Elgin.)

Written by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr.d by REG. M. ATKINS



At times like the summer, the smile's on her cheek;
At times she's as cauld as the winter;
And if o' the ring I but venture to speak,
She's aff like the deer frae the hunter.

Though whiles when alane, I misca' her a wee,
An' vow that I'll break frae her tether,
One sidelong sweet smile frae her bonny blue e'e
Sets my heart in a blaze like the heather.

But woman's a riddle man's wit canna guess,
She cares nae for rule or for reason;
I read in her e'en the sweet answering — Yes,
While No frae her cauld lips comes freezin'.

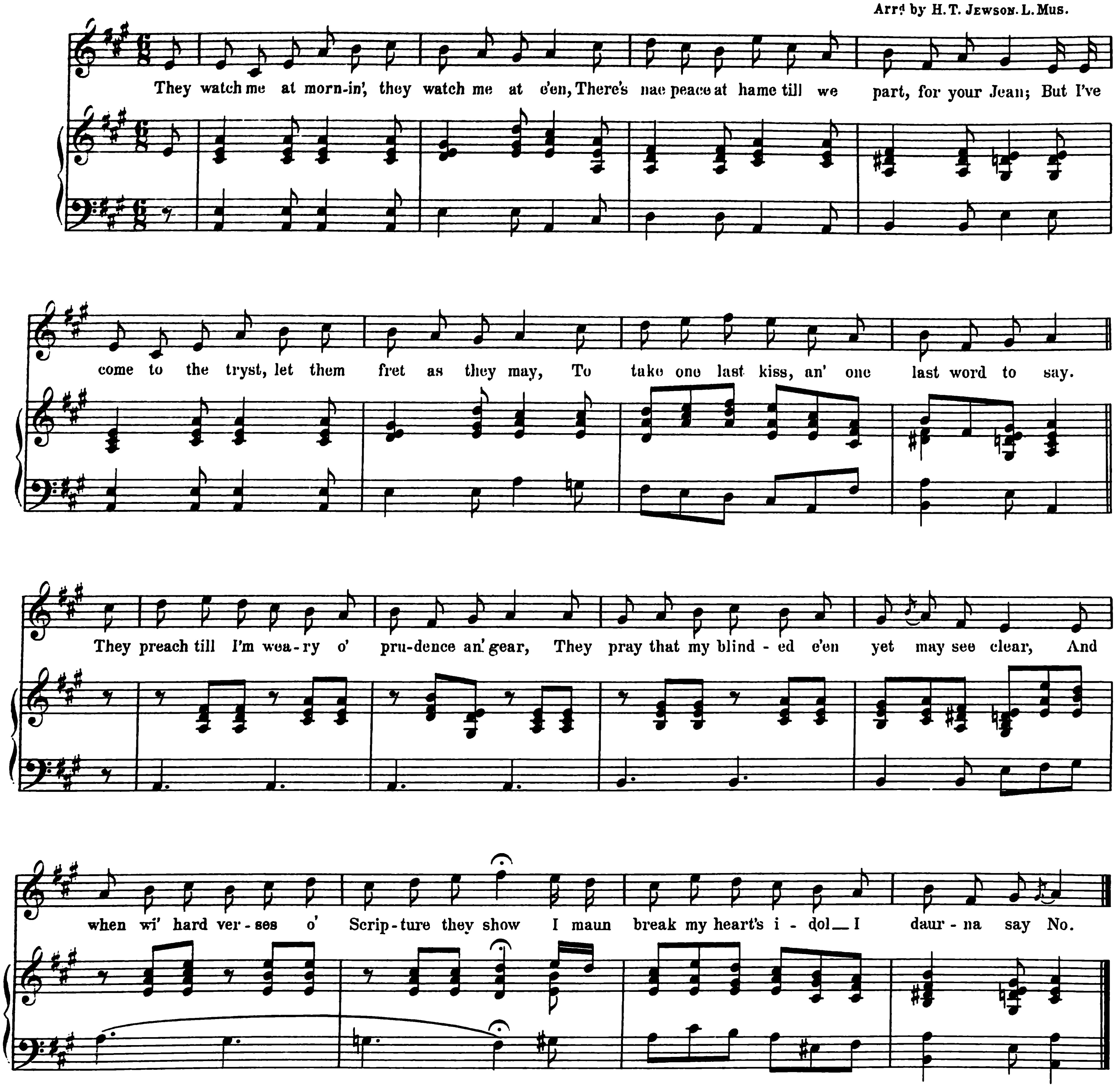
Oh! fair are the banks o' the fast-flowing Spey,
And sweet are her charms that endear them;
But if still I maun woo her, an' still she say — Nay,
I'll lang rue the day I cam near them.

I Daurna Say No.

(To Miss MACDONALD. Queens Hotel, Blairgowrie.)

Written by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr.d by H. T. JEWSON. L. MUS.



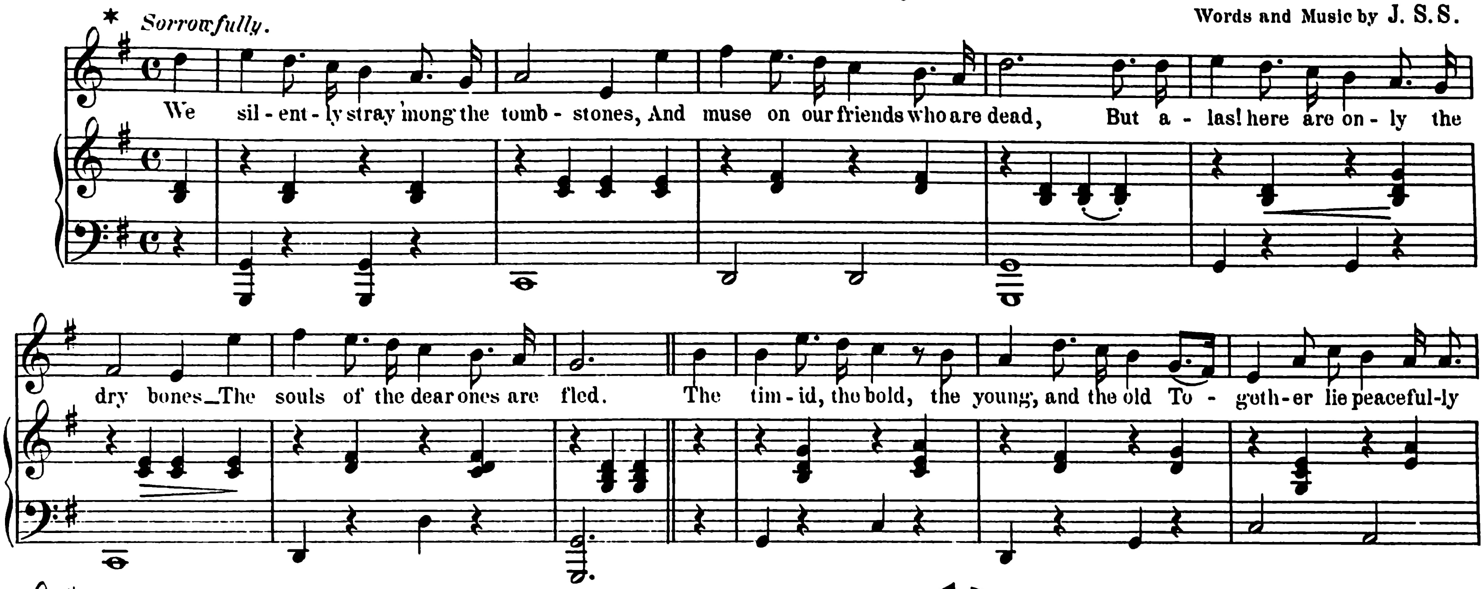
There's Murdo the miller, that owns half the toon,
Like a sack o' his meal by our fire he sits doon,
He jingles the bunch o' big seals at his breeks,
An' glowers aye at me, but a word he ne'er speaks.
My father looks black when I jeer at his praise,
An' "Jean," cries my mither, "ye'll rue a' your days;"
I may toss a high head, but my heart's sinkin' low,
For I fear, if he asks me, I daurna say No.

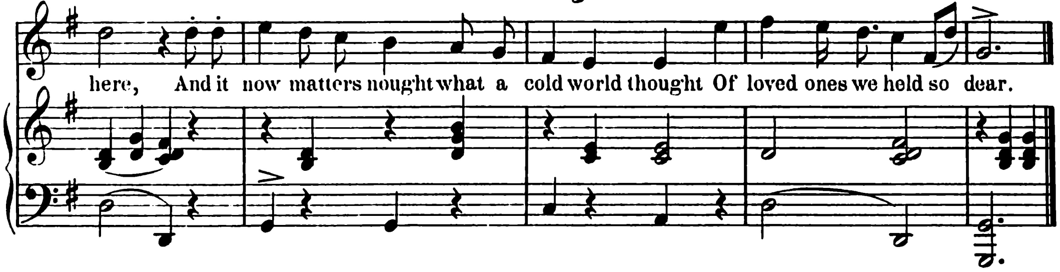
My curse on their greed, an' my curse on their pride,
The cankers o' true love since Eve was a bride;
O! what though my brow wore the crown o' a queen,
If the heart in my bosom be breakin' unseen?
They're drivin' me daft wi' their clamours at hame,
There's a spark in my breast that's beginnin' to flame,
An' if some one I ken wad say, "Jean, will ye go?"
Come woe or come welfare, I daurna say No.

Wee Jamie.

(In memoriam GRAMIN's LITTLE JIM.)

Words and Music by J. S. S.





The joys of the past are beclouded,
The present is pregnant with pain,
For the blossom that death has enshrouded
Will never delight us again.
But rest thee in peace, thine a happy release
From sickness, and sorrow, and care;
Let the rose of Balvony bloom sweetly o'er Jamie,
The radiant, fragile, and fair.

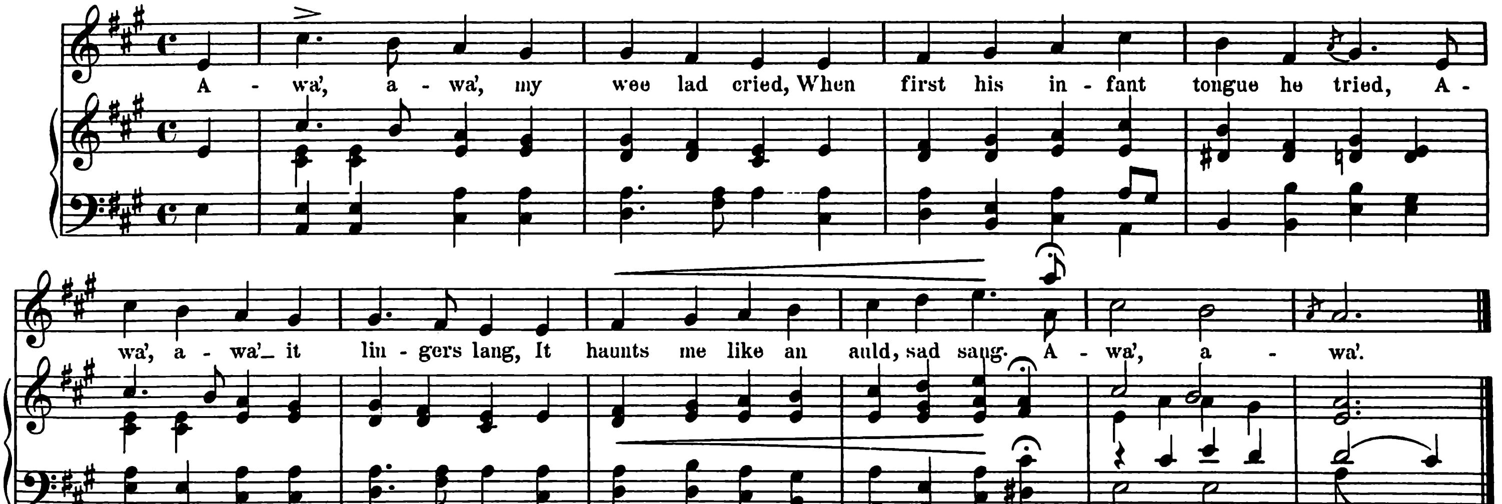
Awa', Awa'.

Words by W. M.

(To Mrs MARTIN INVERKEITHNIE.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Arrd by H. T. JEWSON. L. Mus.



Owre soon, wee lad, your prattling voice
Has learned the dirge o' vanished joys,
The waefu' sang we a' maun sing,
As love grows cauld, an' gear tak's wing.
Awa', awa'.

The glossy curls upon your broo,
The sunny e'en o glancin' blue,
The pranks, the games, the fun, the glee,
But ill wi' that sad strain agree.
Awa', awa'.

Your little griefs_the wish that's crost,
The picture torn, the plaything lost,
Like summer shadows lichtly fa',
One sunny blink will chase them a',
Awa', awa'.

But ah! when years are come an' gane
What anguish fills that sad refrain?
What perished hopes and pleasures flown
Sigh in that deep endurin' moan,
Awa', awa'.

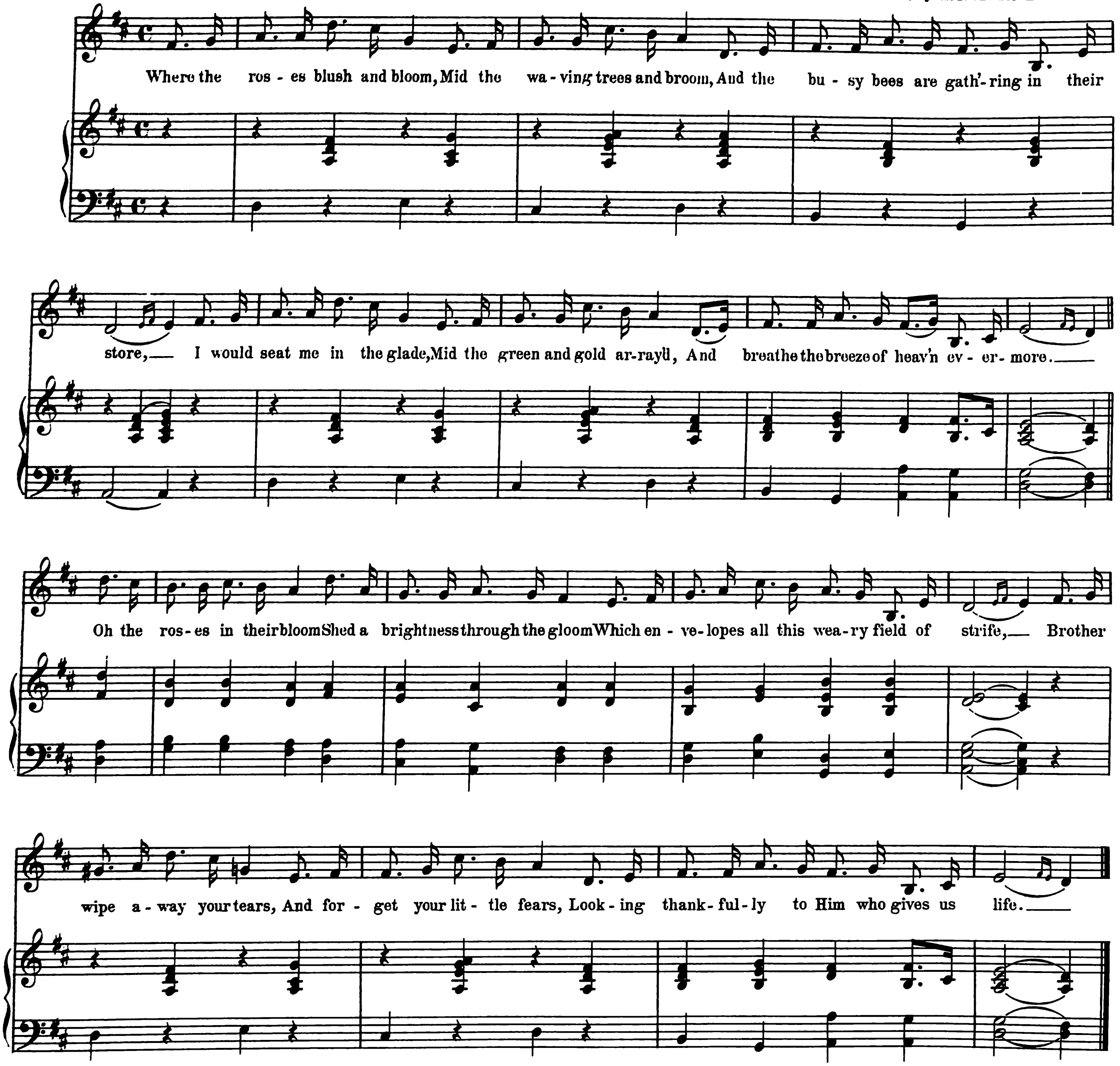
The hand that helped, the voice that cheered
The hearts an' hames in youth endeared,
Fair faces, coffined in their bloom,
On them, on a', there knells the doom.
Awa', awa'.

* May be sung in A♭.

*Where The Roses Blush and Bloom.

(To Mrs SMITH. The Institution, Fochabers.)

Written and composed by
J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by H.T. JEWSON. L. Mus.



When we ponder o'er the past,
And the reckoning day at last,
We are lost amid His wondrous power and love,
Let us dream among the flowers,
Mid the scented birchen bowers,
Till He draw us in a fond embrace above.

Why fret we here always,
Though we cannot pierce the haze,
There's a brighter, purer life awaits us there,
The transition cometh soon—
Even now sun, stars, and moon,
Seem inviting us to leave this world of care.

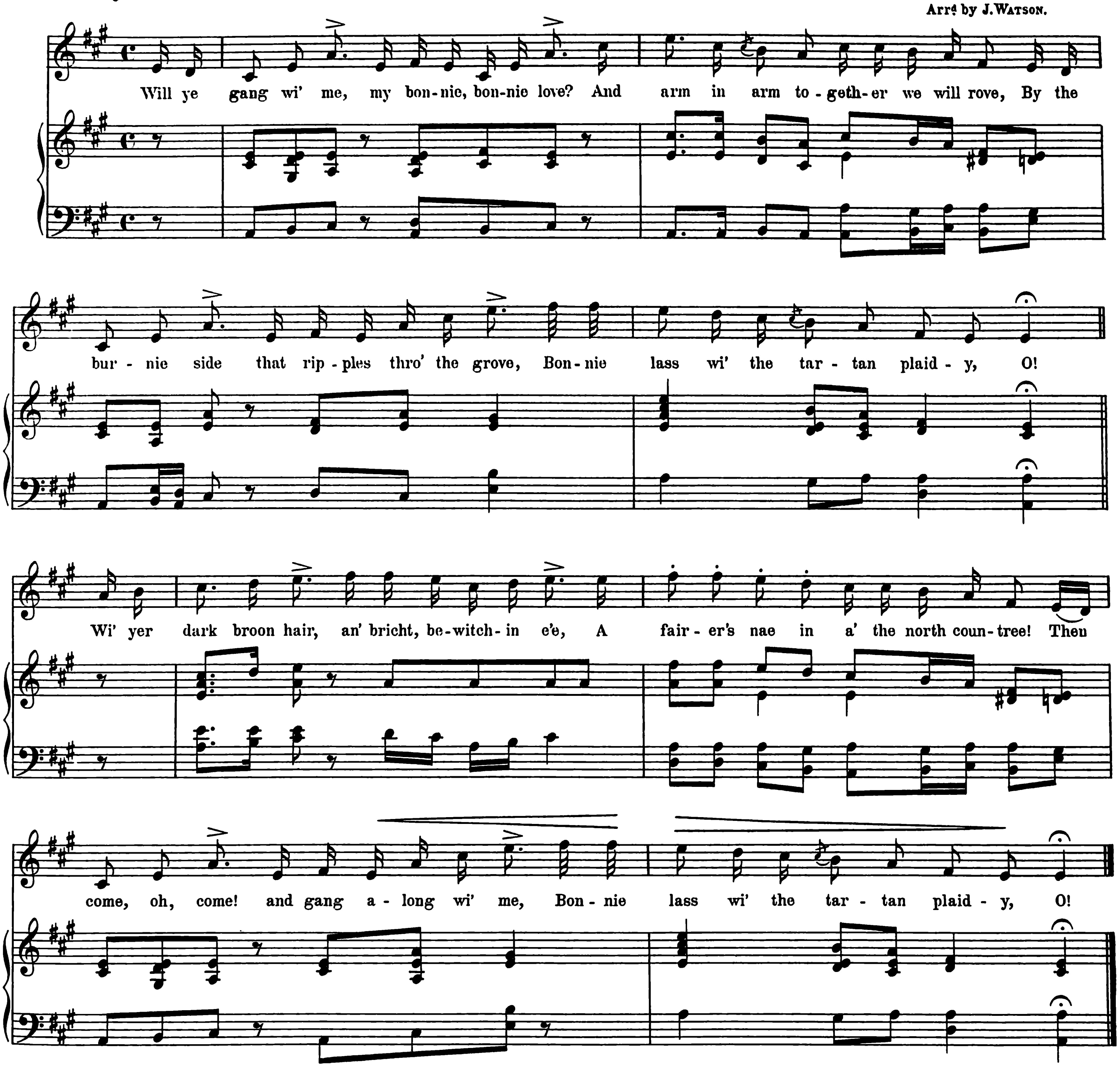
* May be adapted as a *German Schottische.*

The Lass Wi' The Tartan Plaidie, O!

(To AGGIE SCOTT. Whitcrashes.)

Words by W. D. J.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by J. WATSON.



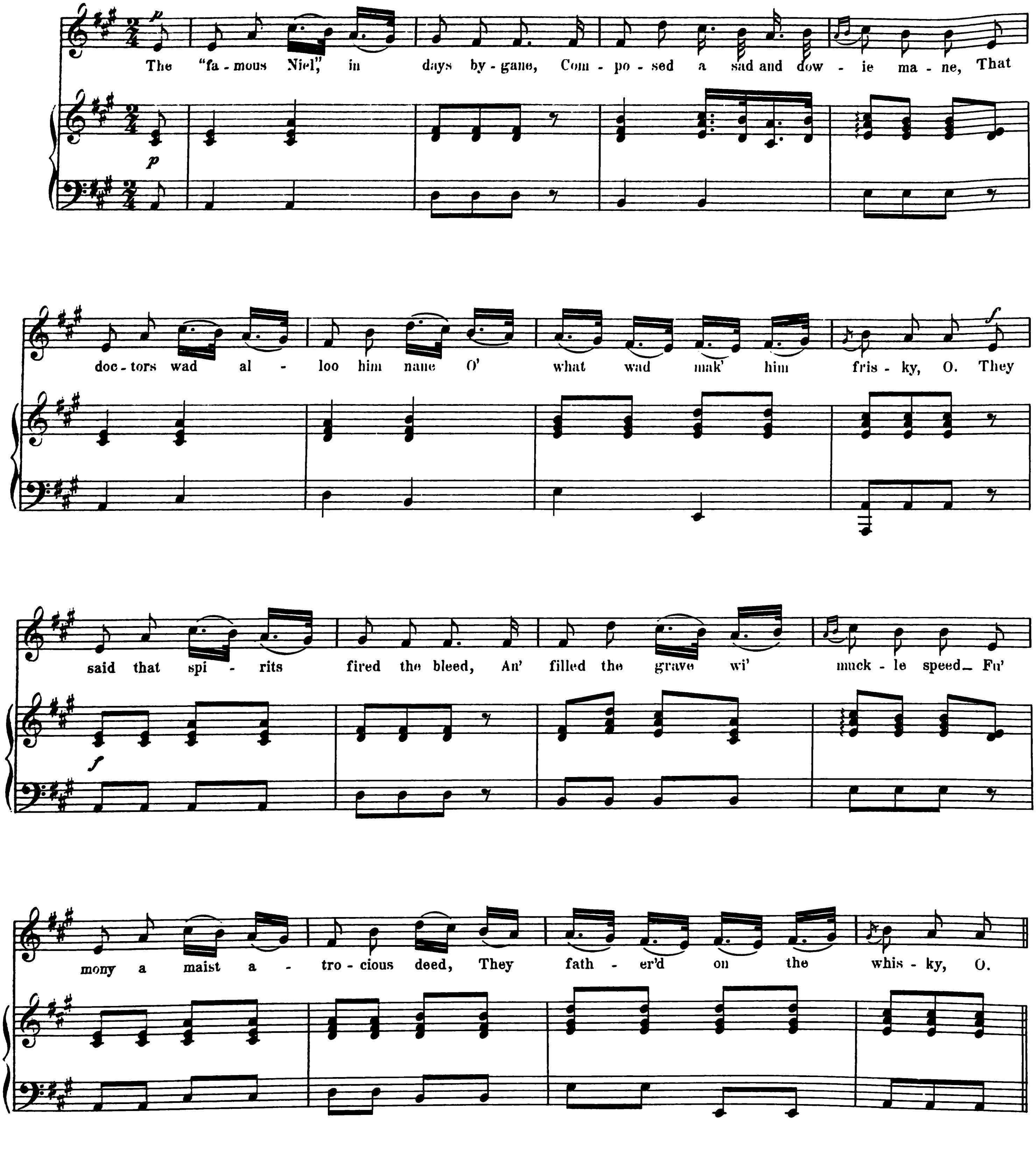
Gin my ain ye'll be, an' gie to me yer hand,
Ye sal hae gowd, an' flocks, an' herds, an' land,
An' servants too, aye ready at command,
Bonnie lass wi' the tartan plaidy, O!
Ye sal walk likewise in silks an' satins fine,
And on the best in a' the land ye'll dine;
Then come, oh, come! and link yer lot wi' mine,
Bonnie lass wi' the tartan plaidy, O!

Oh, alas! that e'er yer bonnie face I saw,
Gin wantin' you I yet maun gang awa',
And return again alane to Birkenha',
Bonnie lass wi' the tartan plaidy, O!
For I ne'er yet lo'ed anither but yersel',
My handsome, winsome, dearest Isobel!
Then come, oh, come! alang wi' me and dwell,
Bonnie lass wi' the tartan plaidy, O!

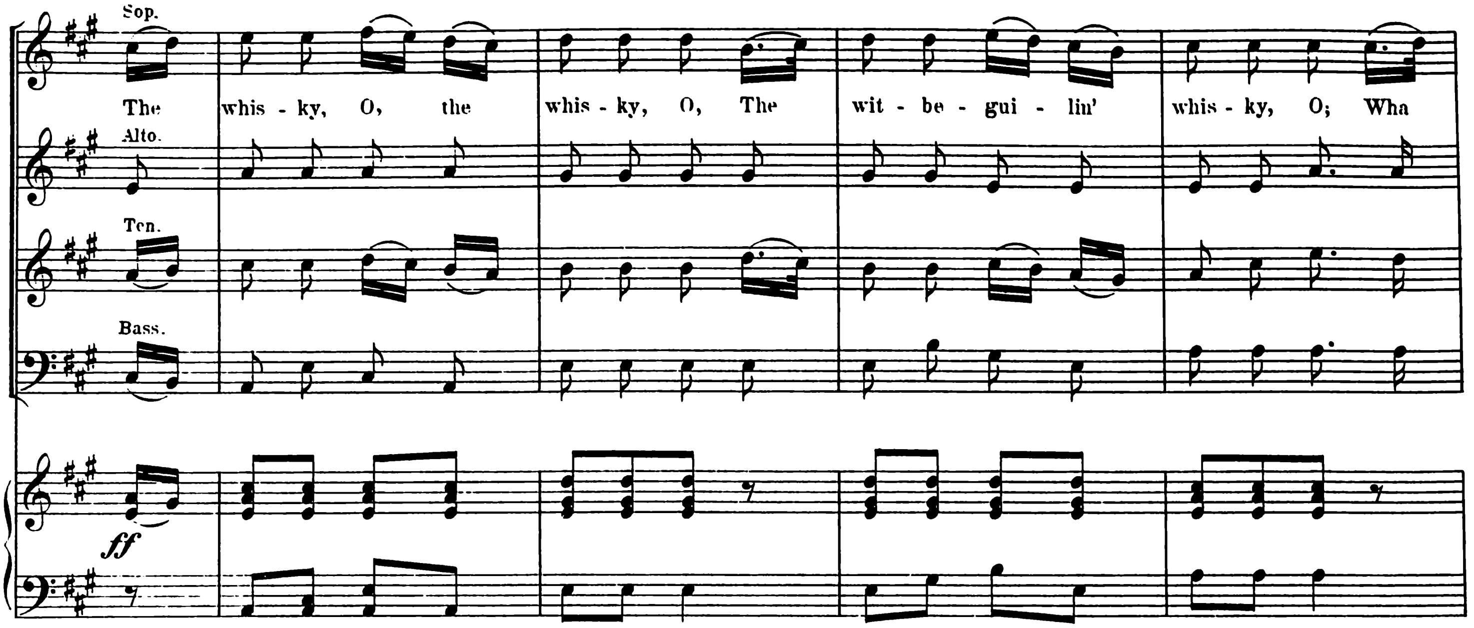
Fareweel To Whisky, O.

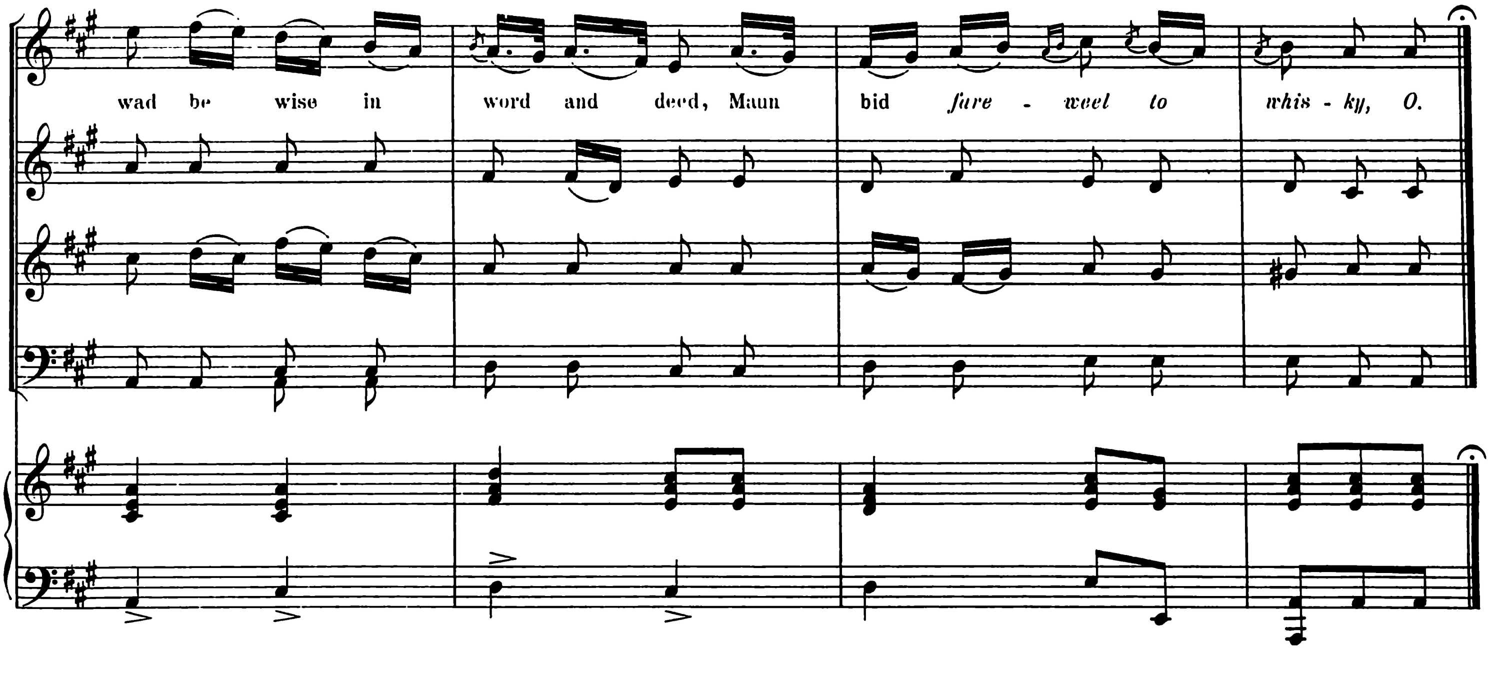
(To GEORGE THOMSON. Tor-na-coile, Bauchory.)

Written by GRAMIN. | J. SCOTT SKINNER.



CHORUS.





When nature's tired and sair deen oot,
A skytie o't, we needna doot,
Will gar a man feel kythe and stoot,
And fit for ony pliskie, O;
Or gin a dwam come ower the hairt,
A drap will aften gar't depairt,
And happy he wha can be sairt
Wi' just *ae* glass o' whisky, O.

Chorus— The whisky, O, the whisky, O,
The balmy, soothin' whisky, O;
But he will langest ca' the cairt
Wha bids *fareweel to whisky, O.*

It needs na muckle fash to see
Hoo mony sair and sadly dree
That ever they played fast and free
Wi' onything sae risky, O;
It clags the hairt, and kills the brain,
Brings coontless ills and muckle pain,
And sorrows thick mak' up the train
O' this delusive whisky, O.

Chorus— The whisky, O, the whisky, O,
The soul-devourin' whisky, O;
Tak' up the strain wi' micht and main,
And sing *fareweel to whisky, O.*

There's menseless muckle whisky drunk,
Gin Parliament had ony spunk
The hellish browst wad a' be sunk
Ayon' the Bay o' Biscay, O.
But though the "spirit" walks at will,
Without the touch it canna kill,
Gi'e up the dram, and syne the still
Will cease fae makin' whisky, O.

Chorus— The whisky, O, the whisky, O,
The demon-hauntit whisky, O;
Some day we'll tak' oor hinmost gill,
And then, FAREWEEL TO WHISKY, O.

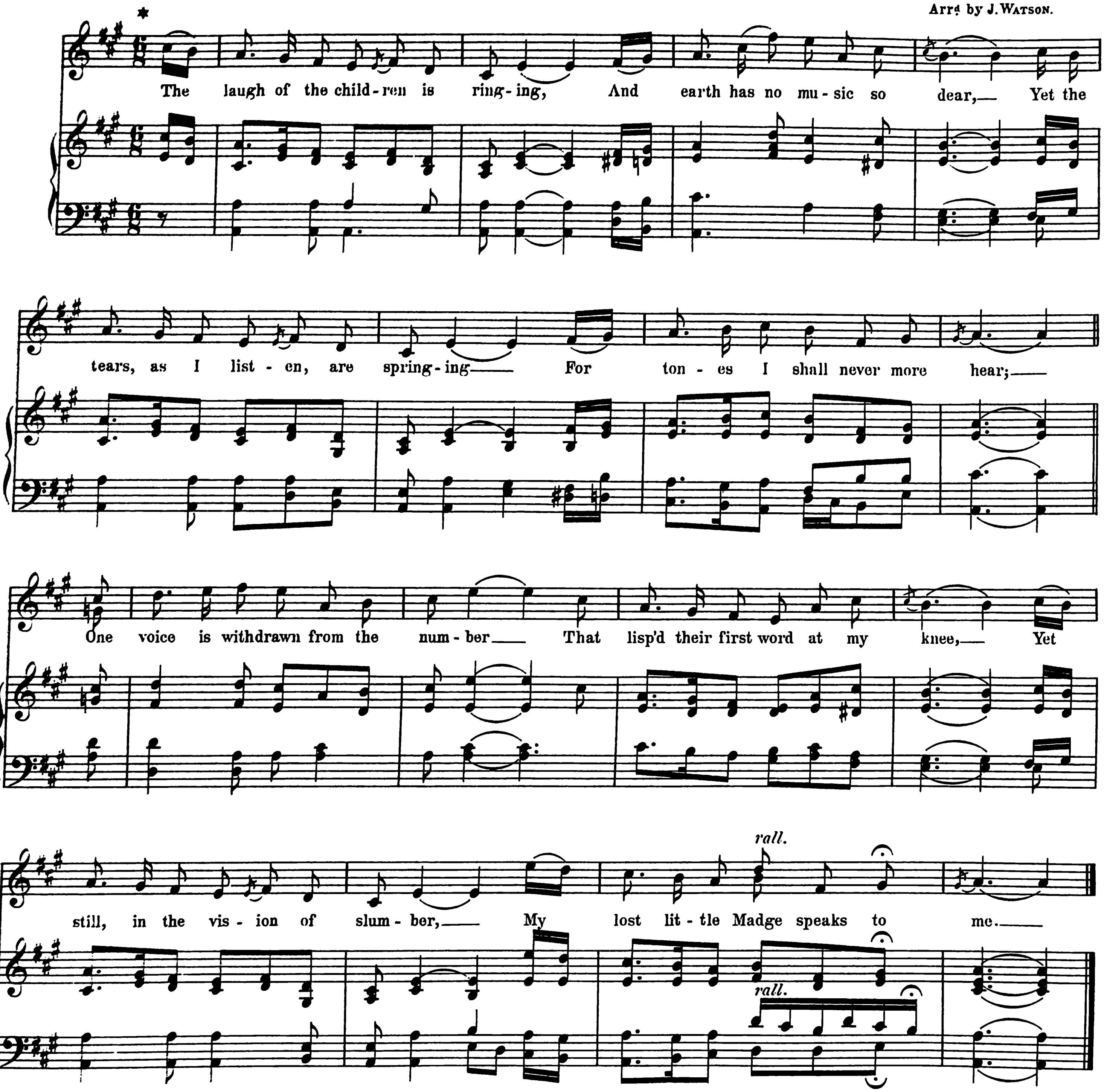
Madge.

AIR "FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND."

Written by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by J. WATSON.

*



Through the shadows that darkly enfold her
  She comes, like an angel of light,
With a face that can never grow older,
  And bloom that no sorrow can blight;
And I know that the light is but shaded
  That yet shall eternally shine,
And I know, when all shadows have faded,
  My lost little Madge shall be mine.

My darlings, now playing before me,
  Or nestling around the glad hearth,
Fret not at the grief that comes o'er me,
  And mars for a moment your mirth!
For Love, like a star, grows the clearer
  The darker around grows the gloom,
And each of my dear ones is dearer
  For the sake of dear Madge in the tomb.

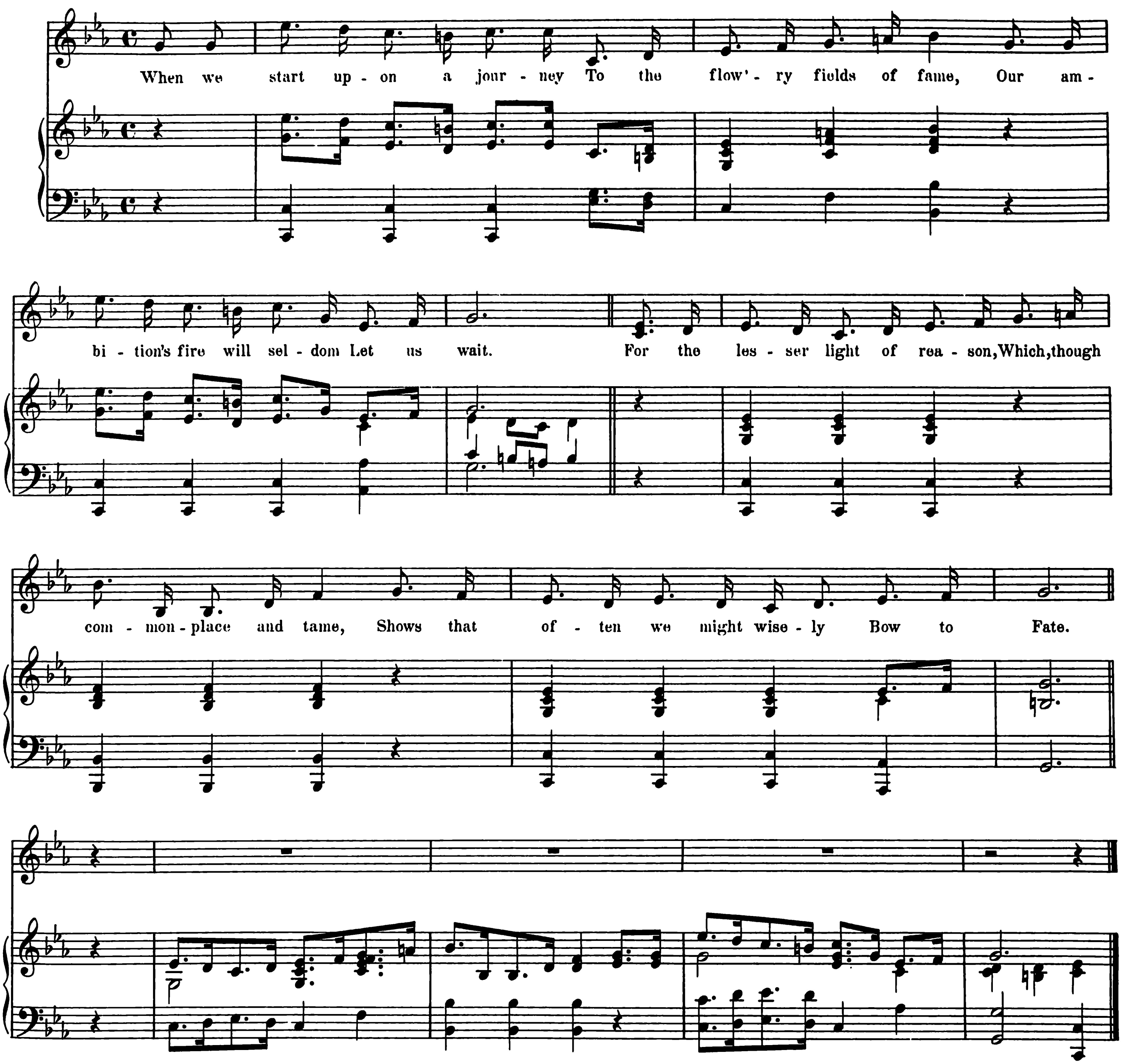
* May be sung in A♭

Bow To Fate.

(To Mrs HANNAY. Gavenwood.)

Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by J. WATSON.



At young life's impulsive season
We can hardly brook delay
In our eagerness and hurry
To be great;
And we scorn the coward pleading
Of the fool who dares to say,
In the weakness of his folly_
"Bow to Fate."

But we cannot all be winners,
And the mountain path is steep,
We have travelled far, but cannot
See the gate;
Our time is fast expiring
While we only seem to creep,
But as yet we cannot blindly
Bow to Fate.

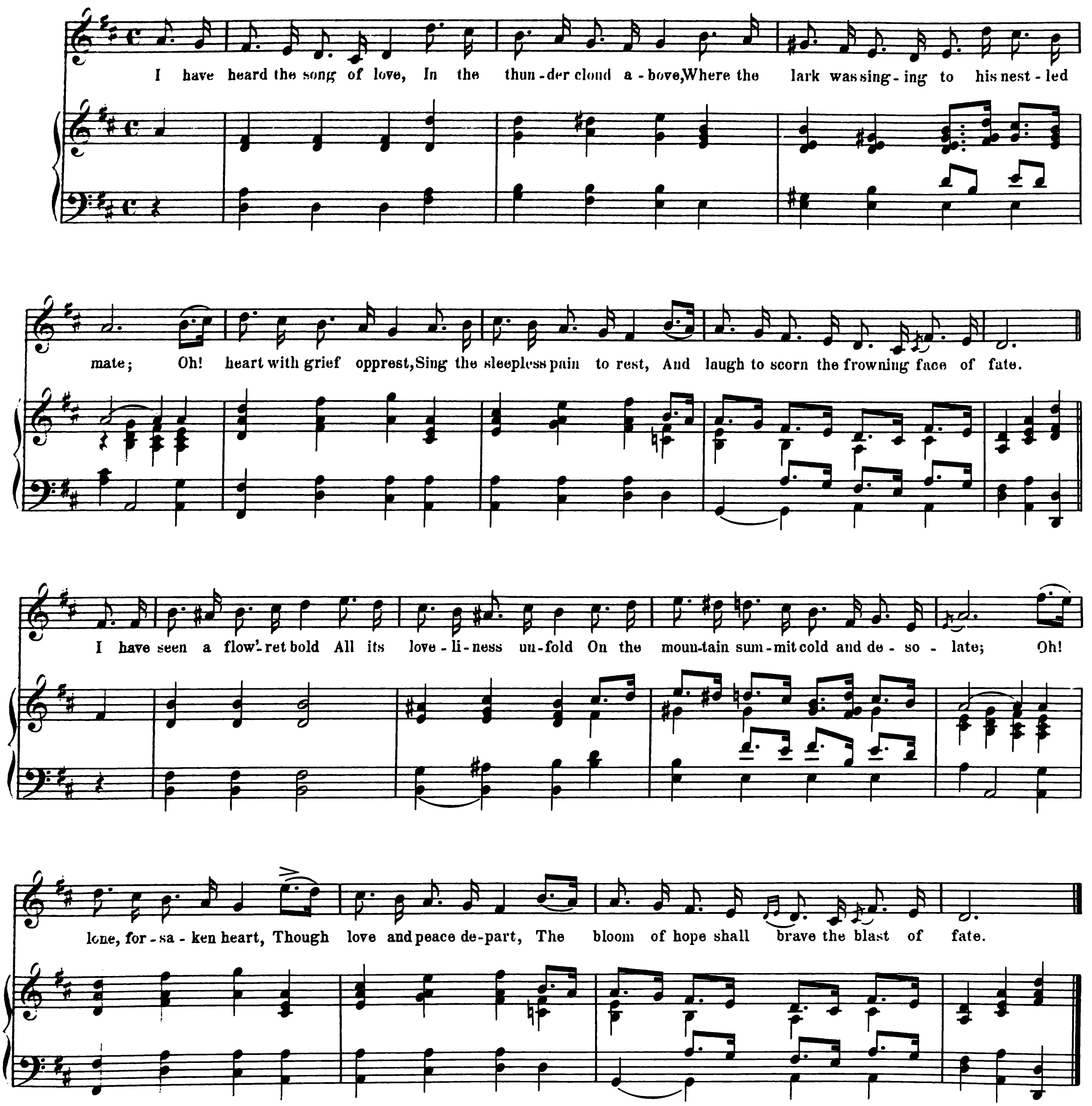
The sun of life is setting
O'er the mountain tops of Fame,
But we cannot reach their summits
Ere 'tis late;
While we, panting, hurry onward
Slowly fades the feeble flame,
And we now, without a murmur,
Bow to Fate.

Laugh at Fate.

(To C. and W. BEATTIE.)

Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arr^d by H. T. JEWSON. L. Mus.



I have watched the shattered bark,
Through surge and tempest dark,
Reach the port at last where calm and shelter wait;
Oh! heart outworn and sore,
Take courage yet once more,
And stoutly stem the tossing tides of fate.

I have seen the vapour creep,
Cold and grey, from vale to steep,
And glow a golden cloud at morning's gate;
Oh, mourner by the bier!
Time shall hallow sigh and tear,
And gild with rainbow light the clouds of fate.

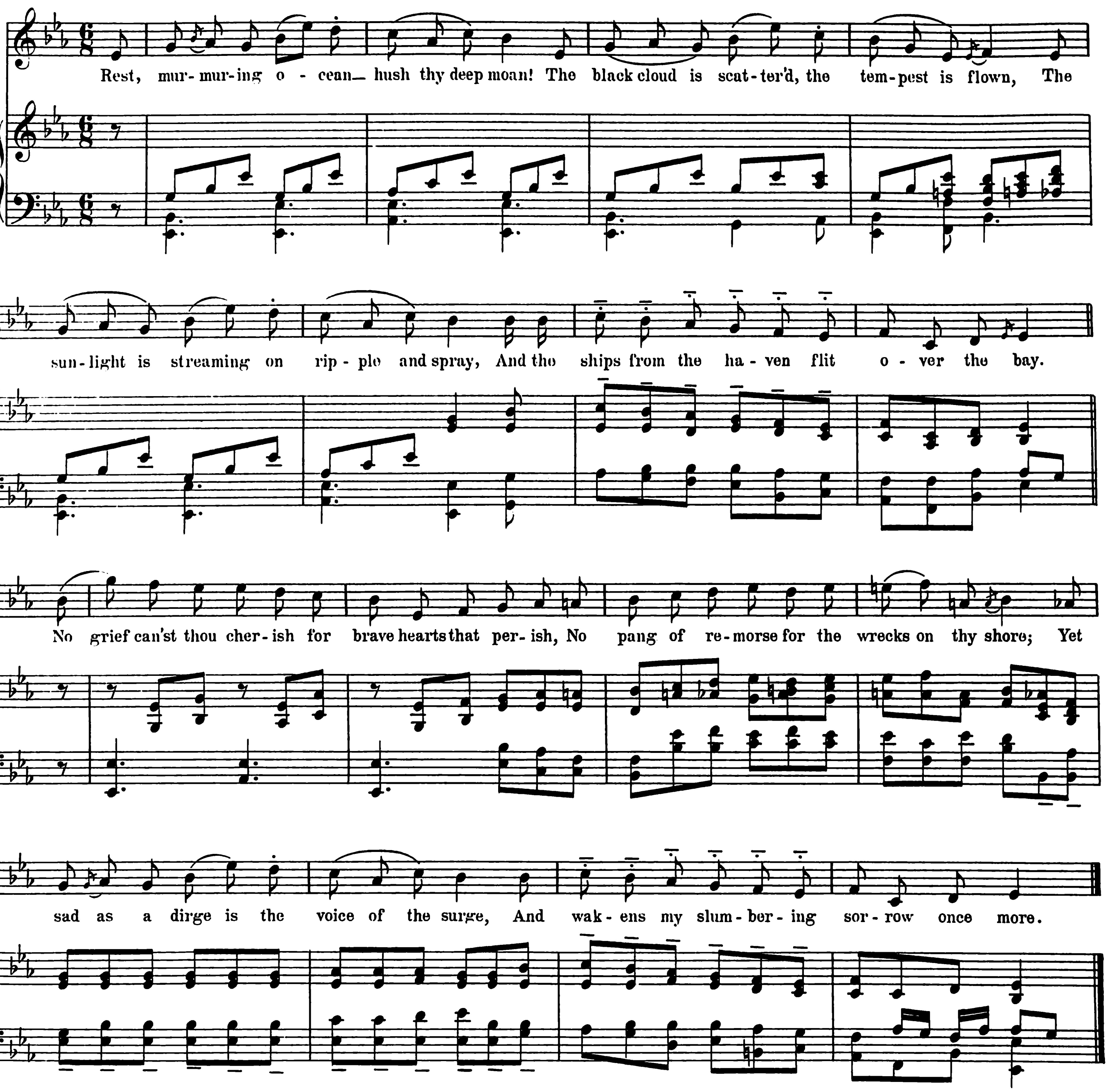
The Moan of The Sea.

To ROSANNA ROSE (Mrs INGRAM). Huntly.

Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Arrd by H. T. JEWSON. L. Mus.



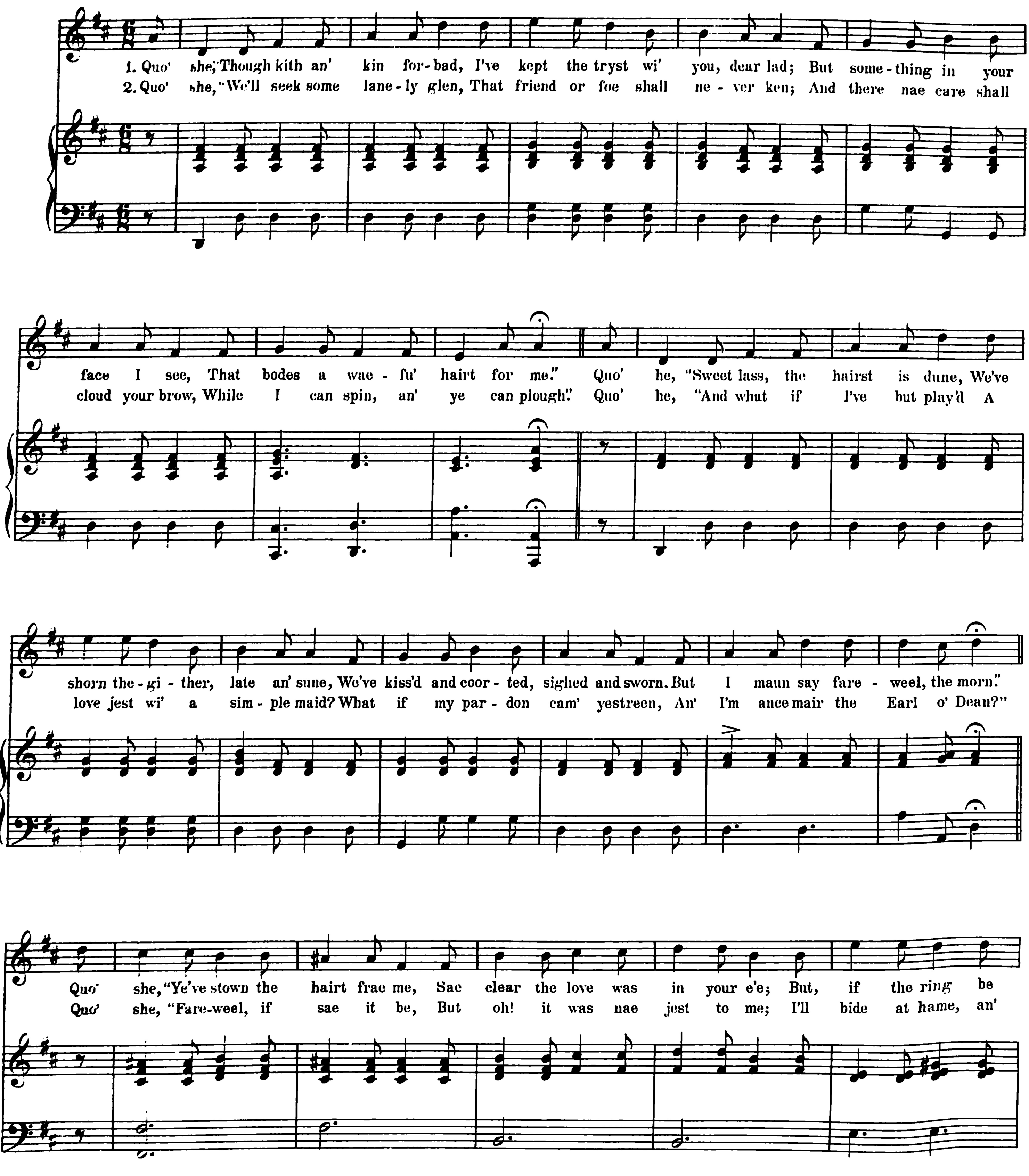
Deep, deep in my bosom, shattered and cold,
My wreck'd dreams are buried where none may behold
Ah! fondly I launched them on youth's sunny tide,
As ships from the haven sail forth in their pride.
The black blast swept o'er them, the fierce lightning tore them,
The frail, fleeting splendours went down in the waves,
And still through my soul those storm echoes roll,
Like the moan of the sea round the cliffs and the caves.

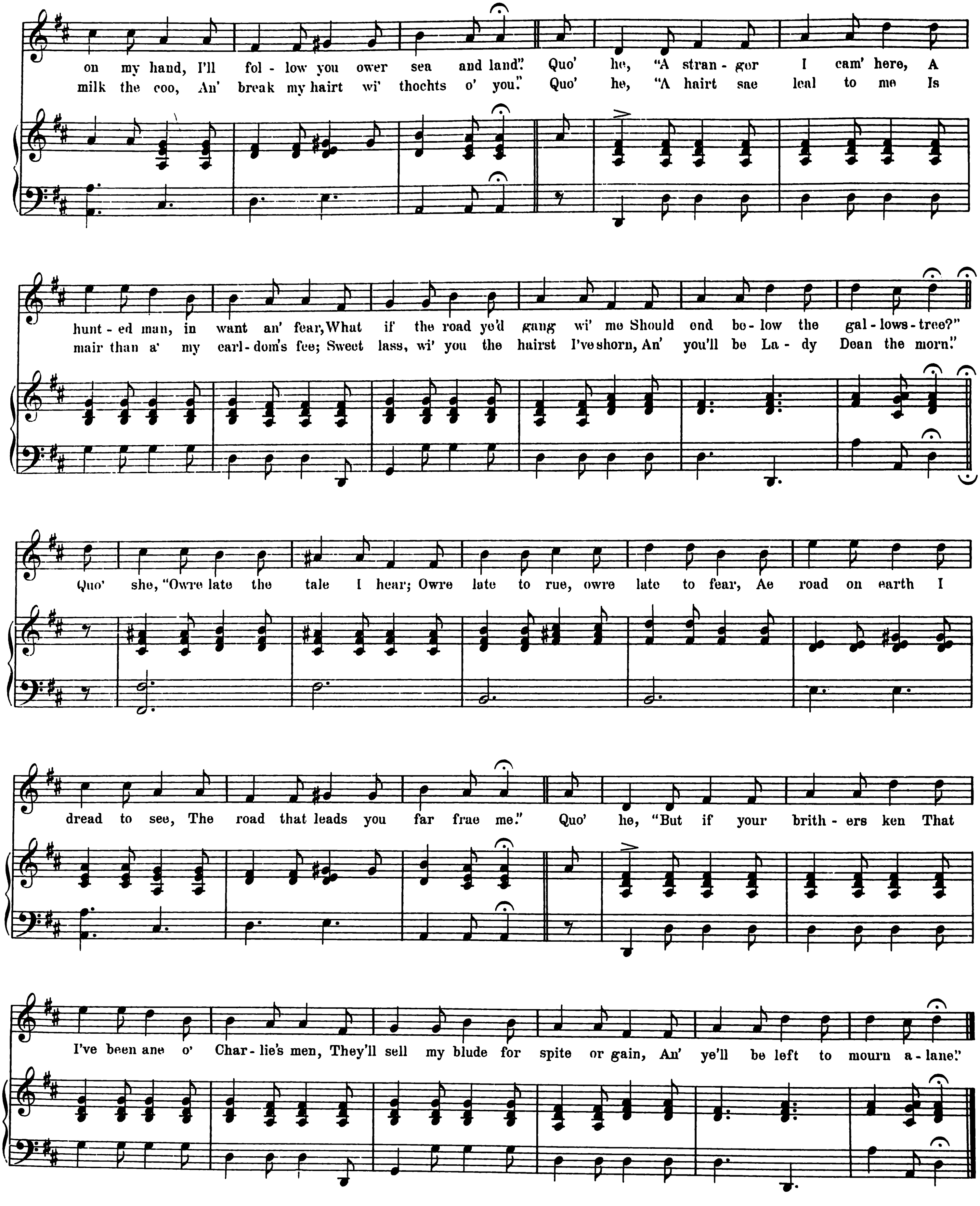
Rest, murmuring ocean — wake not my moan!
By the headland I wander, but wander alone;
Thy beauty returns when the tempest is o'er,
But the light of a lost love is kindled no more.
Sweet voice, strangely fluttered, with fondness unuttered,
Dear eyes, watching once from the headland with me,
Deep, deep in my breast, for ever ye rest,
And slumber and wake with the moan of the sea.

The Earl O' Dean.

(To Professor SCOTT.)

Written by W. M. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

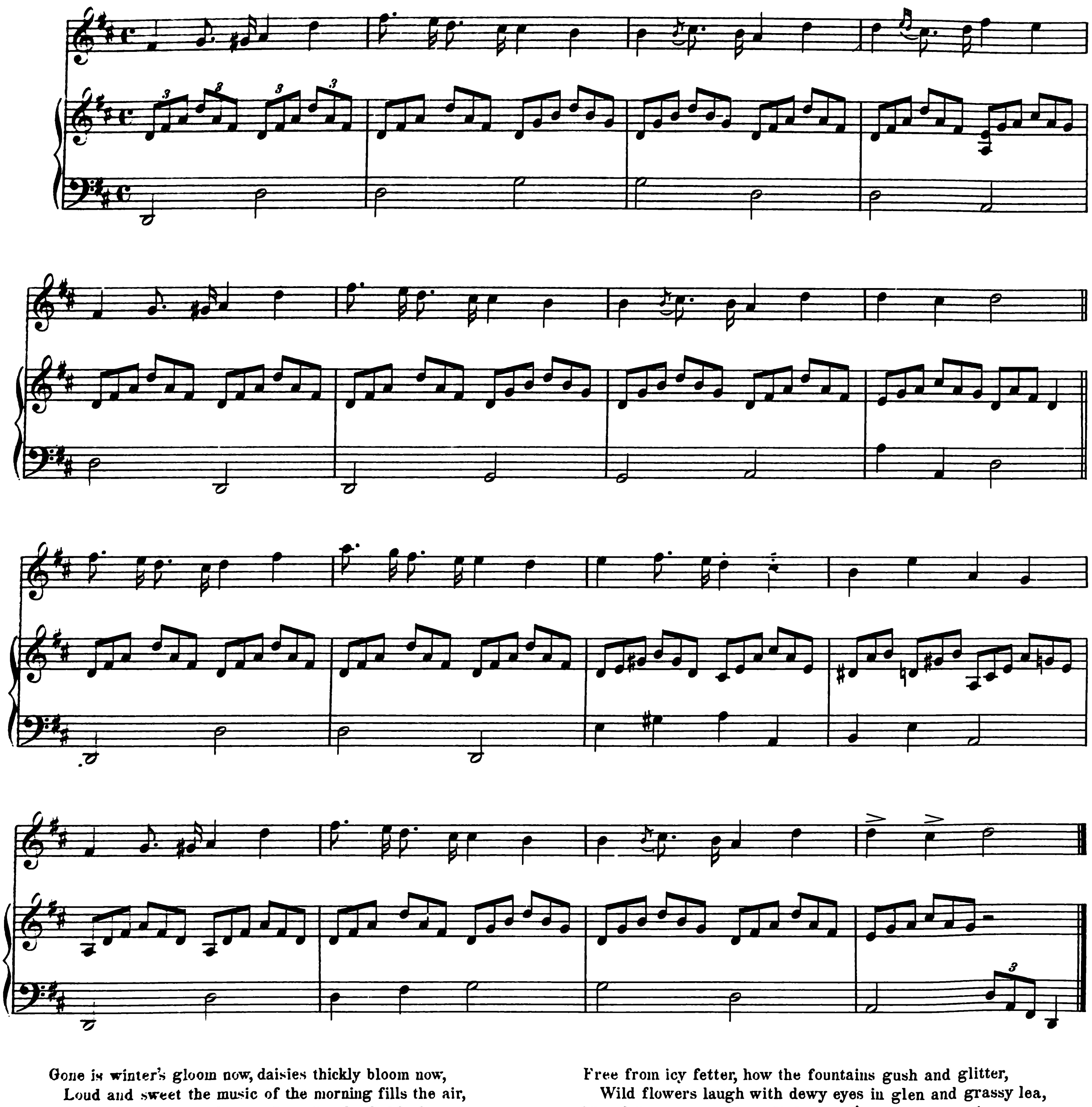



on my hand, I'll fol - low you ower sea and land." Quo' he, "A stran - ger I cam' here, A
milk the coo, An' break my hairt wi' thochts o' you." Quo' he, "A hairt sae leal to me Is
hunt - ed man, in want an' fear, What if the road ye'd gang wi' me Should end be - low the gal - lows - tree?"
mair than a' my earl - dom's fee; Sweet lass, wi' you the hairst I've shorn, An' you'll be La - dy Dean the morn."
Quo' she, "Owre late the tale I hear; Owre late to rue, owre late to fear, Ae road on earth I
dread to see, The road that leads you far frae me." Quo' he, "But if your brith - ers ken That
I've been ane o' Char - lie's men, They'll sell my blude for spite or gain, An' ye'll be left to mourn a - lane."

Spring Song.

(To Miss MAGGIE FELL. Blairgowrie.)

Words by W. M. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



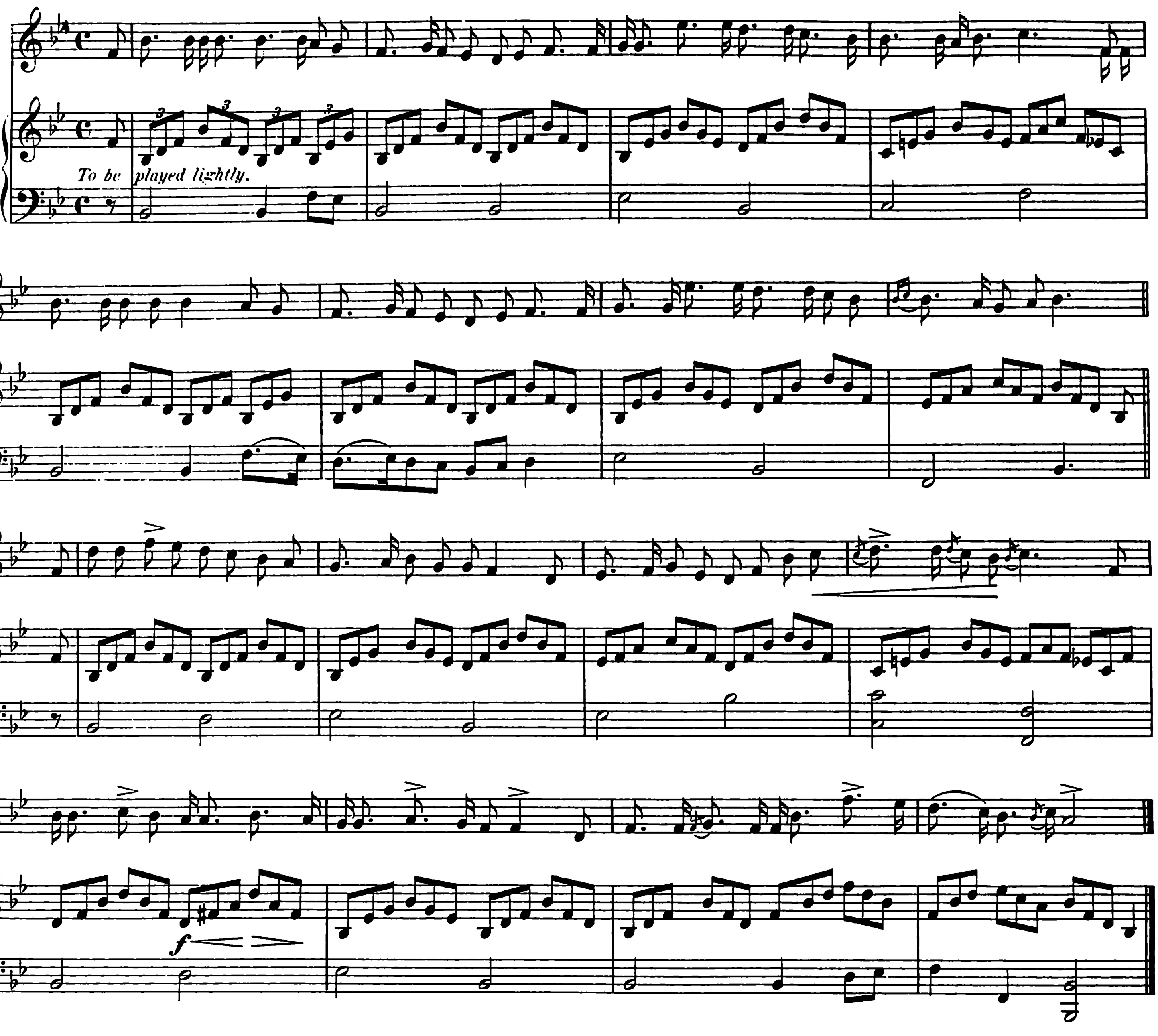
Gone is winter's gloom now, daisies thickly bloom now,
Loud and sweet the music of the morning fills the air,
Leave the chimney-nook now, clear the clouded look now,
Never yet a man throve, sighing o'er his care.
From their slumber breaking life and joy are waking,
Blithely sings the breeze that fans the bud in forest bowers,
Sit no more repining, while heaven's light is shining.
The heart of man should open to the sunshine like the flowers.

Free from icy fetter, how the fountains gush and glitter,
Wild flowers laugh with dewy eyes in glen and grassy lea,
Mated doves are cooing, all the wood's astir with wooing,
Mother Earth is full of mirth, and man should share the glee.
Clouds that darkly lower fall with freshness on the flower,
Underneath the snow-wreath safely sleeps the bloom of spring,
Upon the night of sorrow ever dawns a brighter morrow,
And in the saddest heart a bird of gladness yet will sing.

The Fireside at Hame.

(To Mrs D. SCOTT. Peterhead.)

Words by W. M. — J. SCOTT SKINNER.



When corn is gathered to the yard, an' winds blaw cauld and surly,
And yellow leaves are whirlin' through the woodland, bleak and bare,
When high on Benachie the snaw lies white at mornin' early,
An' bees are hidin' in the hive, an' wild birds sing nae mair,
When hoar frost glimmers on the grass, as soon's a star is gleamin',
How gladly, then, we gather round the cheerie ingle flame,
An' wi' merry voices ringin', an' wi' kindly faces beamin',
We feel the world has nae place like the fireside at hame.

When life lies a' before us, wi' the mornin' glory lichted,
The young heart burns to wander owre the hills an' far away,
We weary o' the hamely haunts, an' simple joys are slichted,
For distant lands o' promise, bricht wi' fancy's golden ray.
But soon the fairy splendour fades, an' soon the dream is ended,
The cloud and storm sweep o'er us, wrecking hope an' health and fame,
An' we're fain to seek a haven, from the blasts of life defended,
An' earth has nane so peaceful as the fireside at hame.

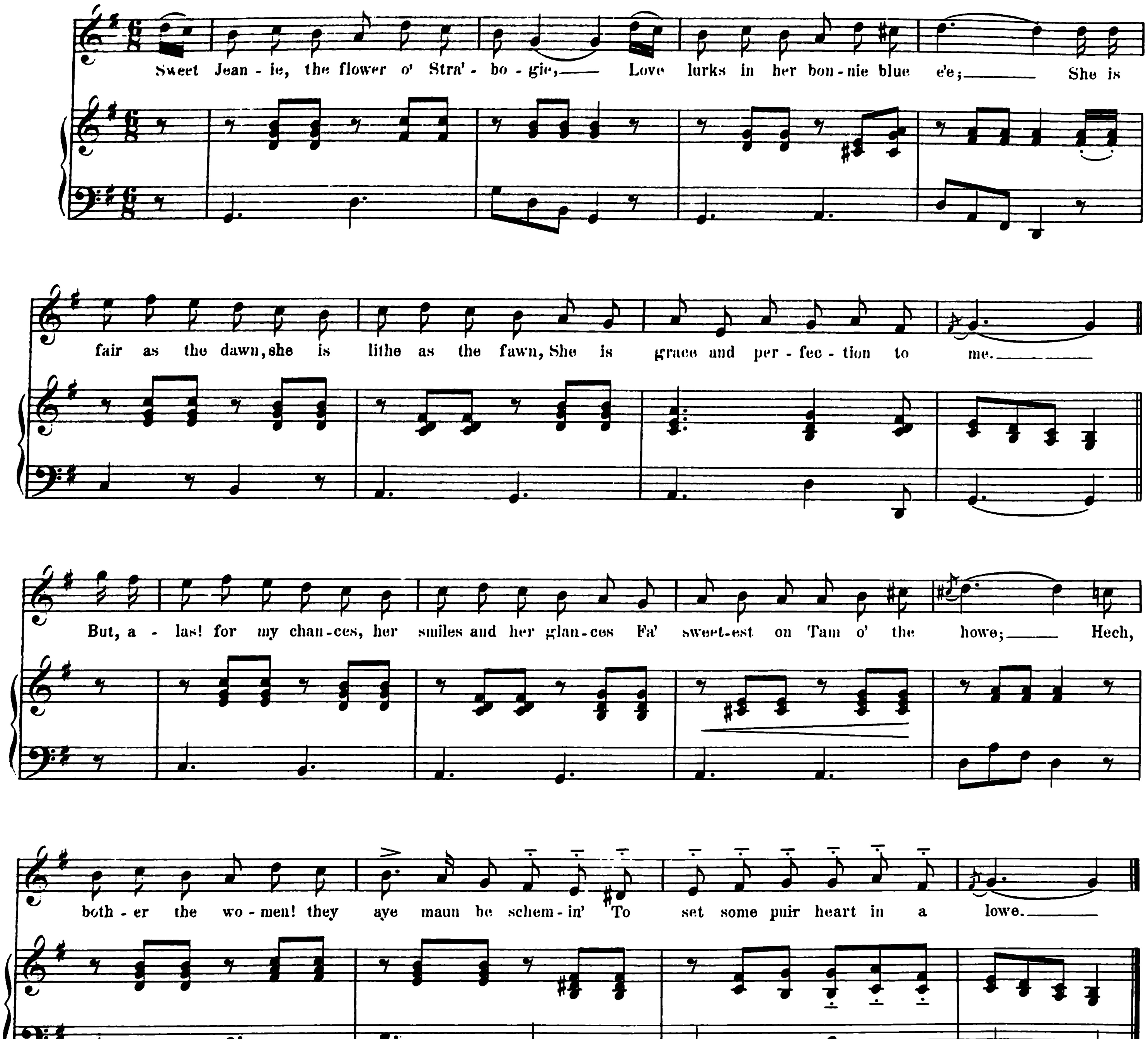
It's there that love unclouded shines, an' needs nae coy disguises,
It's there that earthly passions in their purest channels run,
It's there that sorrow melts away, like mist when mornin' rises,
It's there that hearts unfold their wealth, like gowans in the sun.
It's there that flowers o' Eden still on earth are found reviving,
An' there nae angry angel guards the gate wi' sword o' flame,
An' the burden o' the dreary doom, the toilin' an' the strivin',
Are lichtened as we gather round the fireside at hame.

The Flower o' Strathbogie.

(To Miss JEANIE INGRAM. Huntly.)

Words by GRAMIN.

Composed and arranged by
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



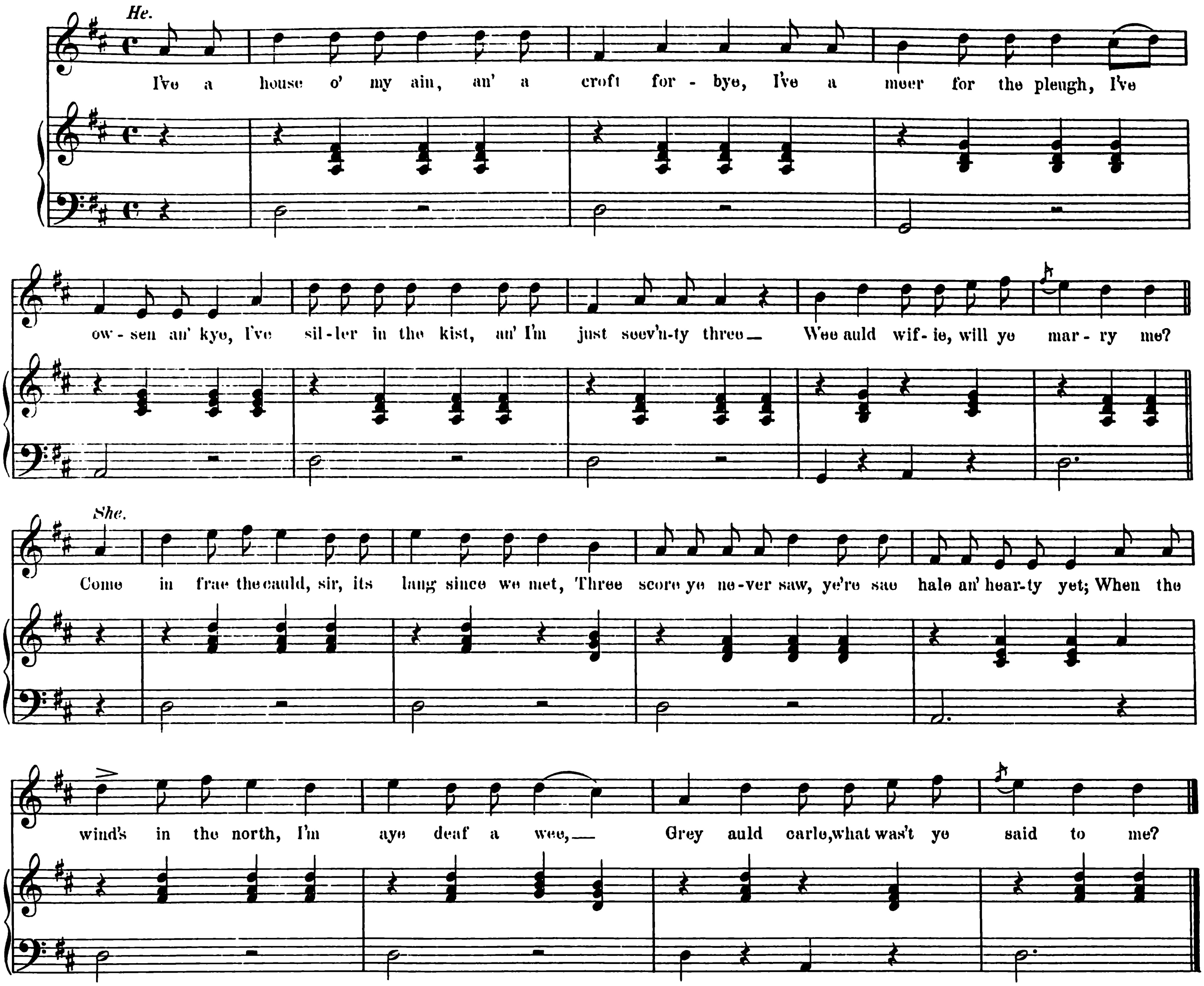
Oh! Jeanie, the flower o' Stra'bogie,
Your wiles are a' wasted on me,
I'm as clay in your han', ye micht mak' me your man
By ae wink o' your bonnie blue e'e.
But ye're maybe like pussie, wha tortures the moosie
Afore she dispatches her prey—
Oh! torture nae langer, or aiblins in anger,
Ye'll send your puir captive away!

But, Jeanie, the flower o' Stra'bogie,
If ye ha'e been foolin' wi' me,
By love unrequited my life will be blighted,
Then wae on your bonny blue e'e.
I wad mind you that Tammy lives snug wi' his mammy—
An auld-farrant, fushionless breet,
So dinna be silly, but smile on your Willie,
And mak' his existence complete.

Wee auld Wifie.

(To W. CARNIE, Aberdeen.)

Words by W. M. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



He.— I've wabs o' guid claith, that my auld mither span,
I've an awmrie weel plenished wi' platter an' wi' pan;
The ark's fu' o' meal, an' the caddy's fu' o' tea—
Wee auld wifie, will ye marry me?

She.— It's dreary by the fireside, to sit at nicht alane,
An' to hae a kind gudeman, sir, in troth I would be fain,
But ye'll hae your ain ways, an' mine please me,
Grey auld carle, I fear we michtna gree.

He.— We arena young fules, set on fire by a spark,
To quarrel an' to kiss twenty times frae dawn to dark,
If ye flyte, I'll be dumb, if ye fecht I'll flee—
Wee auld wifie, will ye marry me?

She.— But I maun eat the white bread because my stammack's weak,
An' I maun smoke my cutty pipe, beside the ingle cheek,
An' if to keep the colic doon, a drappie strong I pree,
Grey auld carle, ye may think it ill o' me.

He.— Ye'll get your share o' cakes an' milk, an' that's the best o' fare,
An' ye'll blow your cutty up the lum, whene'er my hoast is sair,
An' when I brew a tumbler het, ye'll taste the barley bree,
Wee auld wifie, will ye marry me?

She.— Ye'll harness the auld meer, when the market day comes roun',
An' I'll ride wi' eggs an' butter to the nearest borough toon,
An' I'll hae a cap an' gown o' the fashion that may be,
Grey auld carle, will ye promise that to me?

He.— Ye'll fill a braw white basket wi' your butter an' your eggs,
An' to the market toon ye'll trot upon your ain stout legs,
An' my auld mither's wabs 'll mak gowns till ye dee,
Wee auld wifie, will ye marry me?

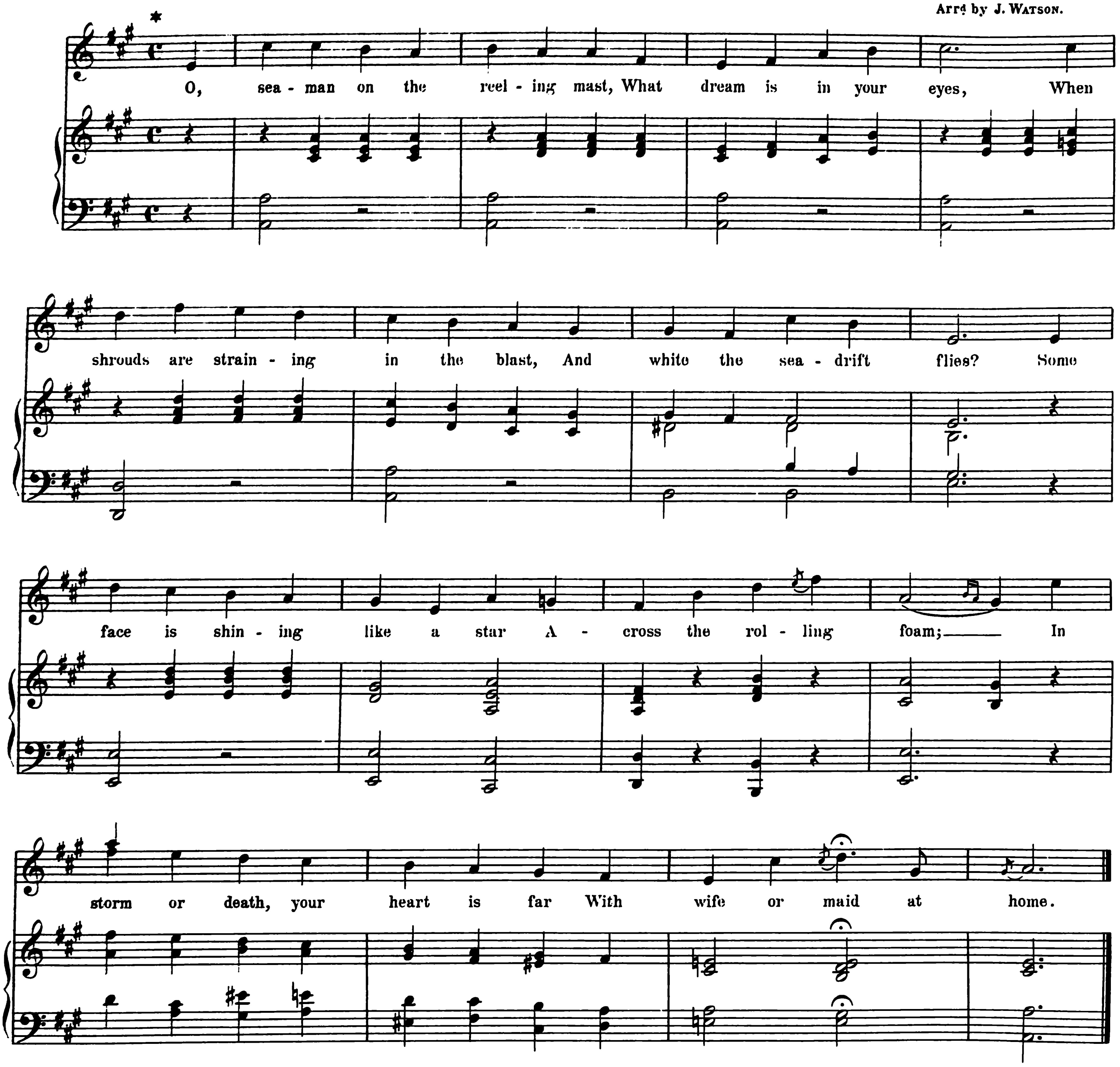
Both.— *unison.* Cauld and cheerless is the hearth when only ane is there,
But cosie is the bleeze that blinks upon a lovin' pair,
Here's my hand— I'll be yours— an' happy may we be,
Wee auld wifie / Grey auld carle } when ye marry me.

Wives and Maids at Home.

(To Mrs FRASER. Netherton, Forres.)

Words by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by J. WATSON.



O, soldier, when the trumpets blow
  Their note of wild alarm,
And ranks are ranged to meet the foe,
  What vision nerves your arm?
Afar to peaceful hearth or hall
  Your thoughts one moment roam,
Then on you rush to strike or fall,
  For wife or maid at home.

O, wanderer under alien skies,
  With drooping heart and limb,
What forms upon your fancy rise
  When waning hope grows dim?
No angels, golden - winged, you woo
  From out the heaven's blue dome,
The guardian angels dear to you
  Are wife and maid at home.

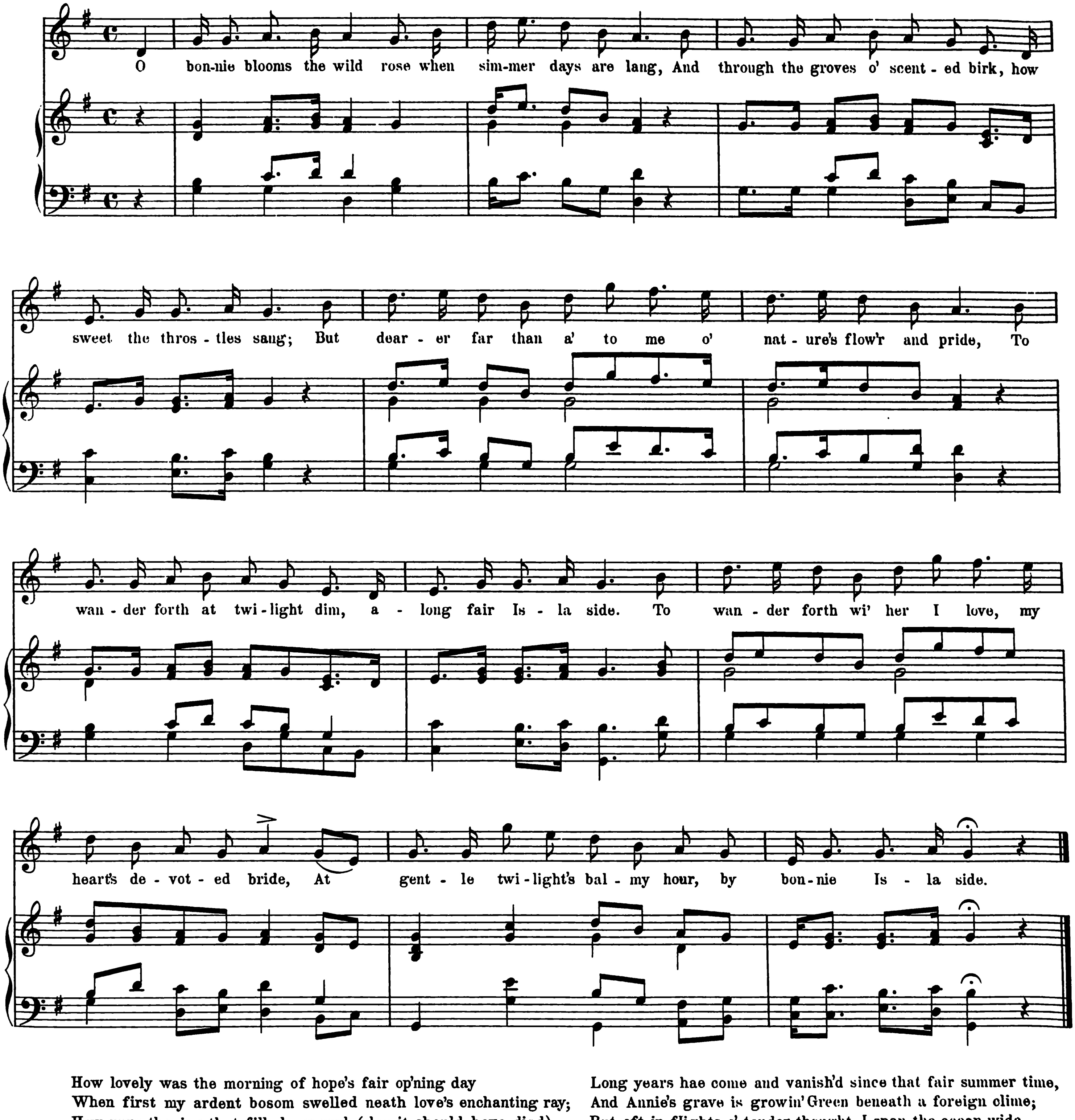
* The words of "Sandie o'er the sea" may be sung to this air.

Isla Side.

(To Mrs BARCLAY of LOGIE-MUIR.)

Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by J. WATSON.



How lovely was the morning of hope's fair op'ning day
When first my ardent bosom swelled neath love's enchanting ray;
How pure the joy that filled my soul, (alas it should have died)
When Annie pledged her troth to me by Isla's grassy side.
When my dear love, my first and last, my darling and my pride,
Gave me her gentle heart to keep, by bonnie Isla side.

Long years hae come and vanish'd since that fair summer time,
And Annie's grave is growin' Green beneath a foreign clime;
But oft in flights o' tender thought, I span the ocean wide,
And see, unchanged, the early scenes I saw by Isla side,
And dreaming thus of brighter days, I wish that I had died
E're sorrow found me far awa' frae bonnie Isla side.

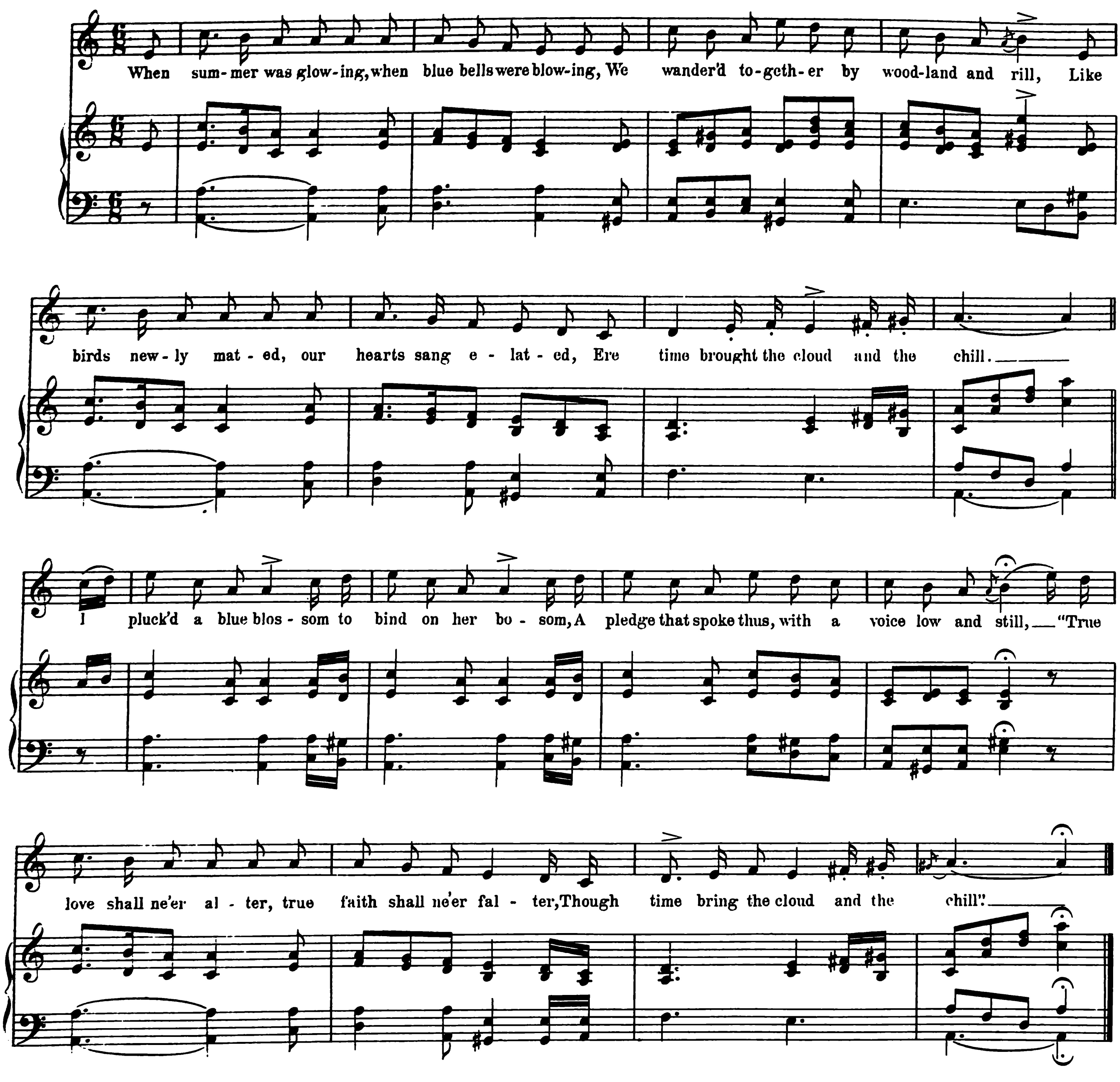
The Cloud and The Chill.

(To Sheriff RAMPINI. Elgin.)

Written by W. M.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Arrd by REG. M. ATKINS.



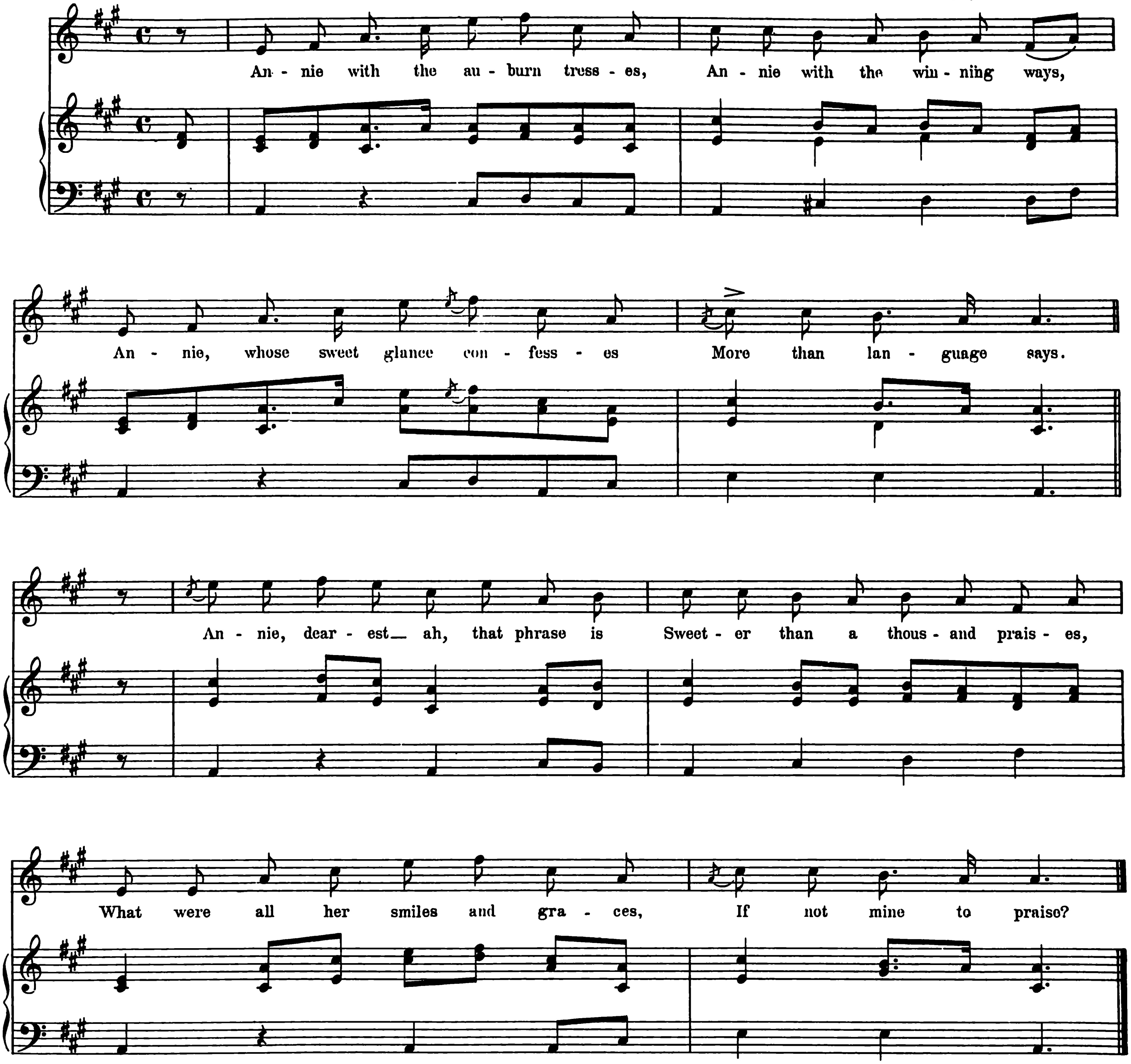
When winter was sighing, when sere leaves were flying,
  The blue bells lay withered by woodland and rill;
But love felt no pining and faith no declining,
  Though time brought the cloud and the chill.
Farewell to the blue bells, and welcome the new bells,
  The bridal bells, pealing o'er valley and hill;
Sweet bells that betoken love's link never broken,
  Though time bring the cloud and the chill.

Annie O' Fiddochside.*

(To Provost SYMON. Dufftown.)

Words by W. M.

J. Scott Skinner.
Arr^d by Reg. M. Atkins.



Annie, when I chanced to meet her,
Ere the bud of love was blown,
Passed with sweet eyes, all the sweeter
That they shunned my own.
Now, with trustful light and tender,
Glance for glance to mine they render;
And I know their loving splendour
Shines for me alone.

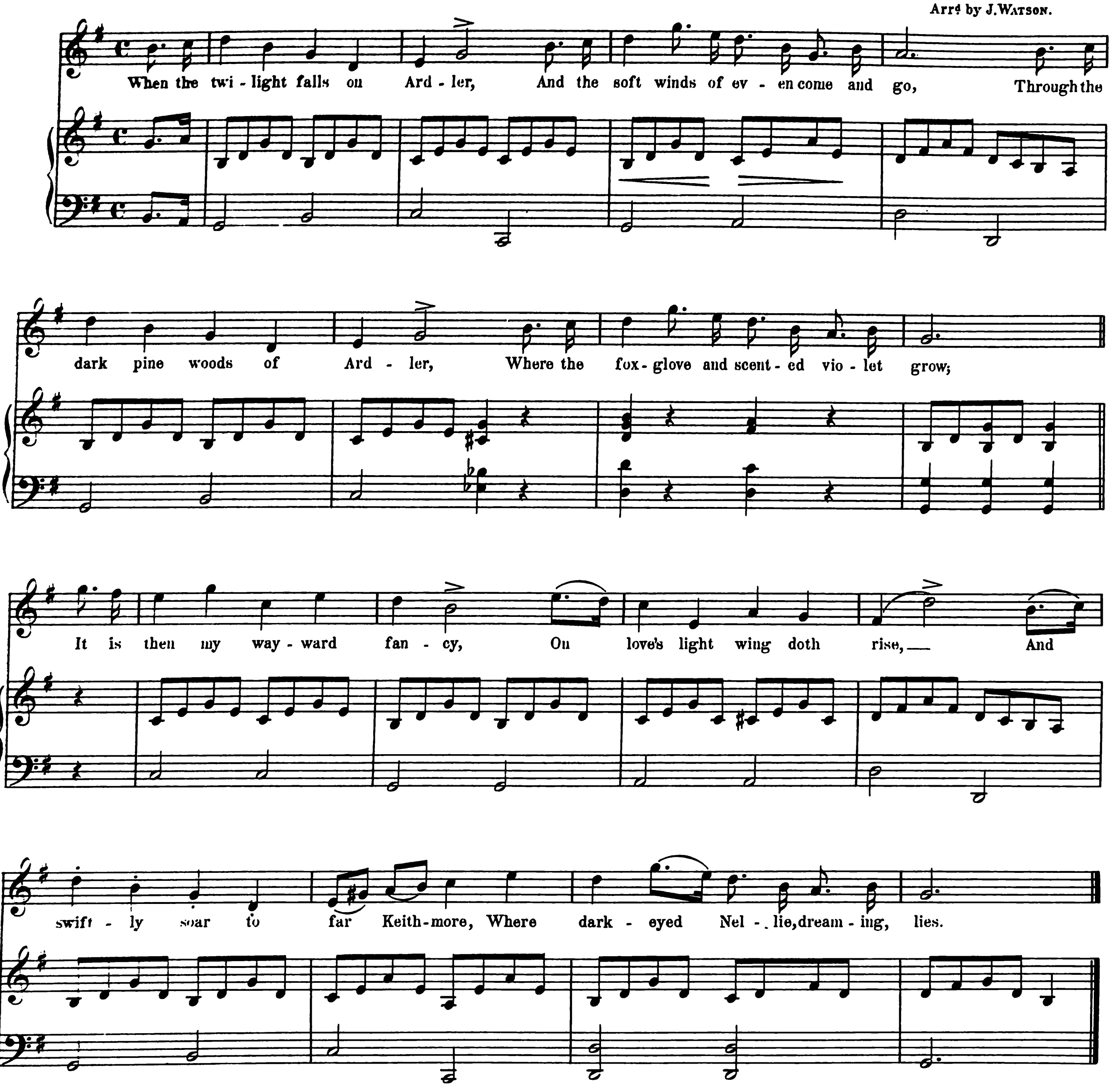
* Imitation of Gaelic Air.

Sweet Memories of Ardler.

(To Mrs OSTLER. Cupar Angus.)

Words by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by J. WATSON.



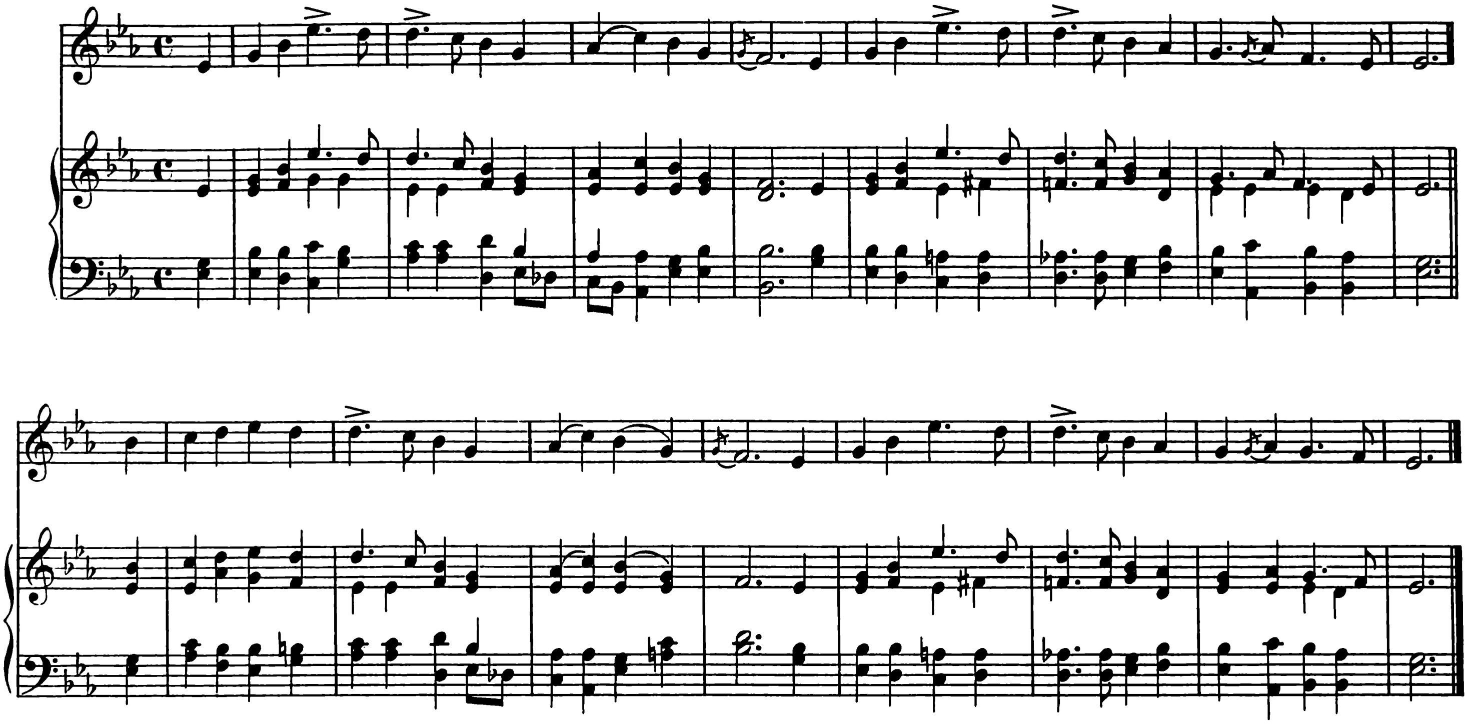
When the white rose bloomed at Ardler,
And the birds warbled love on every tree,
In the dark pine woods of Ardler
I was blithe and contented as could be;
But I now lament the parting
That filled my heart with woe,
When Nellie's hand I held in mine,
And could not speak, I trembled so.

When the primrose blows at Ardler,
And the lapwing hath made itself a nest,
By the dark pine woods of Ardler
Shall my heart no longer be opprest;
For my love returns to Ardler,
And joy shall fill the day
When, linked in one, our lives shall run,
Unclouded as a summer day.

The Two Sisters.

(To IDA ROSE and AMY CONSTANCE MACDONALD. Cupar Fife.)

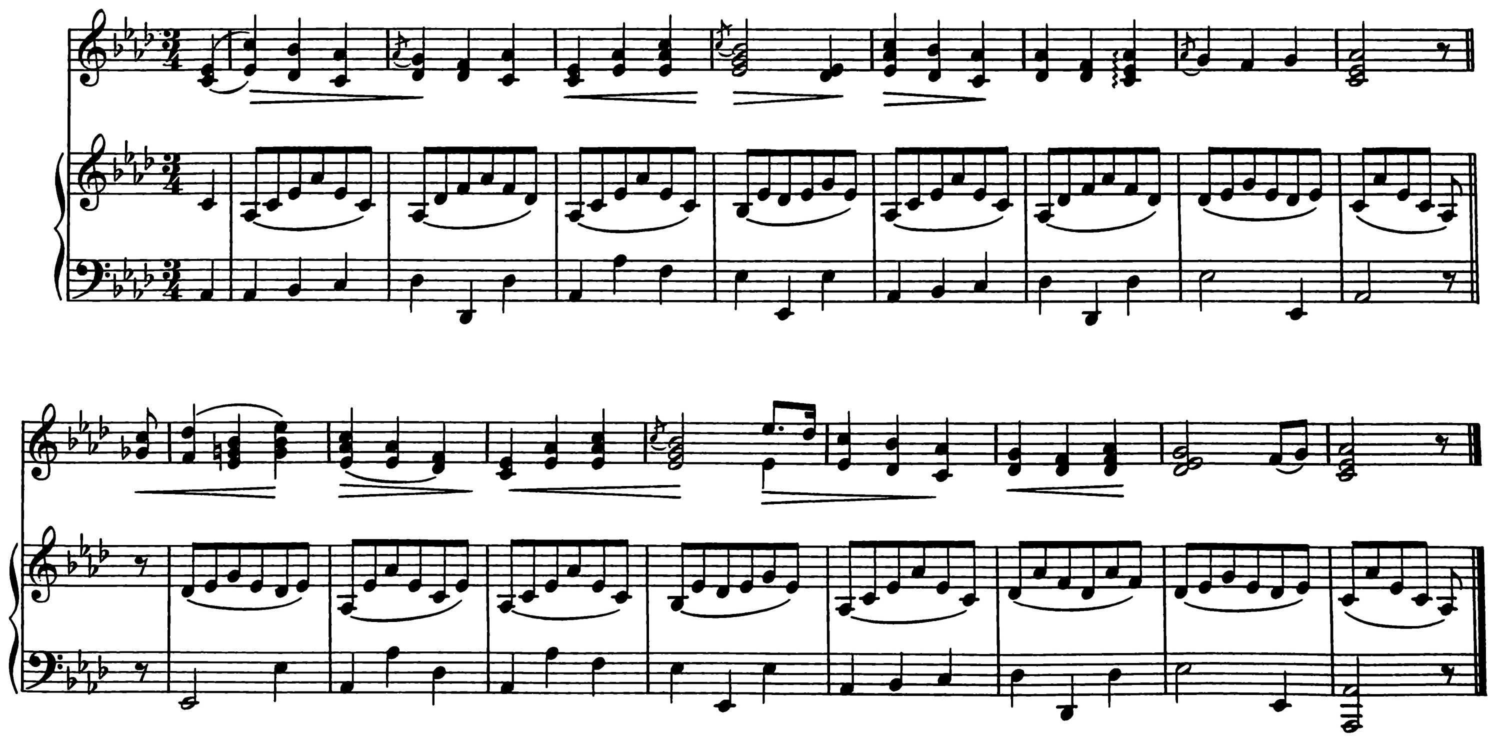
J. SCOTT SKINNER.
Arrd by J. WATSON.



La Siesta.

(To Miss FARQUHAR, Aberdeen.)

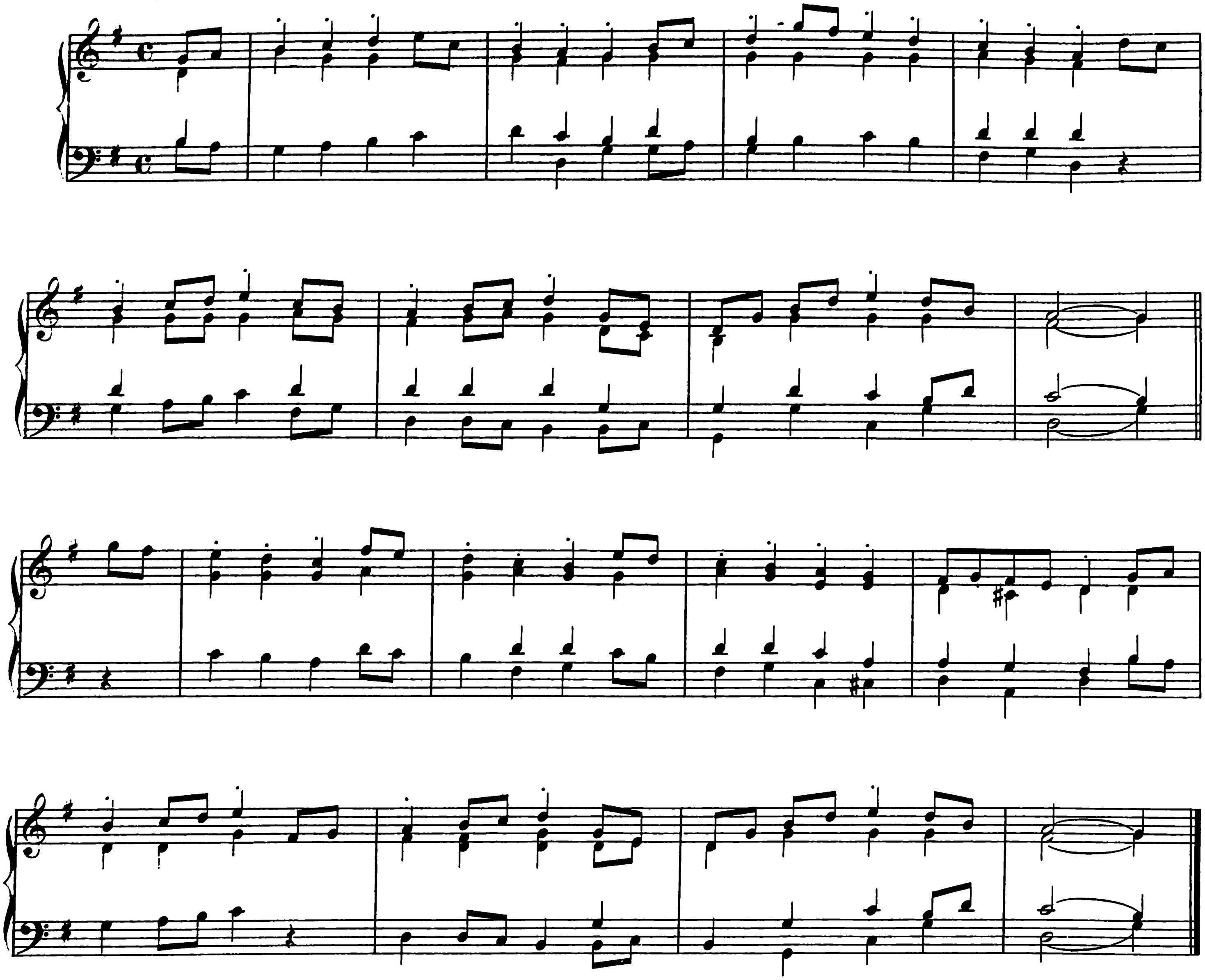
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Hynd's Wee Cabin.

(To M[rs] HYND. Huntly.)

Written by GRAMIN. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Div ye ken Jeems Hynd? he's a queer auld chap,
And his parlour is lined fae the floor to the tap
Wi' the funniest o' trockies, fae jumpin'-jecks to cockies,
But the gentile winna clash aboot the cabin.
There is comfort in gear, there is wisdom in lear,
And to some wise persons it may seem queer
That a man in sober senses should incur a wheen expenses
Hoordin' up a hist o' trock in a cabin.

But blithe auld Hynd, wi' a smile in his e'e,
Lifts the dusty blind, that the wise may see
A' the queer-shapit giddles, the pistols, dirks, and fiddles,
That hing about his couch in the cabin.
There's the cro-co-dile fae the dis-tant Nile,
Wi' his honest face, and his "open" smile,
There's the cobra-di-capello, there's an ancient violoncello,
And King Coffee's um-ber-ella in the cabin.

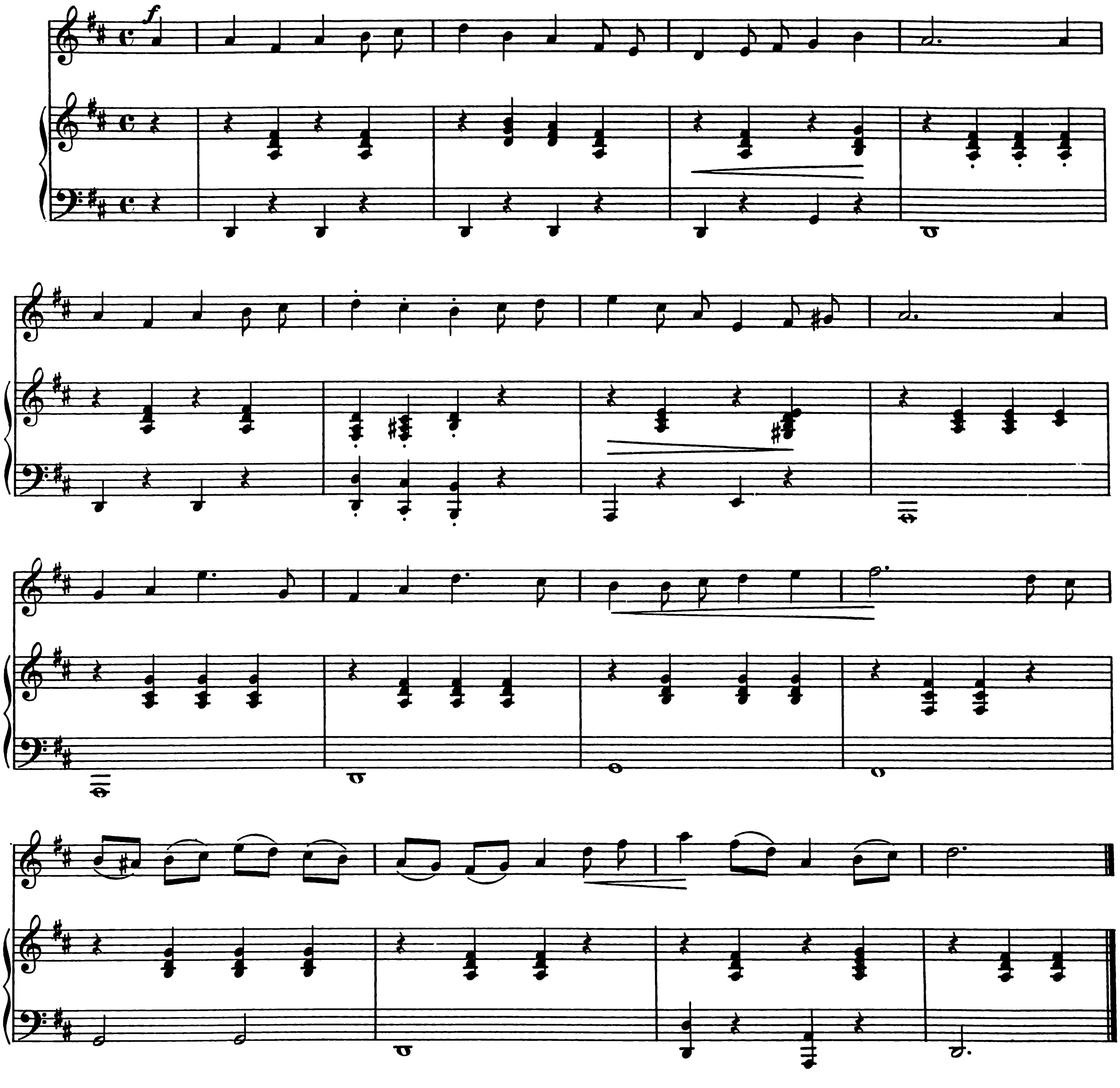
There's an auld white hat fae the far Soudan,
There's a fossilized cat, and a mummyfied man;
There's a birsten concertina, there's the hide o' a hyæna,
And a waggon-load o' cheena in the cabin.
But it's Jeems himsel' can their story tell,
Fae the toothless kaim to the auld brass bell,
His prodigious recollection has been fostered by affection,
And he revels 'mong his relics in the cabin.

The Warrior's Return.

(To General FRANCIS JOSEPH PIERRE FINART D'LENGLEE.)

Words by W. M.

Composed and arranged by
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



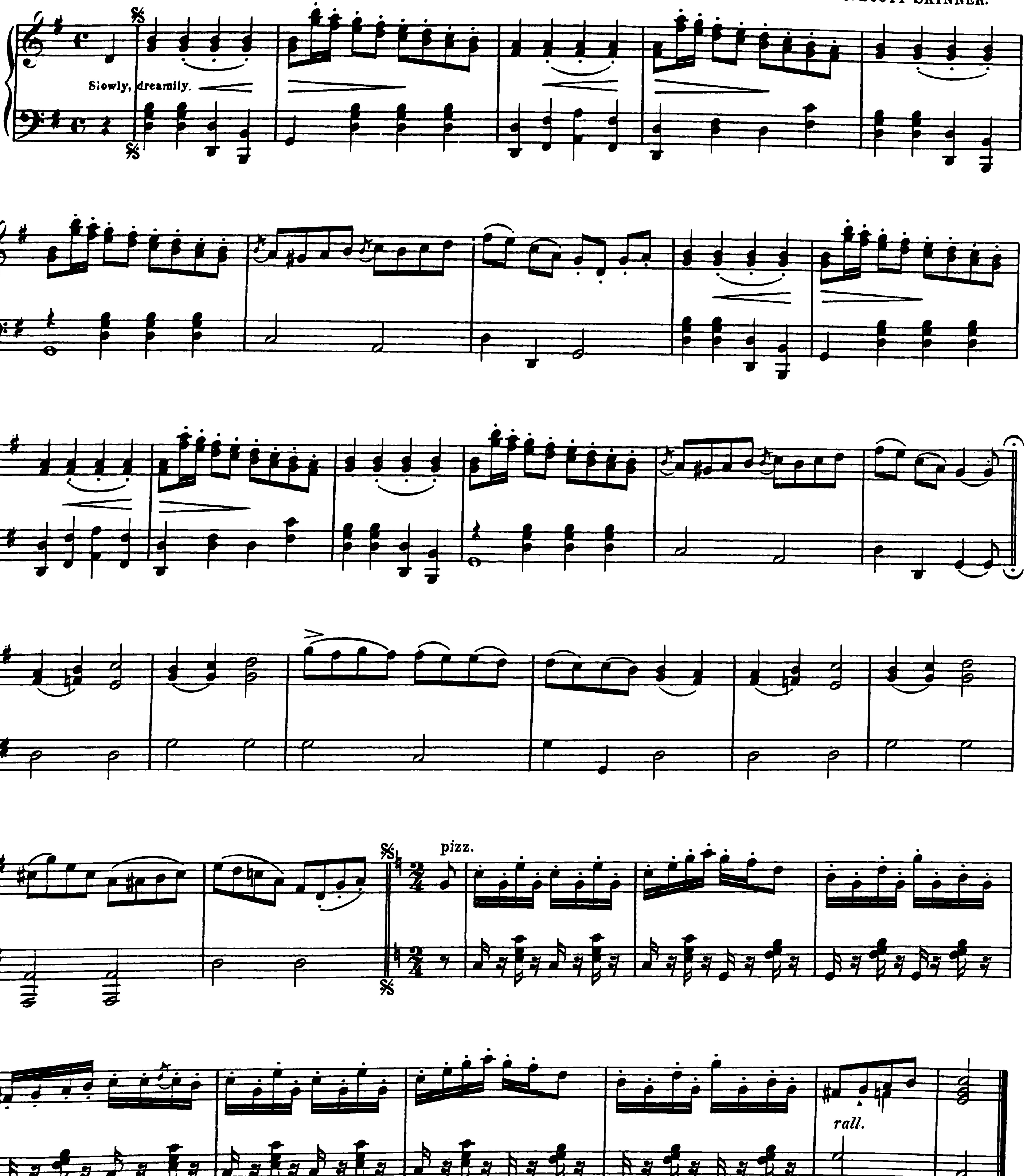
My love has come from fields of war
Afar o'er the wide sea-wave,
His gallant crest is like a star
That shines o'er the ranks of the brave.
The banner flies, the bugle plays,
The plume and the helmet shine,
A thousand lips shout forth his praise,
He will find a kiss on mine.

Oh, thrilling bugles! hush your tone!
He is weary of din and glare,
His heart to halls of peace has flown,
And the bride that waits him there.
This face is fairer in his eyes
Than all that his sword has won;
This little hand a dearer prize
Than all that is under the sun.

Aurora.*

(To Mrs HILL, Dingwall.)

REVERIE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



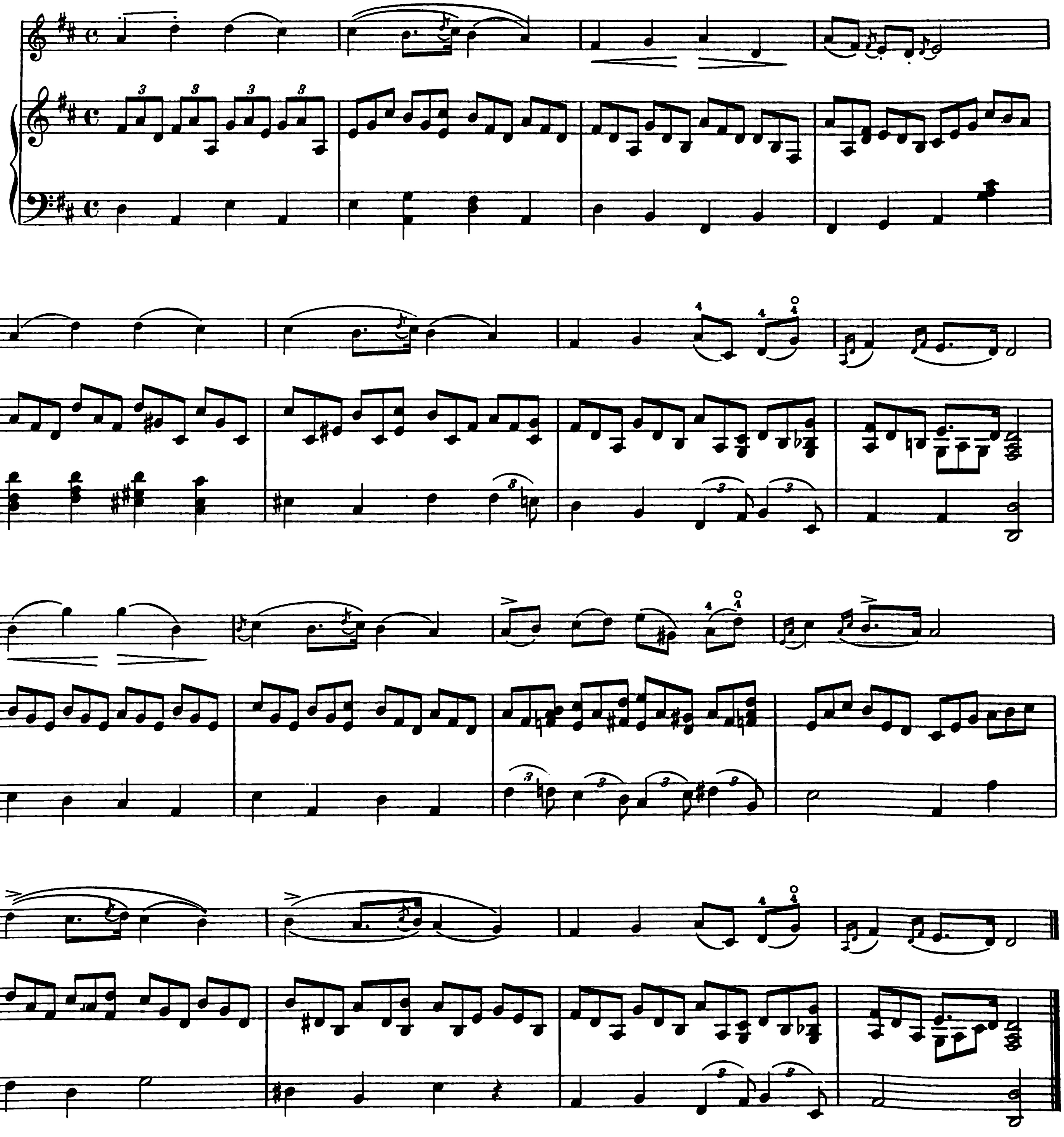
* Usually played for Expander Evolutions.

SLOW AIRS WITHOUT WORDS.

Good Bye, Gramin.

J. Scott Skinner.

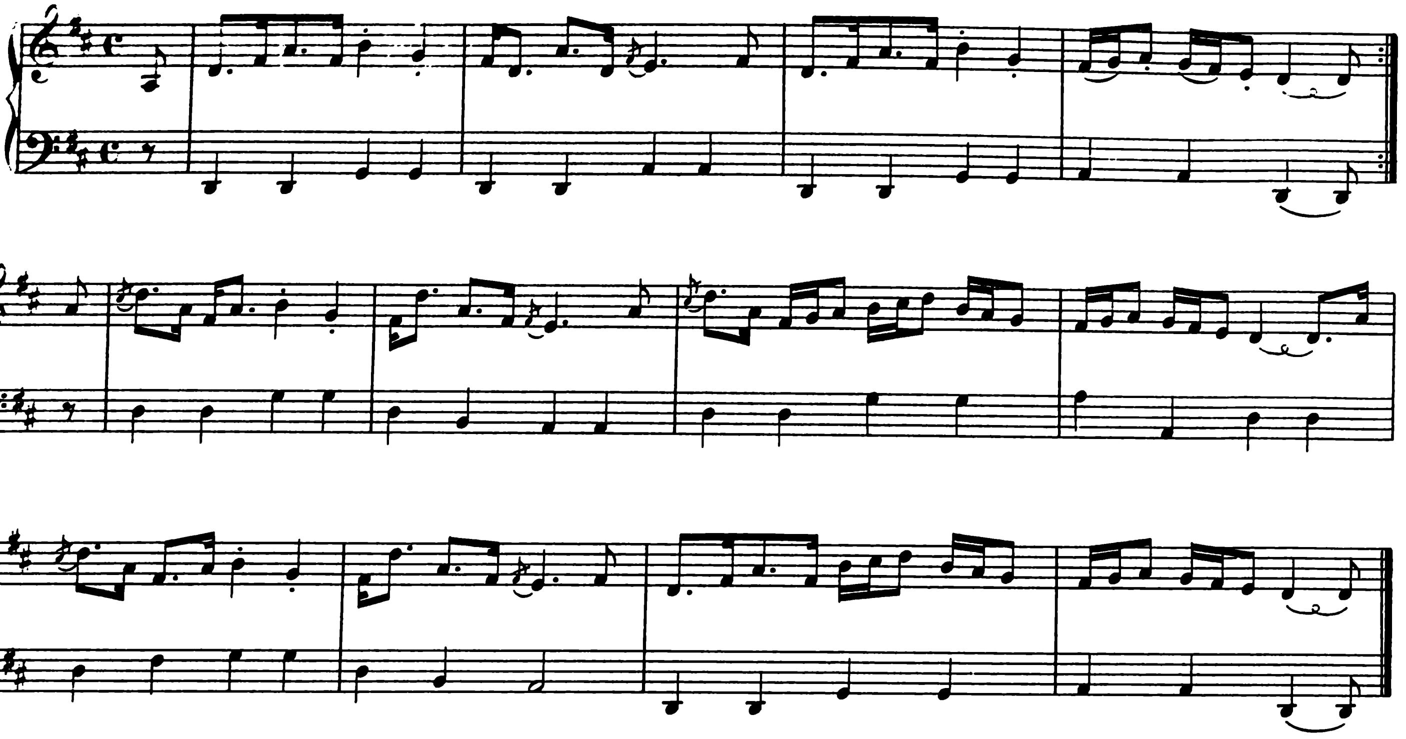
Violin or Voice.



Good Morning, Mrs Barclay.

AIR OR STRATHSPEY.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

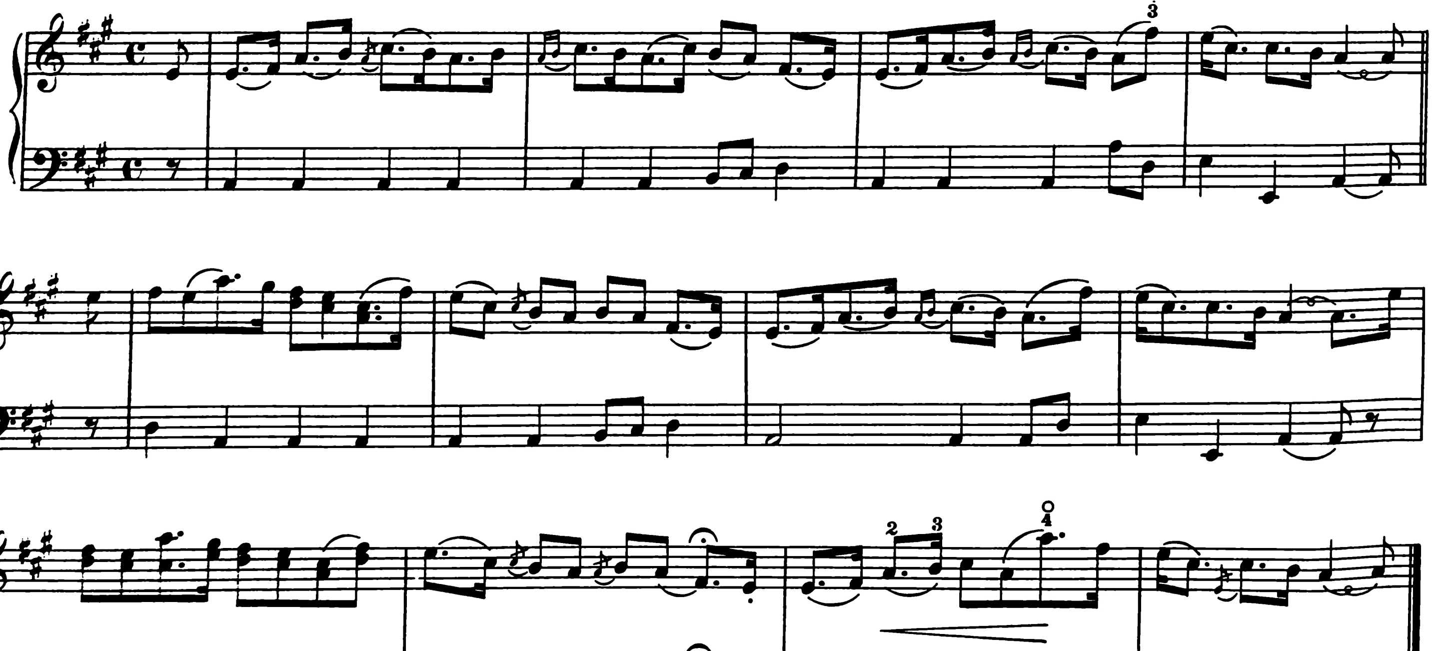


The Burnie o' Anchrask.

(To Mrs FALCONER, Cullen.)

SLOW AIR.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



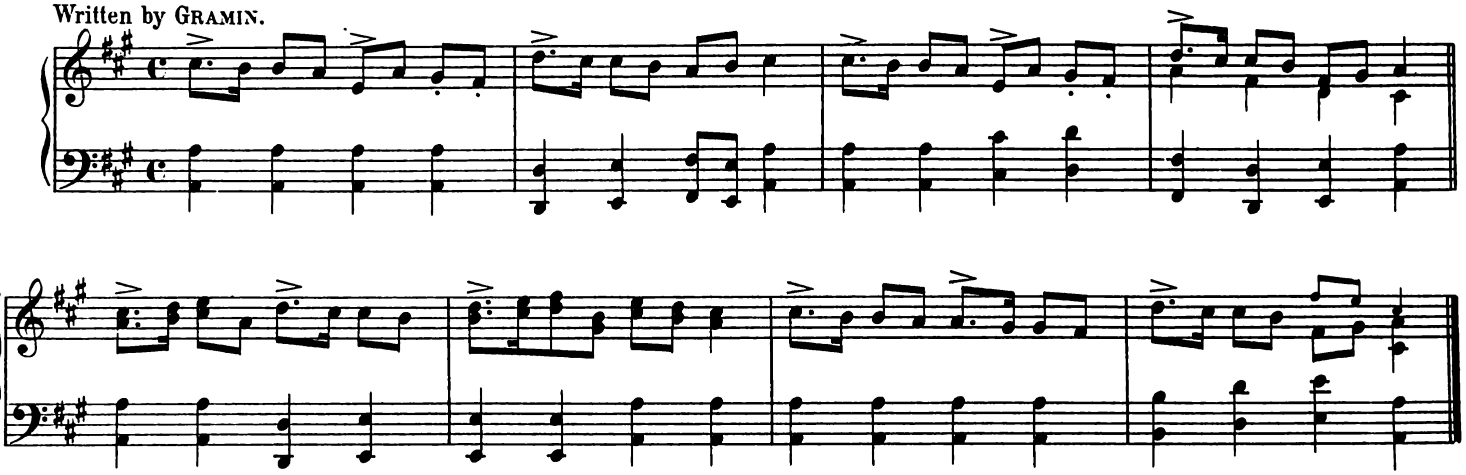
NURSERY SONGS.

The Dolls' Levee.

(To the Misses SMITH, Lumsden.)

NURSERY SONG.
Written by GRAMIN.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Weel may Lumsden loup and caper,
  Nane will ferlie at her glee,
Nane will wonder if she drape her
  In the robes o' jubilee.
Ring the bells and bang the leather_
  Spread the news frae sea to sea!
Queen Victoria, through the heather,
  Comes to grace the dolls' levee.

A' the dolls are waitin' ready,
  Mim and trim, as dolls should be;
Yonder comes the royal lady,
  Ilka dolly crooks her knee.
"Rise, ye crood o' little beauties,
  Dinna creenge and kneel to me;
Ere I bore my queenly duties
  Danced I at a dolls' levee.

"Noo I've grown an ancient granny,
  Stout and portly, as ye see,
Tho', sin' I lost my cantie mannie,
  Nae so blithe's I used to be;
But my heart's as young as ever_
  Goodness, what I widna gie
That my limbs were half as clever
  As they were in '33!

"Dance, ye bonnie smilin' teddies,
  Jeffrey, gie your bag a squeeze,
Sune ye'll ha'e them, lads and leddies,
  Bizzin' ower the floor like bees.
Alick, mate wi' Annabella,
  Hairry, dance wi' fa' ye please,
Jamie, rise ye lazy fellow,
  Lollin' there at a' your ease!

"Mary, wi' your broken leggie,
  Can ye hirple through a reel?
Good o' you, my cripple Meggie,
  Dancin' sets you unco weel!
Ella, Flora, Henrietta,
  Ye've been at the dancin' squeel;
Jeffrey, cease your allegretto,
  What they want's a hearty dreel.

"Haith, my lad, ye're pipin' rarely_
  That's as weel as Ross could dee;
Tennyson ye cappit fairly
  When ye sang the 'Jubilee'.
I maun shortly noo examine
  Which o' a' the gifted three_
You, or Willie La, or Gramin_
  Future Laureate shall be.

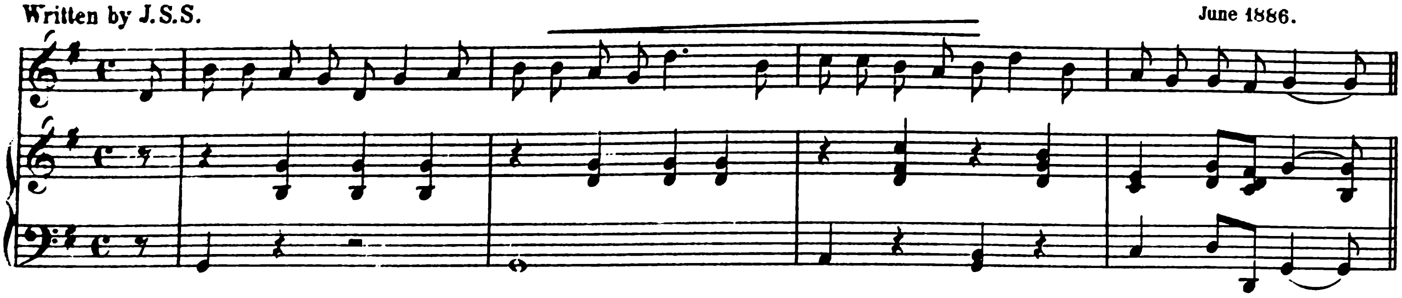
"Noo, my dears, ye're het and reekin',
  Jeannie Souter, lay the tea;
Soon the gait I maun be seekin',
  Back again to Bonnie Dee.
Cares o' state in endless measure,
  Plague me sair, I winna lee,
But I'll aye reflect wi' pleasure
  On the Lumsden Dolls' Levee."

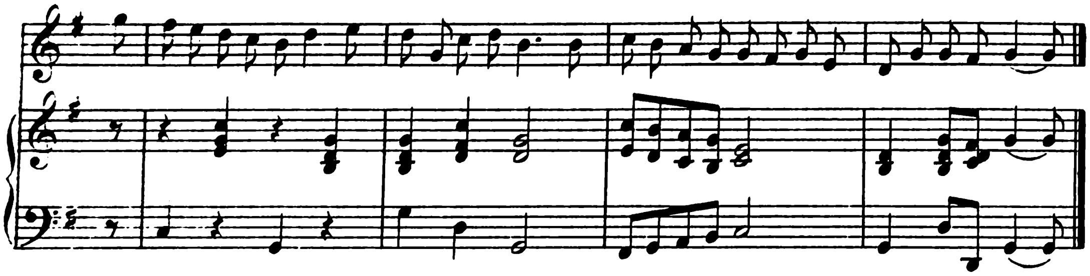
The Winter Holie.

(To Mrs KNOWLES, Ballater.)

NURSERY DITTY.
Written by J.S.S.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.
June 1886.





Come to the "winter holie,"
And ha'e a drap o' tea;
Just rub your e'en, my loonie,
An' tak' a houp frae me.

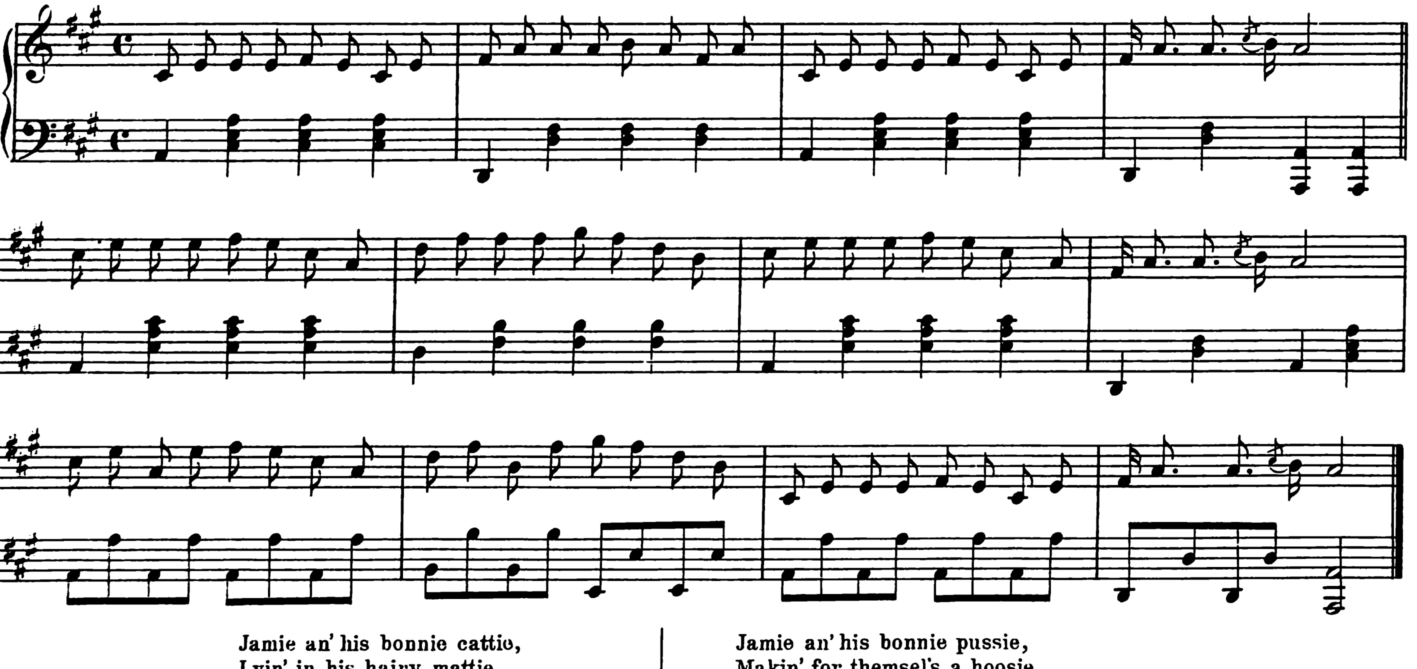
It's cauld doon there this mornin',
So creep awa' up here;
Ance in the "winter holie"
Nae cauld ye ha'e to fear.

Jamie* and His Bonnie Cattie.

(To the kind folks o' Balvony.)

NURSERY SONG.
Written by W. D. J.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Jamie an' his bonnie cattie,
Lyin' in his hairy mattie,
Toozie, snoozie little dawtie,
Singin' "gey thrum."
Noo they're ower the little creepie,
Baith thegither in a heapie,
Tailie whiskin' like a wheepie —
Dumptie, diddle dum!

Jamie an' his bonnie cattie,
Sittin' roun' the little pattie,
Munchin' at a birsled tattie,
Singin' "gey thrum."
Noo she's mounted on the cradle,
Bitin' holes in Rosie's daidle,
Frae the kailpot dung the ladle —
Dumptie, diddle dum!

Jamie an' his bonnie pussie,
Makin' for themsel's a hoosie,
Just to haud a little moosie,
Singin' "gey thrum."
Noo she's aifter her ain tailie,
Wi' her little jinglin' bellie,
Dingin' a'thing pellie-mellie —
Dumptie, diddle dum!

Jamie an' his bonnie pussie,
Lyin' in his little bosy,
Heid an' feetie snug and cosy,
Singin' "gey thrum."
Noo she's up an' ower his riggin',
Claws deep in his croonie diggin',
Fleein' roun' an' roun' the biggin' —
Fuff! she's up the lum!

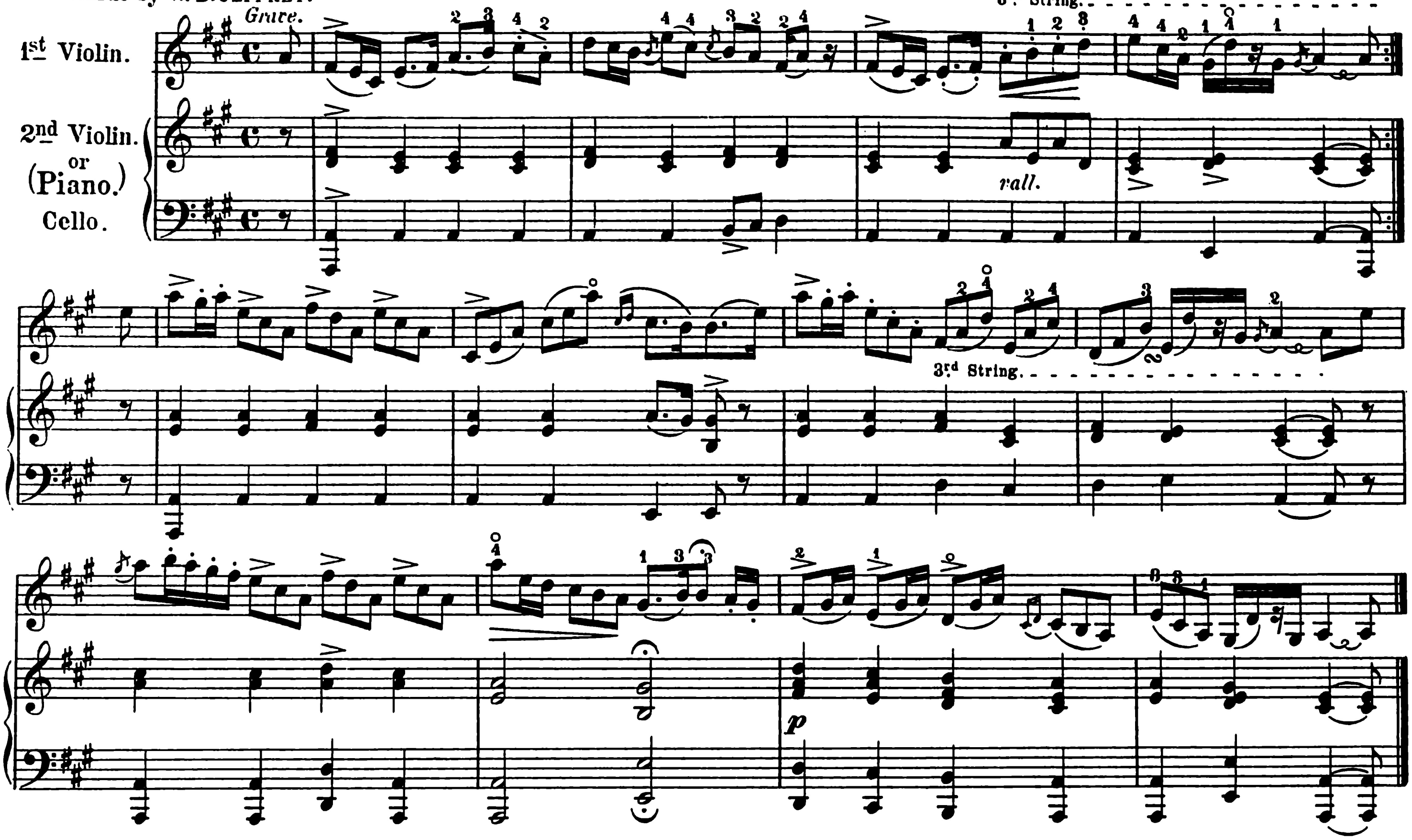
* The Editor's Strathbogie juvenile companion and playmate — alas! "coffined in his bloom."

PASTORAL AIRS.

Roualeyn's Plaid.

PASTORAL AIR.
Words by W. D. JEFFREY.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Brave Roualeyn stalwart hero!
Heart and soul a Scotchman thorough,
Sternest foe was nae his marrow
When he girded on his blade.
Wi' his bonnet and his feather,
Dashing through the blooming heather,
Heedless baith o' wind and weather,
Wrapt in his auld Hieland plaid.

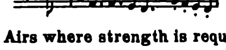
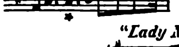
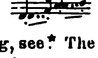
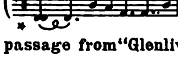
Roualeyn the daring, so dauntless in bearing,
Had mony a passion and virtue fu' braw;
Was courteous and kindly, leal hearted and friendly,
Alike aye to ane and to a'.
And sair did we miss him the day that we lost him,
And mony a tear for his sake did we shed,
The brave-hearted fellow, when under the willow
He sleeps in his auld Hieland plaid.

Brave Roualeyn gallant rover!
Free's the carn or mountain plover;
O'his native land fond lover—
Hill, stream, forest, glen, and glade.
Wandering onward late and early,
'Mang the scenes he loed so rarely;
O'his calling master fairly,
Wrapt in his auld Hieland plaid.

Roualeyn the gallant, undaunted Scotch callant,
Shrank ne'er frae his duty whate'er might befa':
And e'er late or early was welcome aye fairly
In clachan, town, cottage, and ha'.
Oh! would we had mair o' his kind, the brave hero,
For true was his heart aye, and stately his tread;
And lang did he wander 'mang scenes of wild grandeur,
Attired in his auld Hieland plaid.

Brave Roualeyn's manly bosom
Aince enshrined a peerless blossom;
Tender-hearted, pure, and lo'esome
Was she, this dear Hieland maid.
Now we wander lone and weary,
'Mang the glens and woodlands briery,
Where he's aft been wi' his dearie,
Wrapt in his auld Hieland plaid.

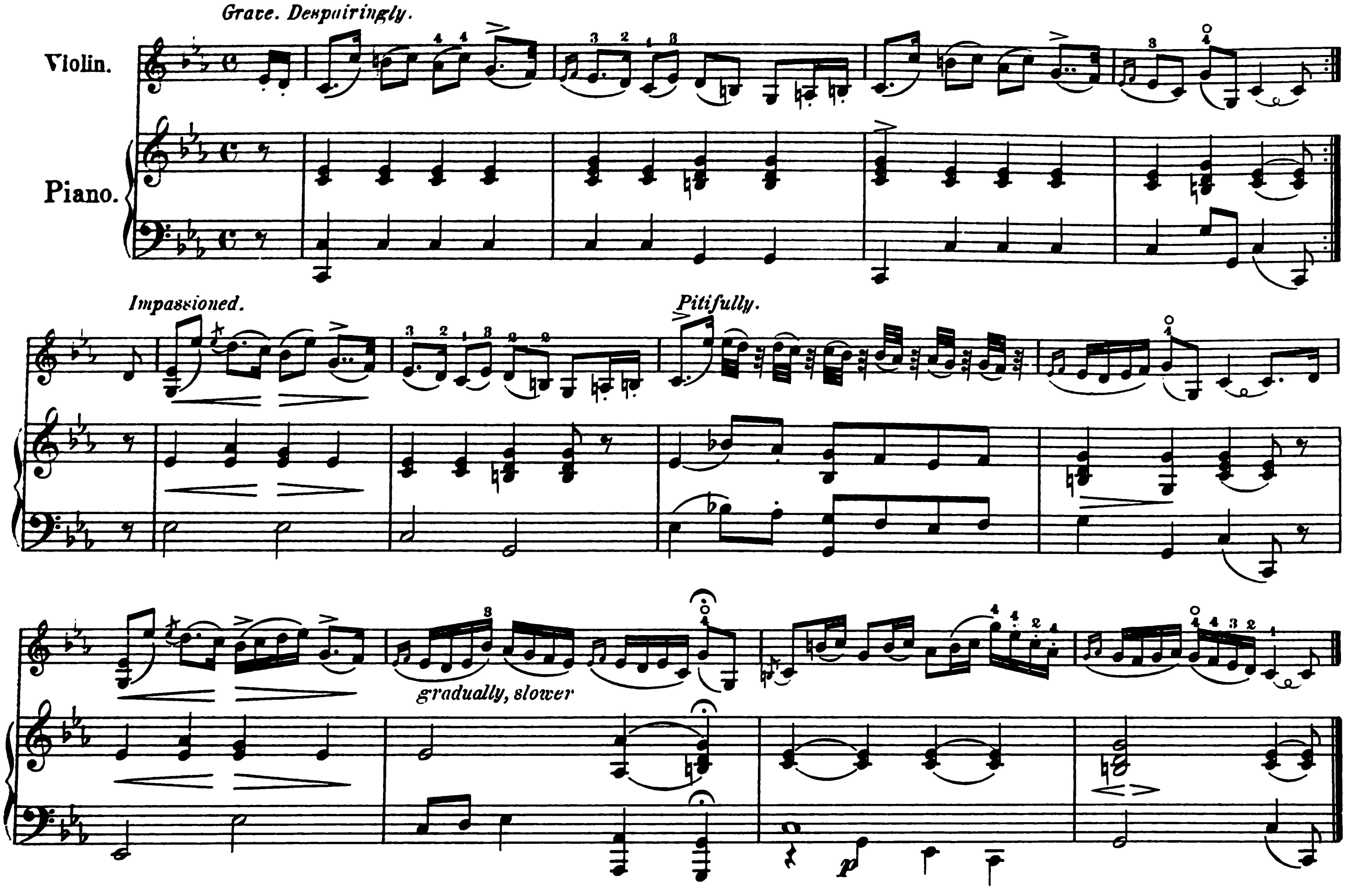
When youth's love-lit morning his heart set a-burning,
Oh! dear to his soul was this tender young flower;
Her sweet, winning graces and dark, flowing tresses
Got wound round his vera heart's core;
Those blythe days are gane now, and a' their gay train now,
Since she in her cauld mountain grave has been laid
Wha aince on his bosom, so tender and lo'esome,
Crept under his auld Hieland plaid.

Examples of bowing Scotch Music. The straight Slur *"Brig o' Perth."* is performed by lifting the bow smartly off the strings both notes are taken in one up or down bow. The short note is taken with the point, or heel giving proper value to dotted note. When the arrow occurs:  the first note is taken down and the other three all up taking care to put *re emphasis upon the third note,** thus:  In Pastoral Airs where strength is required all the *D's*, *A's* and *E's* should be played unison, thus:  In rendering Dancing strains this is very effective. The Loop (*"Lady Mary Ramsay."* ) is usually introduced at the termination of a strain, sometimes at the beginning, see* The bow is dragged along generally in a down bow. In following passage from "Glenlivet" the bow is thrown off the string. Always end upon the key note.

Huntly Castle.

(To CHARLES HARDIE. Aberdeen.)

Words by A. H. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Alane, ae dreary winter's nicht,
By Huntly Castle's cauldrife wa's,
A weary ootcast watched the craws
Gang whirlin' oot o' sight.

An' as he gripped his tattered claes,
Tae hap him frae the drivin' blast,
His e'en aroun' he fearfu' cast,
Alang the leaf-strewn ways.

For, though the craws tae shelter fled,
An' as their ain these ruins claim,
He had nae hoose, nor ha', nor hame,
Tae rest his weary head.

He tried the iron-studded door,
An' found it locked an' strongly barred;
(The elements aroun' him warred,
The rain began tae pour.)

He creepit, coorin', tae the richt,
An' moaned_"The dungeons shelter give;
This winna dee_ I couldna live
In sic an angry nicht!"

Up through the dreepin' ivy thraws
He crawled, foo slowly, han' owre han';
He reached the tap, an' a'most ran
Alang the crumblin' wa's.

In through a gapin' gable hole,
He gained the clammy vaults below;
There_ whaur nae ray o' licht wad go_
Nestled this human soul.

Nor was this soul a guilty thing,
Tryin' tae hide frae mortal ken;
Though aiblins no owre pure_ but then,
Wha first the stane shall fling?

The weary waif procured a licht·
Like evil speerits, frae their holes
The frichtit bats flew oot in shoals_
It was an eerie sicht.

Then sat he doon upon a block,
Besmeared langsyne wi' human bleed,
Whaur lay, in truth, the victim's heed,
Ere fell the fatal stroke.

Lang time he sat, benumbed wi' cauld,
While waxed an' waned the storm withoot;
He, like the storm, had tossed aboot,
Since he was twal'-year-auld.

Atween his han's, in that damp cell,
He bowed his heed, as if in prayer,
An' mutely vowed he'd toss nae mair,
Whatever chance befell.

An' noo the storm has spent its wrath;
He turns afresh the wa's tae speel,
Then bids the place a lang fareweel,
An' gains the beaten path.

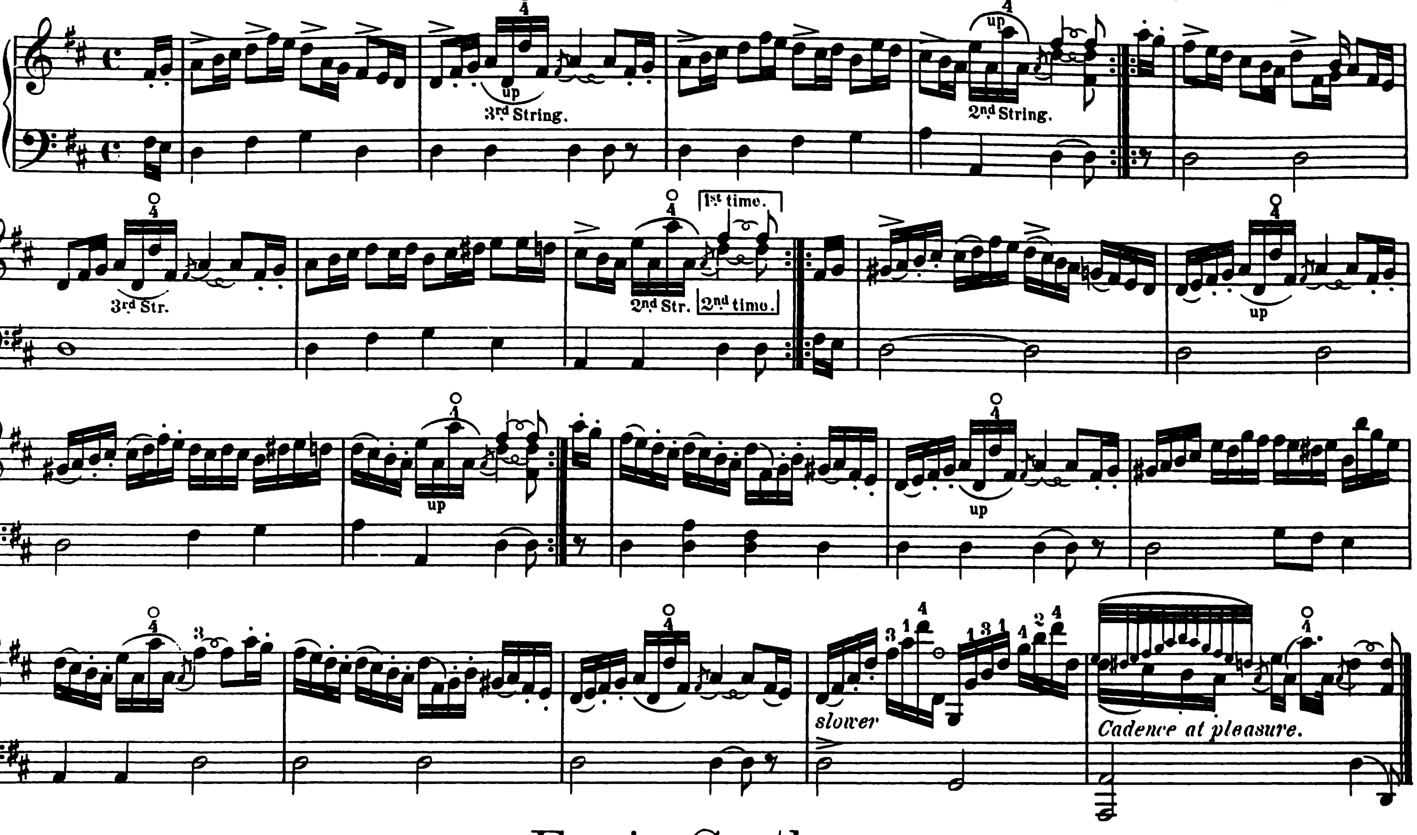
Lang years hae passed sin' syne, I trow;
But he's played weel his altered pairt,
An' reverenced wi' a' his hairt
His Huntly Castle vow.

The Lad Wi' The Jacket o' Blue.

(To PAYMASTER GAIN. H. M. S. Clyde.)

PASTORAL AIR.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

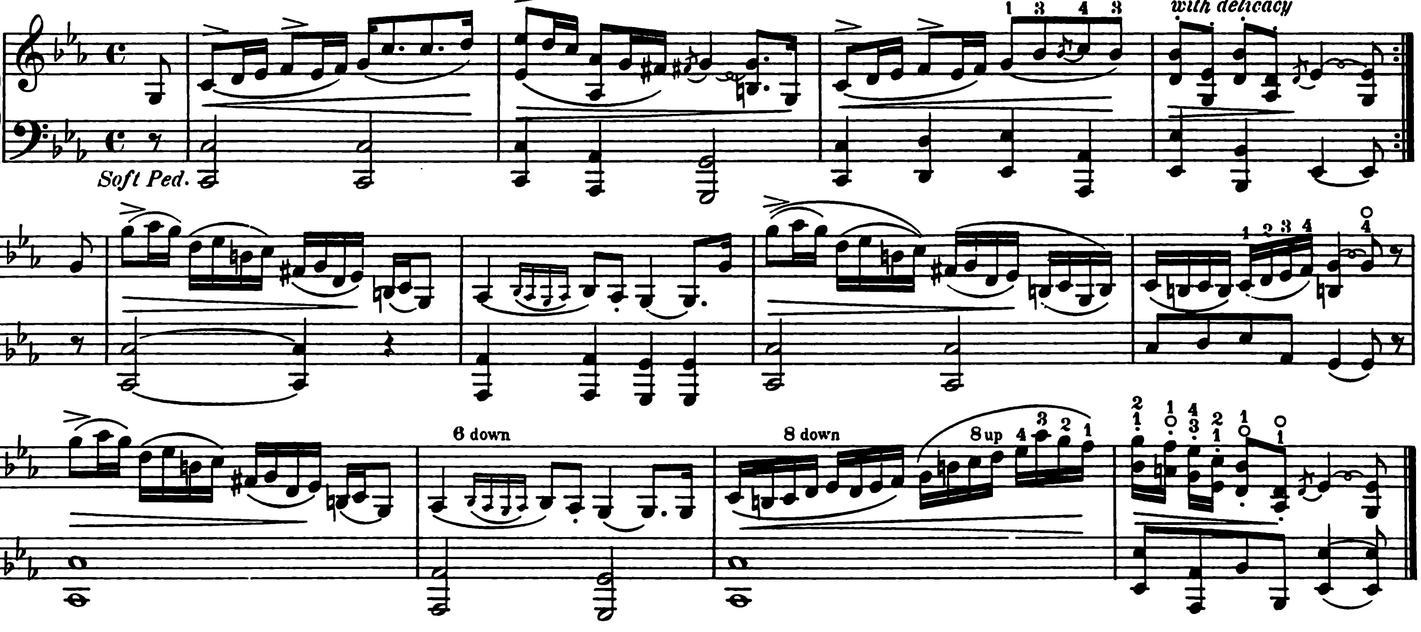


Fyvie Castle.

(To the composer's pupils in the district.)

PASTORAL WEIRD AND EERIE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



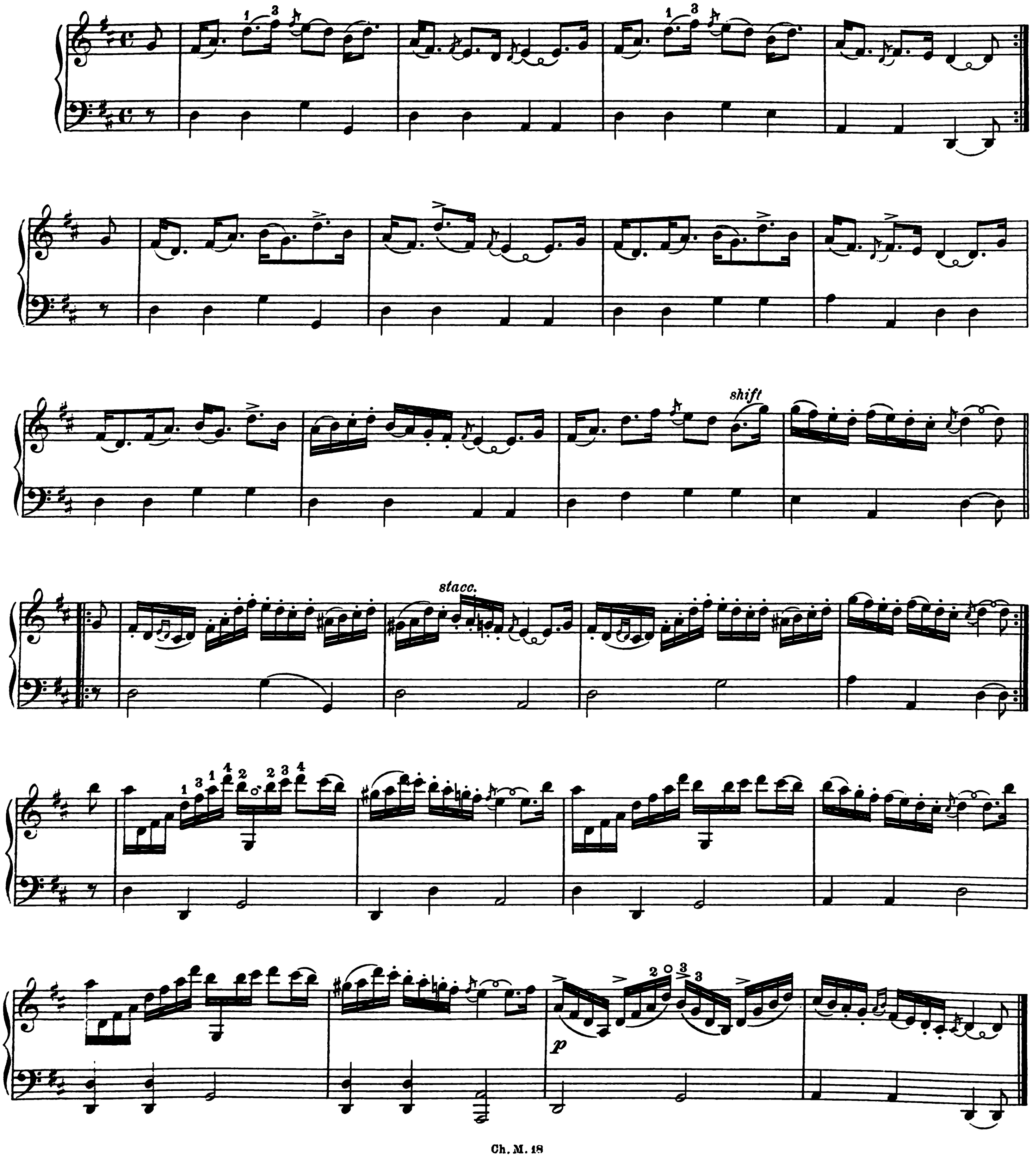
"The traditions and legends and ghost stories connected with Fyvie Castle are very numerous. A 'Ghost' room of course exists; and the Green Ladye' that issues thence — a fatal prophetess of immediate coming evil to the proprietor in possession — wanders in fearful loneliness through the long corridors till she disappears behind the sliding panel of the dark wainscoted room. The 'secret chamber' still retains the mystery entrusted to its keeping. Whether it contains hidden treasure, or some deep dungeon for the disposal of those whose presence was hateful to the laird, or whether it is the entrance to some subterranean passage and way of escape in case the castle was taken, or whether it is tenanted by the mouldering bones of those who were left to pine and die in it, must remain a mystery till some proprietor possesses the curiosity to examine, and the courage to face the awful fate foretold by the Rhymer against the ruthless hand that would disturb its silence and solitude. Then there are other chambers reputed to have been the scenes of deeds of darkest dye; and truly in a dark winter night, when the wind is howling outside, and the slates rattle, and the timbers creak, and some sudden gust of wind extinguishes the candle, the feeling that creeps over one must be weird and eerie. Of course there is poetry connected with the castle. Who has not heard of the beautiful and pathetic ballad of 'Andrew Lammie, the trumpeter of Fyvie', in which is so touchingly and simply pourtrayed the hard fate of 'Tifty's bonnie Annie'? Her resting-place, in the 'green kirkyard' of Fyvie, is marked by a handsome cross over a plain red sandstone slab". — *From "Castles of Aberdeenshire."*

Hunker Hill.

(To JOHN SMITH, Artist.)

PASTORAL STRATHSPEY.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

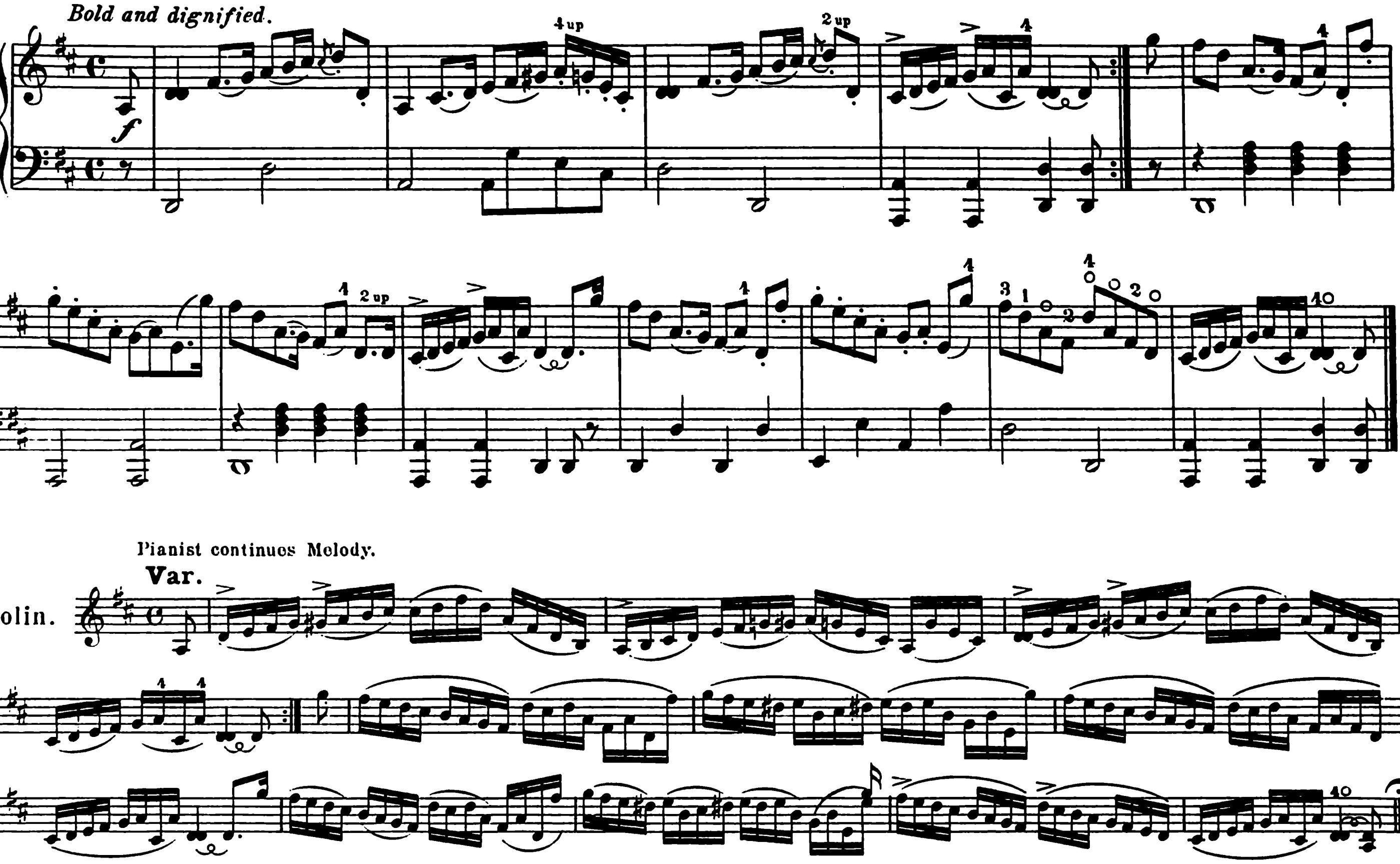


The Wolfe o' Badenoch.

(To JAMES MACQUEEN.)

PASTORALE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

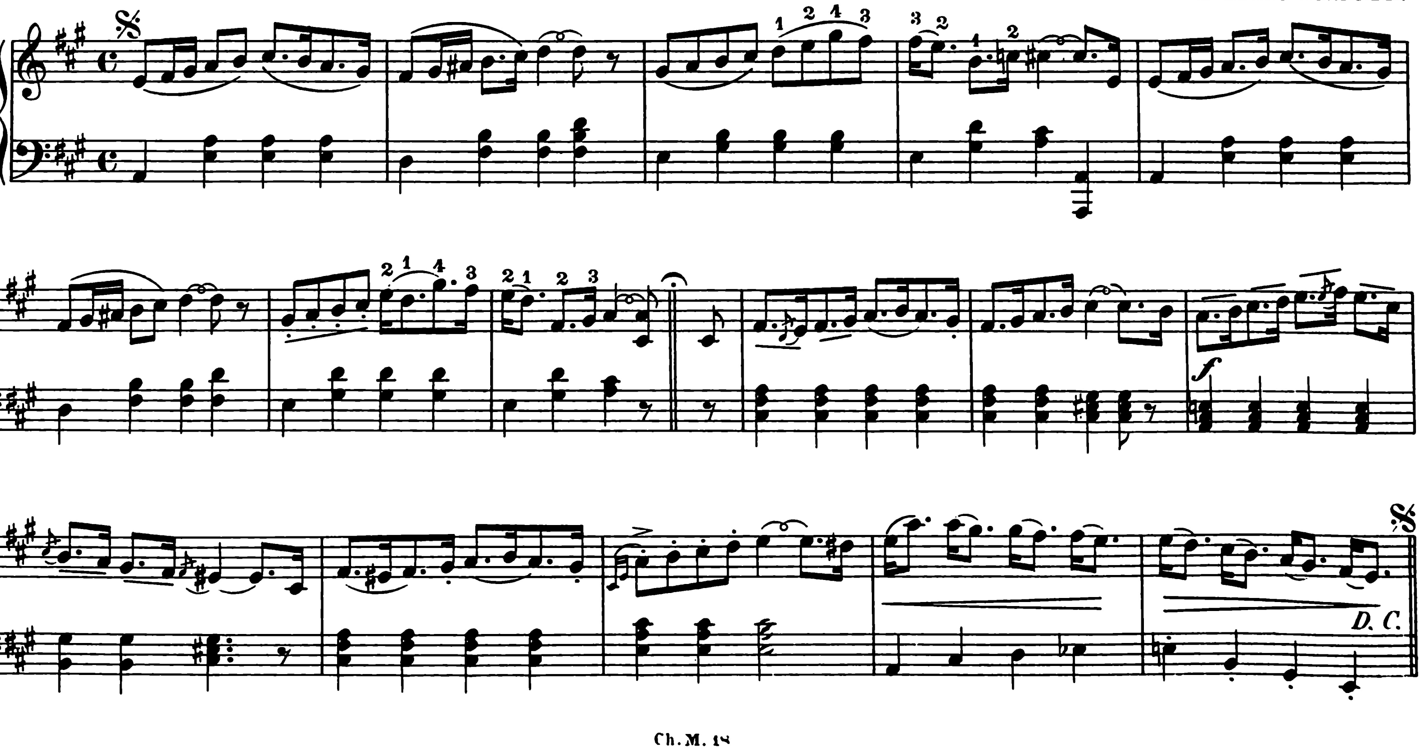


The Auld Birk Tree.

(Banchory.)

SLOW AIR.

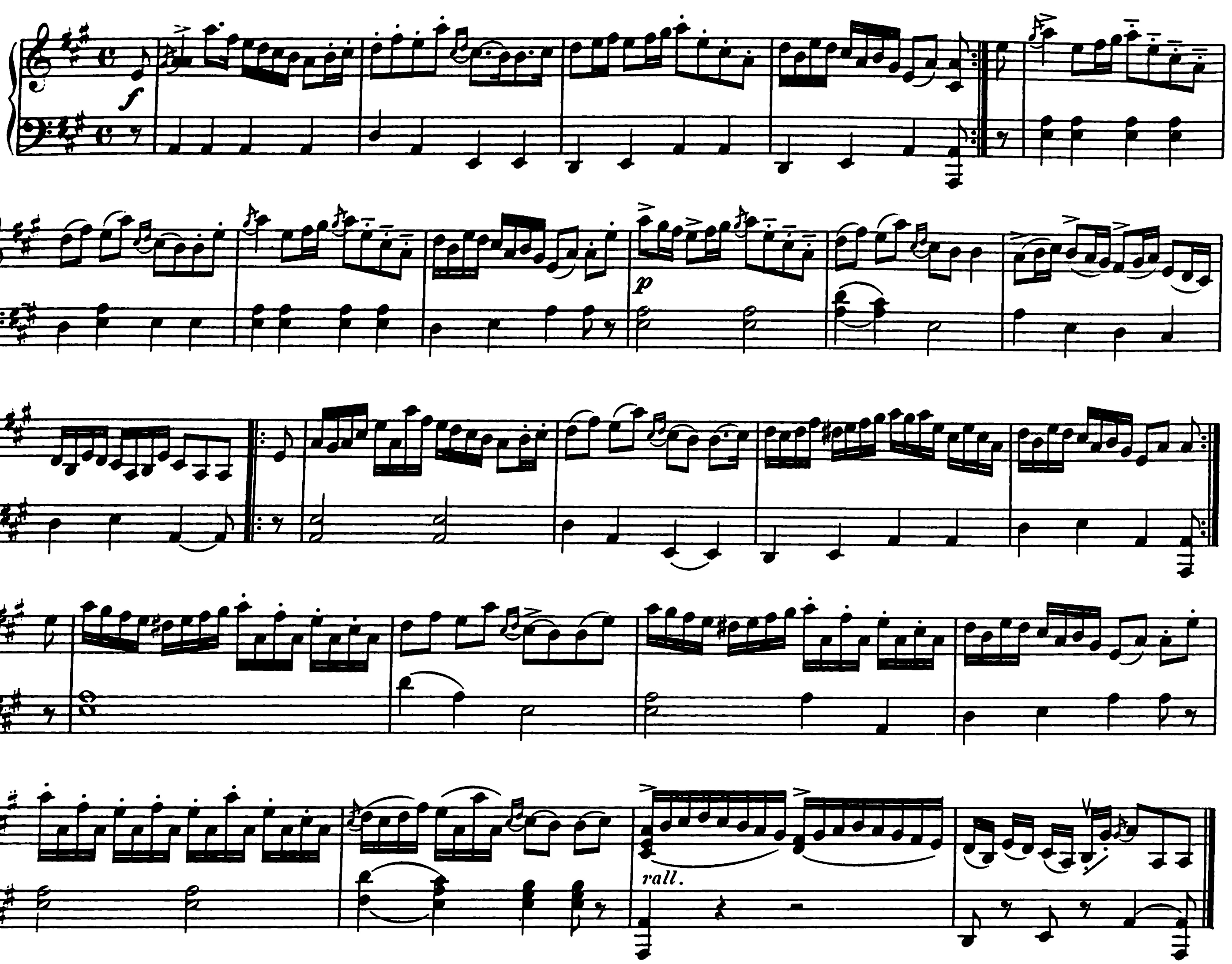
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Dr. Macdonald.*

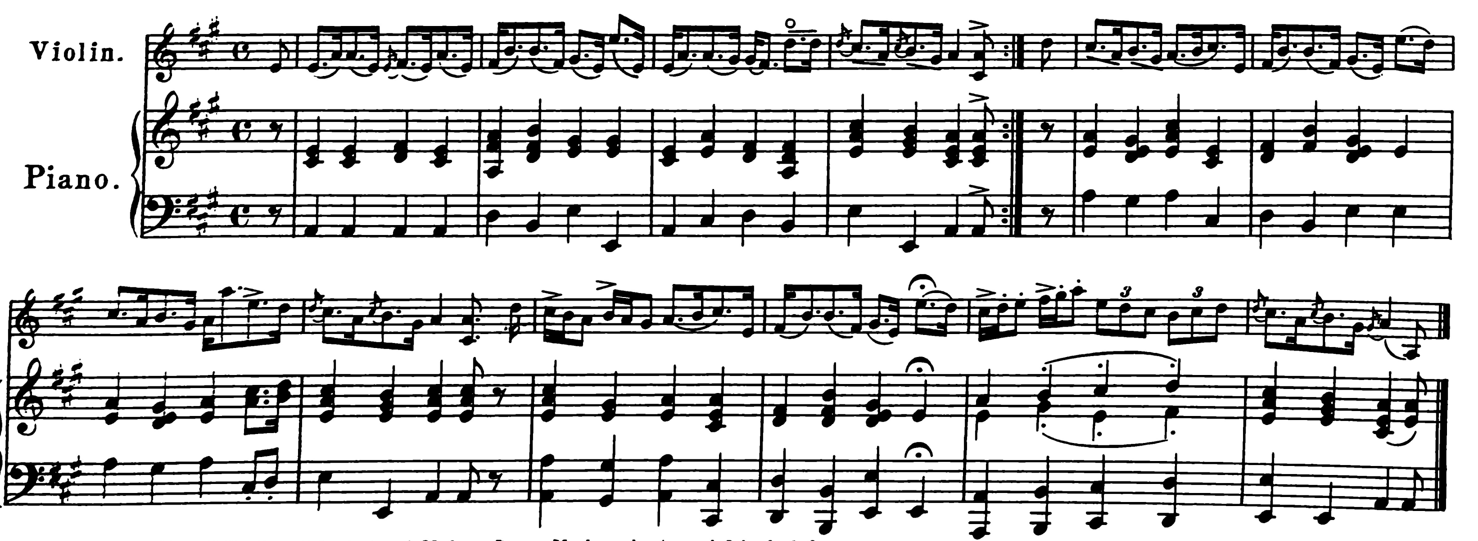
(Marathon House, Cupar-Fife.)

Highland Marching Air. J. Scott Skinner.



We'll aye be fond o' Ingram.

Pastoral Air. J. Scott Skinner.



* Compiler of the Skye Collection of Ancient and Modern, Dance Music and esteemed friend of the composer.

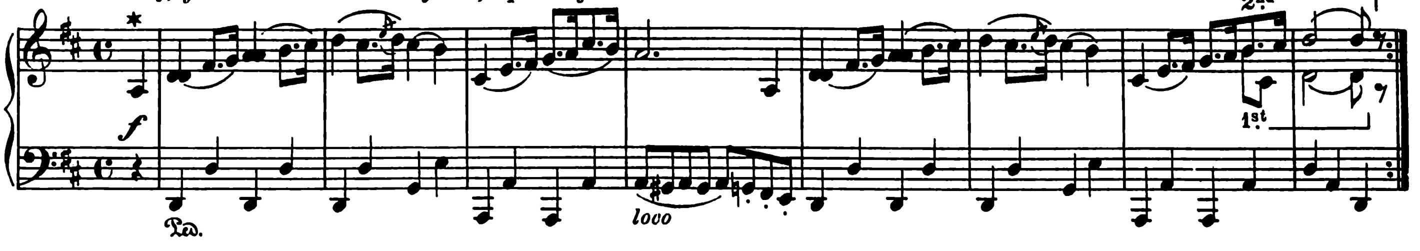
Lord Byron.

(To J. Patterson, Rathven.)

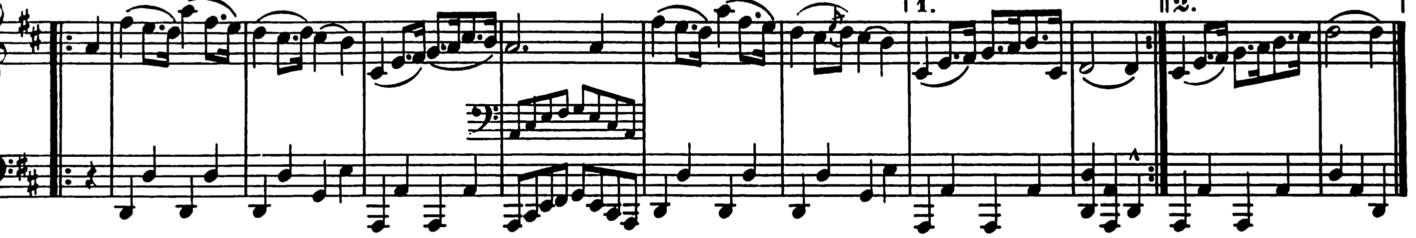
March Pastorale.

J. Scott Skinner.

Neatly, yet with boldness and force, especially in the thema.

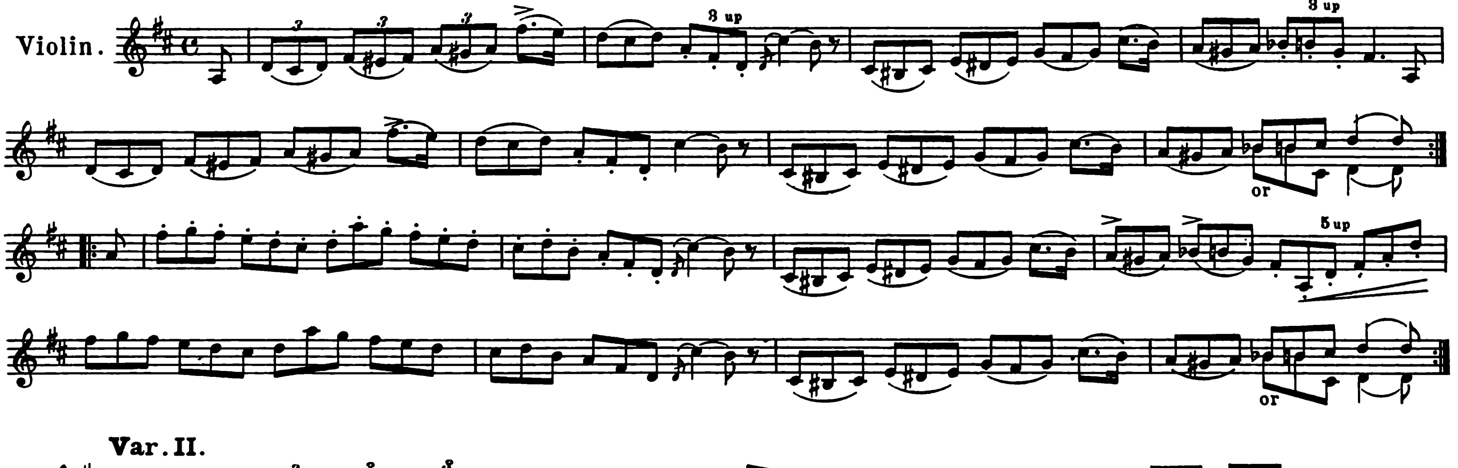


With "linked sweetness long drawn out"

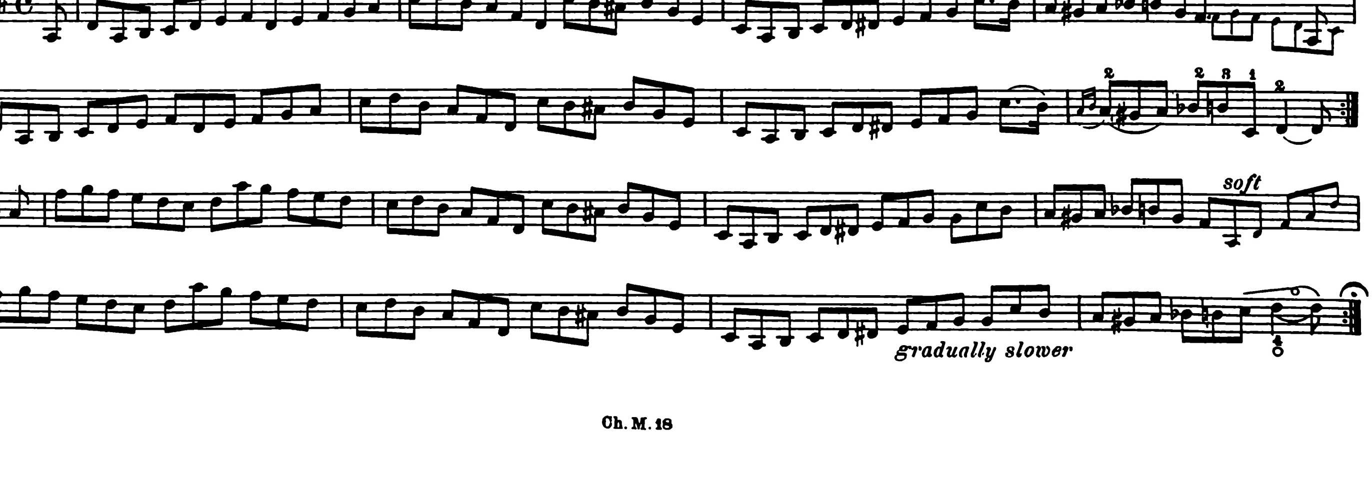


* Each part twice and Var.s – Piano continues air while Violin plays Var.s each part twice over.

Var. I.



Var. II.

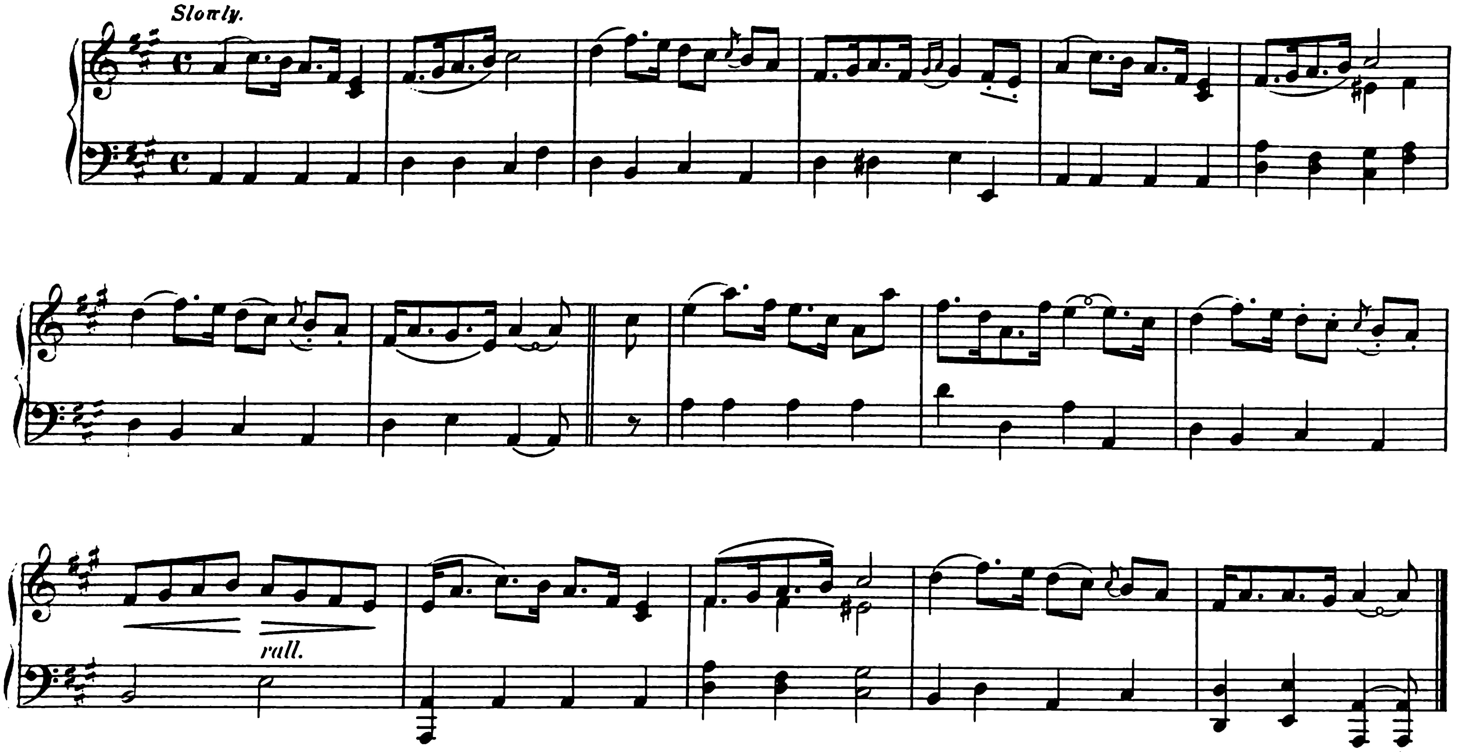


Inver fiddoch.

(To A. R. STUART.)

PASTORALE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Flowerdale.

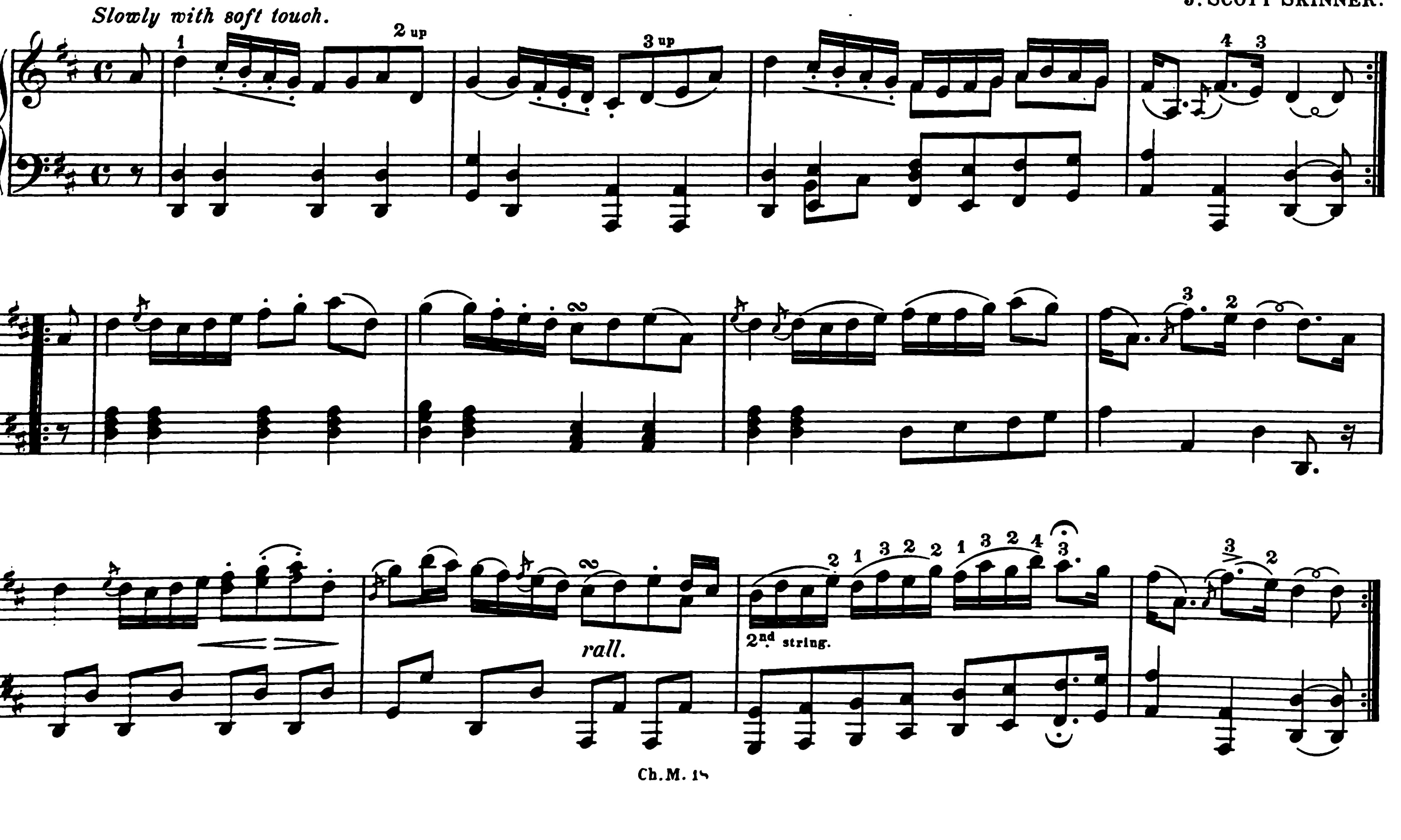
(Gairloch.)

To A. BURGESS. The Bank.

(The Garden of Beauty in the bosom of terror.)

PASTORAL AIR.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

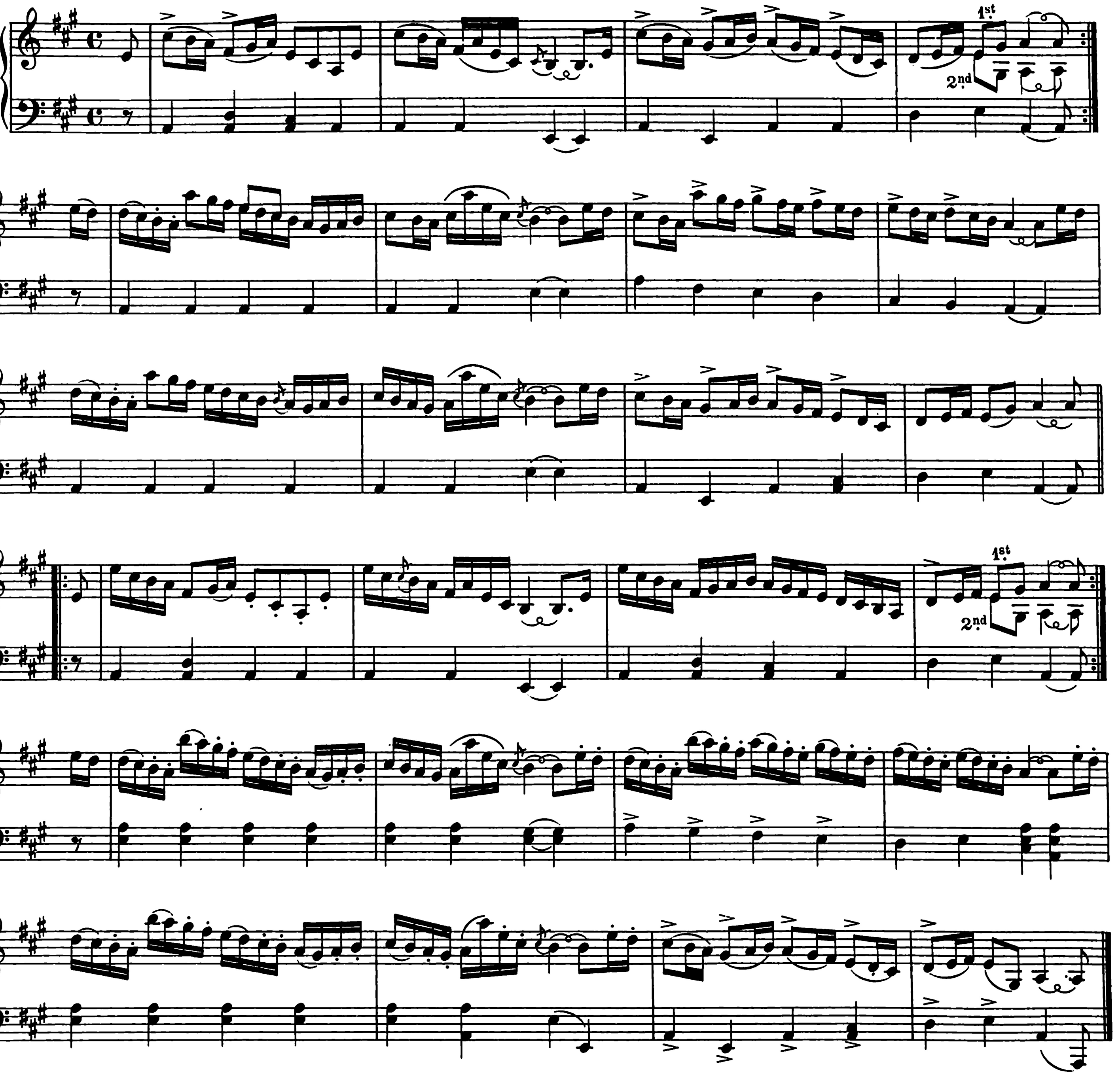


Rose-acre.

(To A. Mc WILLIAM. PORTSOY.)

PASTORALE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

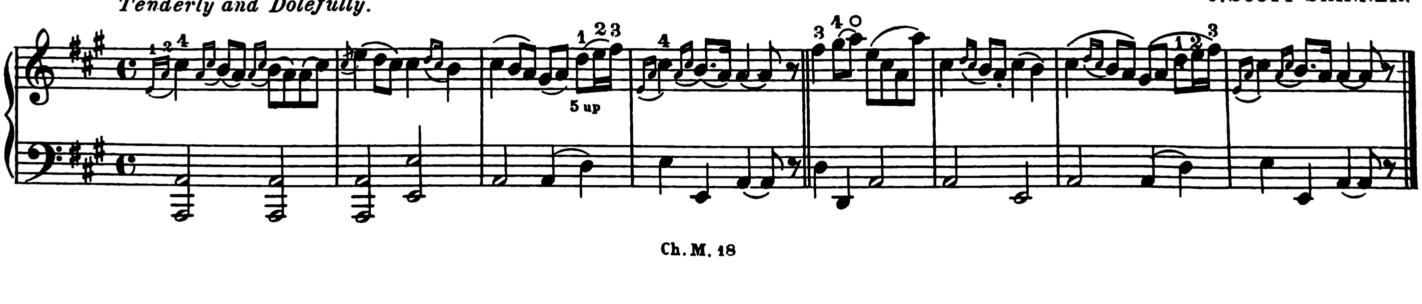


Rose-acre, Farewell.

(To Mrs DAVIE. PORTSOY.)

Tenderly and Dolefully.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

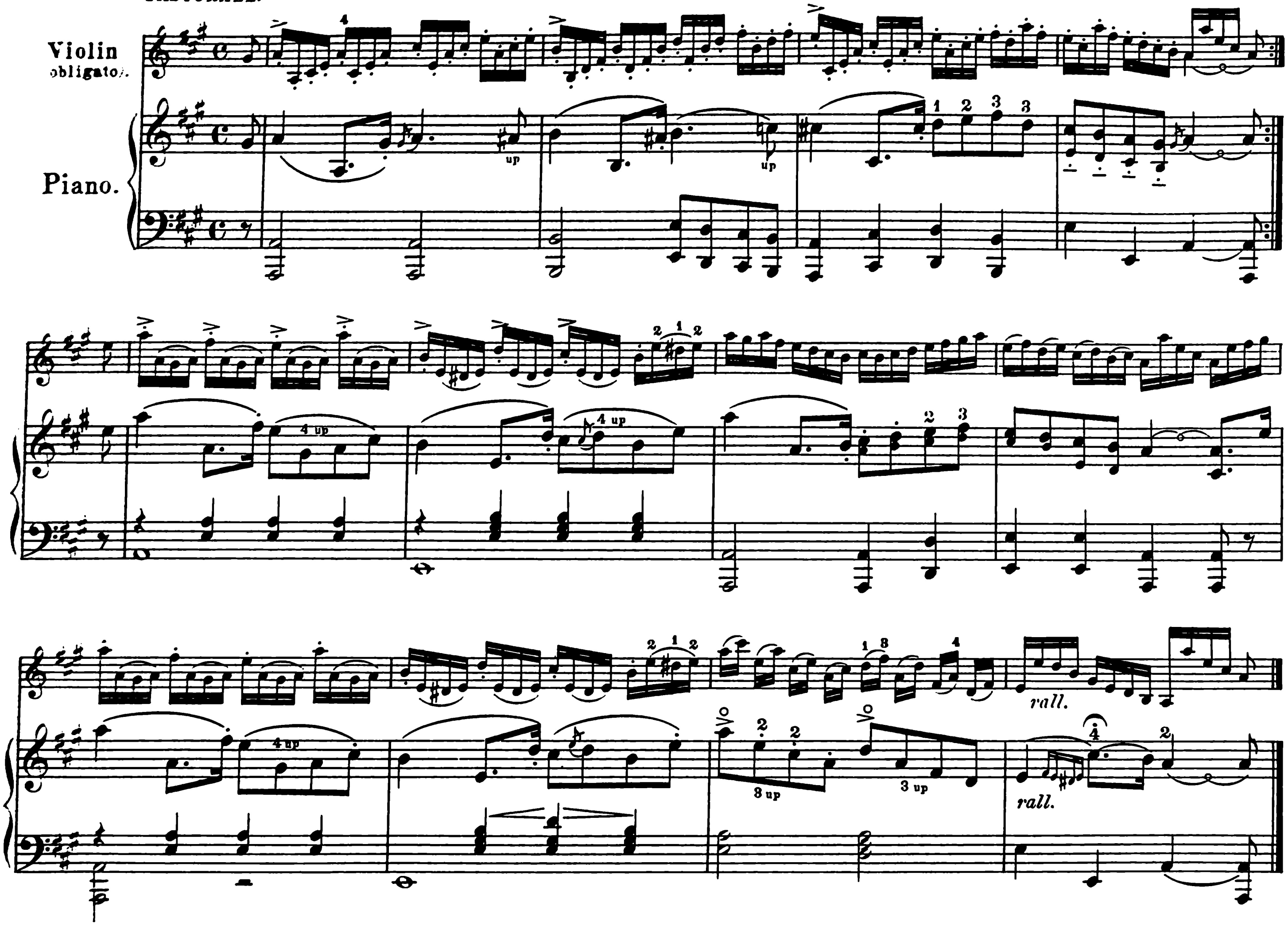


Albert.

(To ALBERT SCOTT SKINNER. INGRAM.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

PASTORALE.

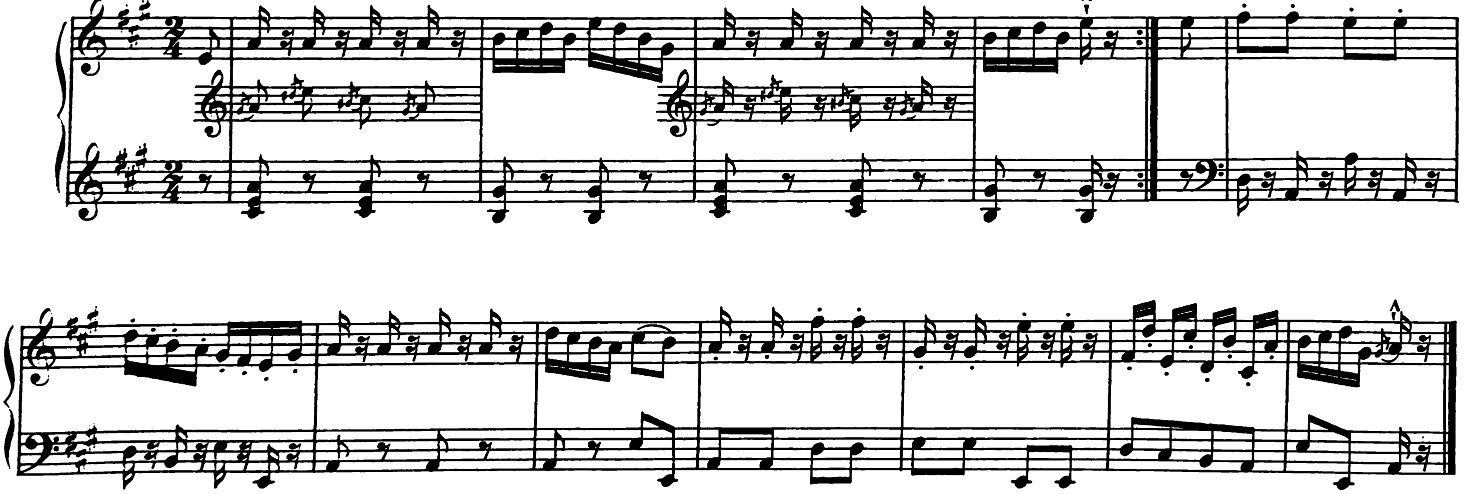


The Blackbirds.

(To GEORGE DAVIE.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Humorous.

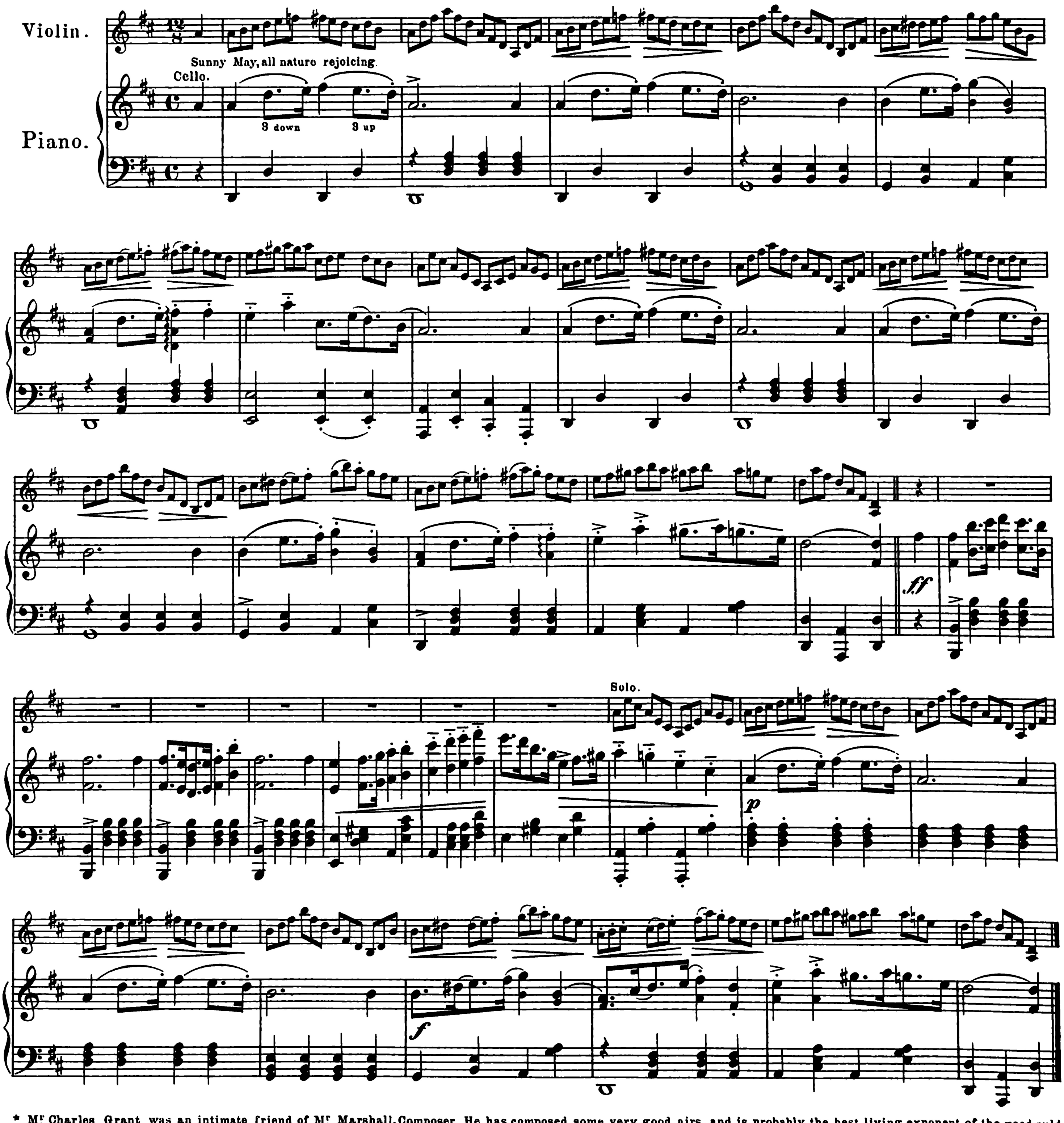


Keith hall.

(To CHARLES GRANT. M. A. ABERLOUR.)*

"The Dee and Don, they shall run on,
The Tweed shall run in Tay;
Before the water o' Urie
Shall bear the *Bass* away."

PASTORALE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* Mr Charles Grant was an intimate friend of Mr Marshall, Composer. He has composed some very good airs, and is probably the best living exponent of the good auld style. He possesses a very fine Violin, said to have been Marshall's.

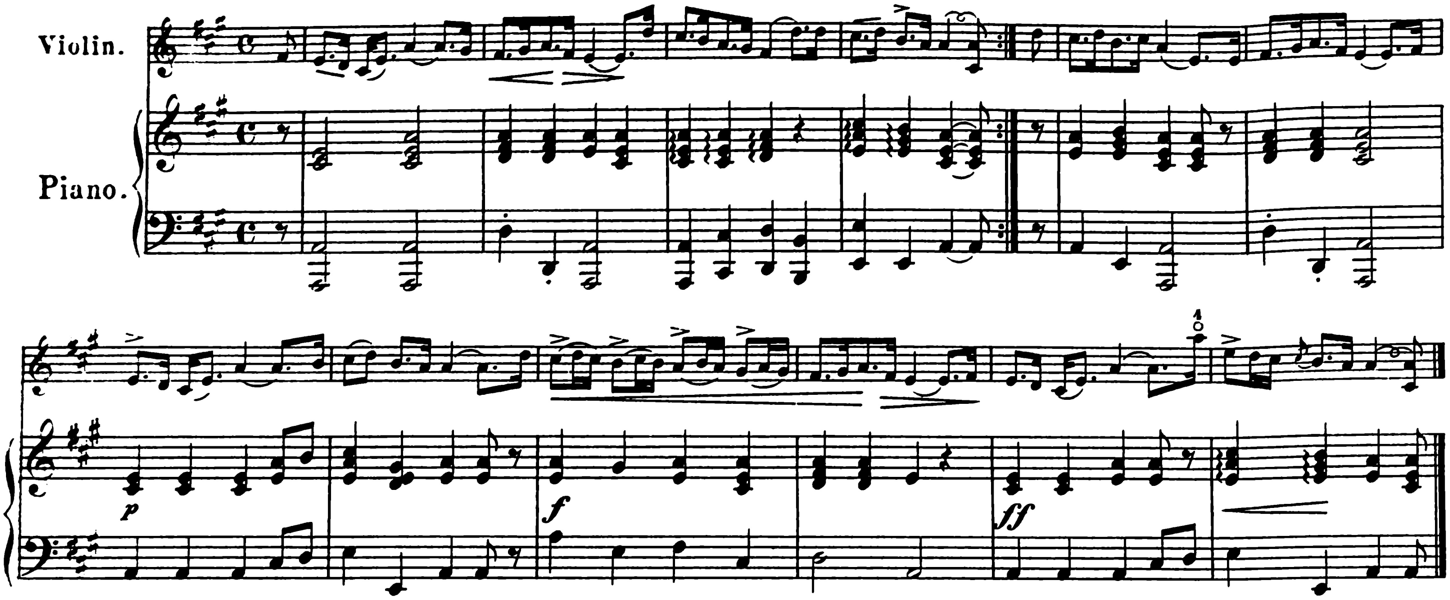
The Haughs o' Spey.

(To ALEXANDER REID.)

"Dipple, Dundurcas, Dandaleith an' Dalvey
Are the bonniest haughs on the lang run o' spey."
Old rhyme.

PASTORALE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

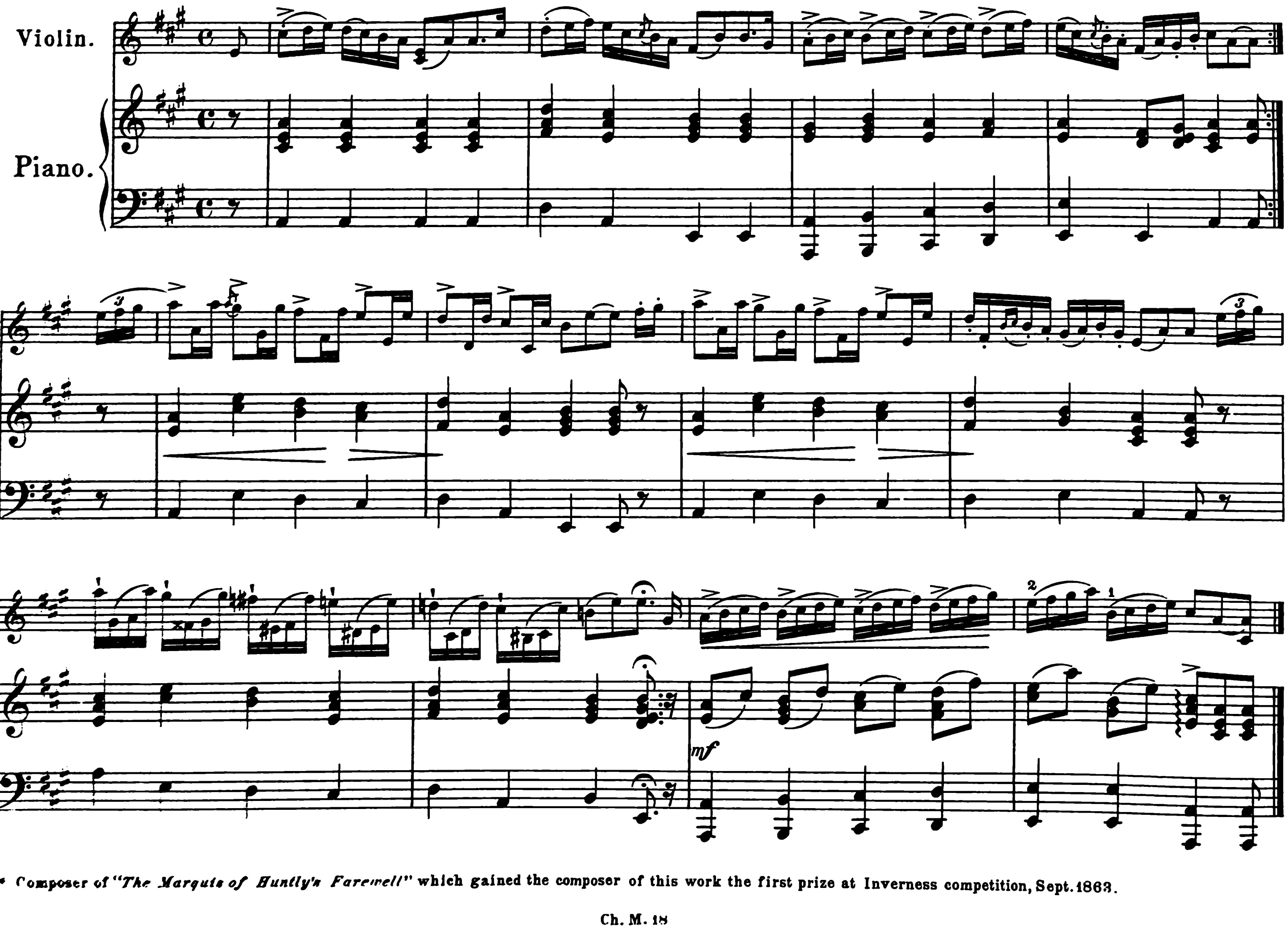


Mr. Marshall.*

PASTORAL STRATHSPEY.

(To ALEXANDER MARSHALL MACKENZIE.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



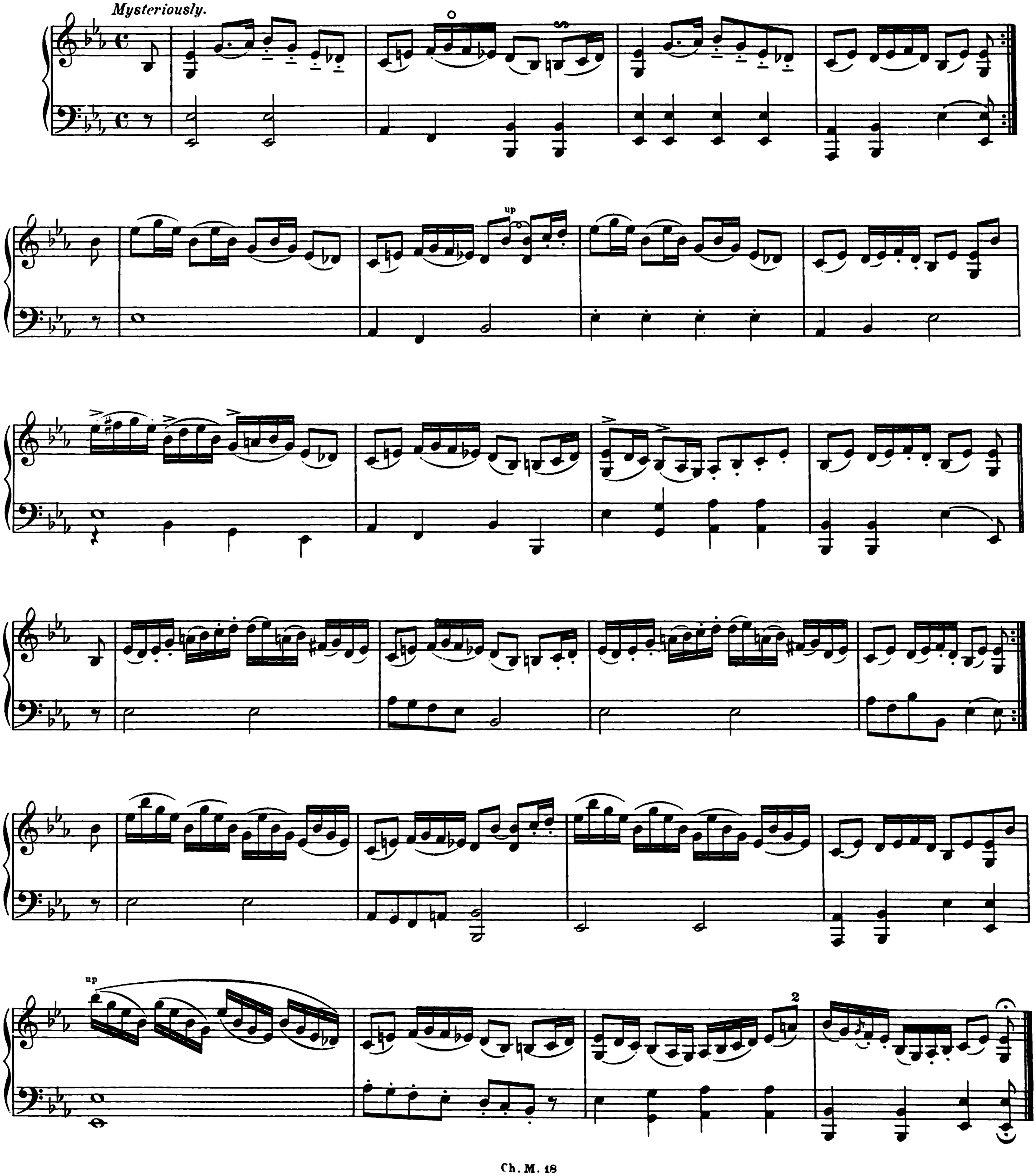
* Composer of *"The Marquis of Huntly's Farewell"* which gained the composer of this work the first prize at Inverness competition, Sept. 1863.

Kildrummy Castle.

(To Dr. CHRISTIE. Kildrummy.)

SLOWLY.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



WARBLINGS FROM THE HILLS.

(PIPE TUNES.)

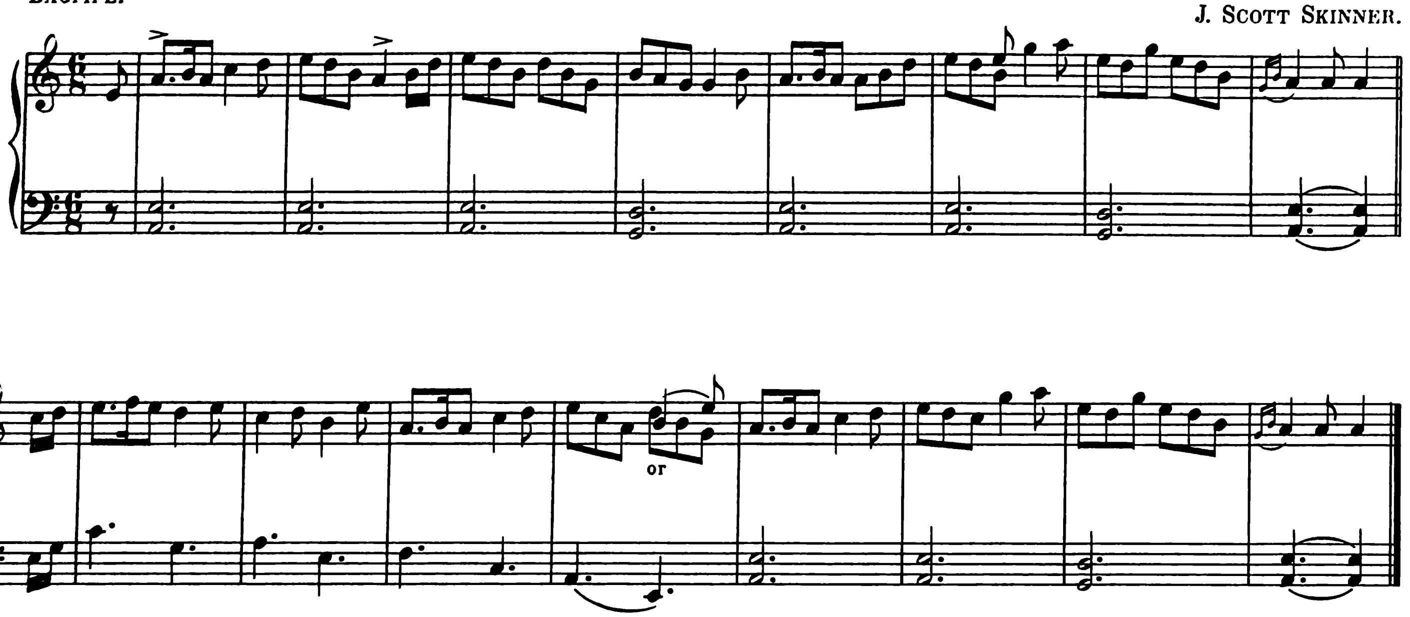
The consecutive fifths in the accompaniments to these airs are unavoidable, being intended to imitate the drones of the *Highland Bagpipe*. In Pipe tunes bearing the signature of A major, the G's are invariably played natural, to correspond with the scale of the instrument.

Many of the following tunes have already been published by Mr *D. Glen, Edinburgh*, arranged for the Bagpipes.

Dalkeith's Lament.

BAGPIPE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

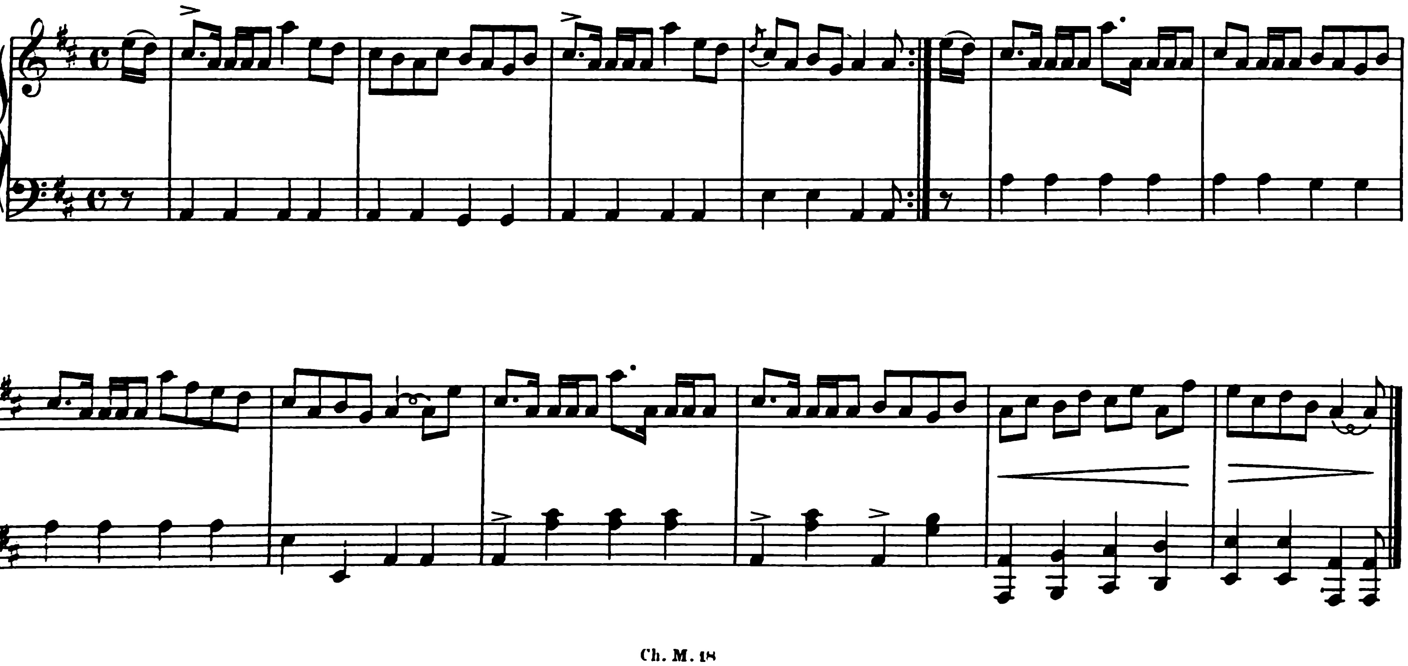


Achmony.

PIPE REEL.

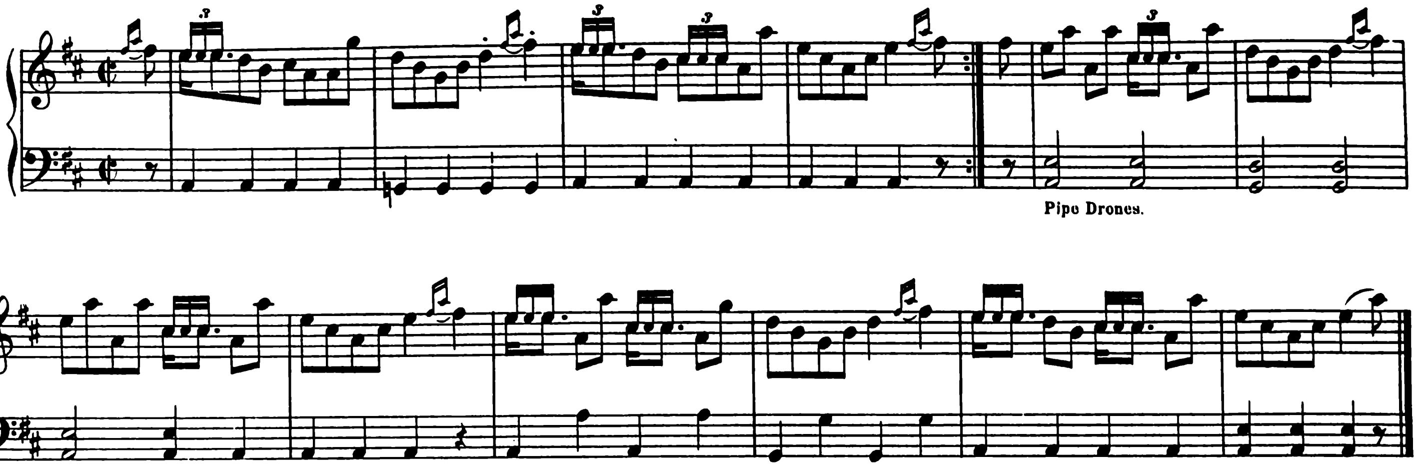
(To P. BURGESS. Glen Urquhart.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Longair's Pipes.

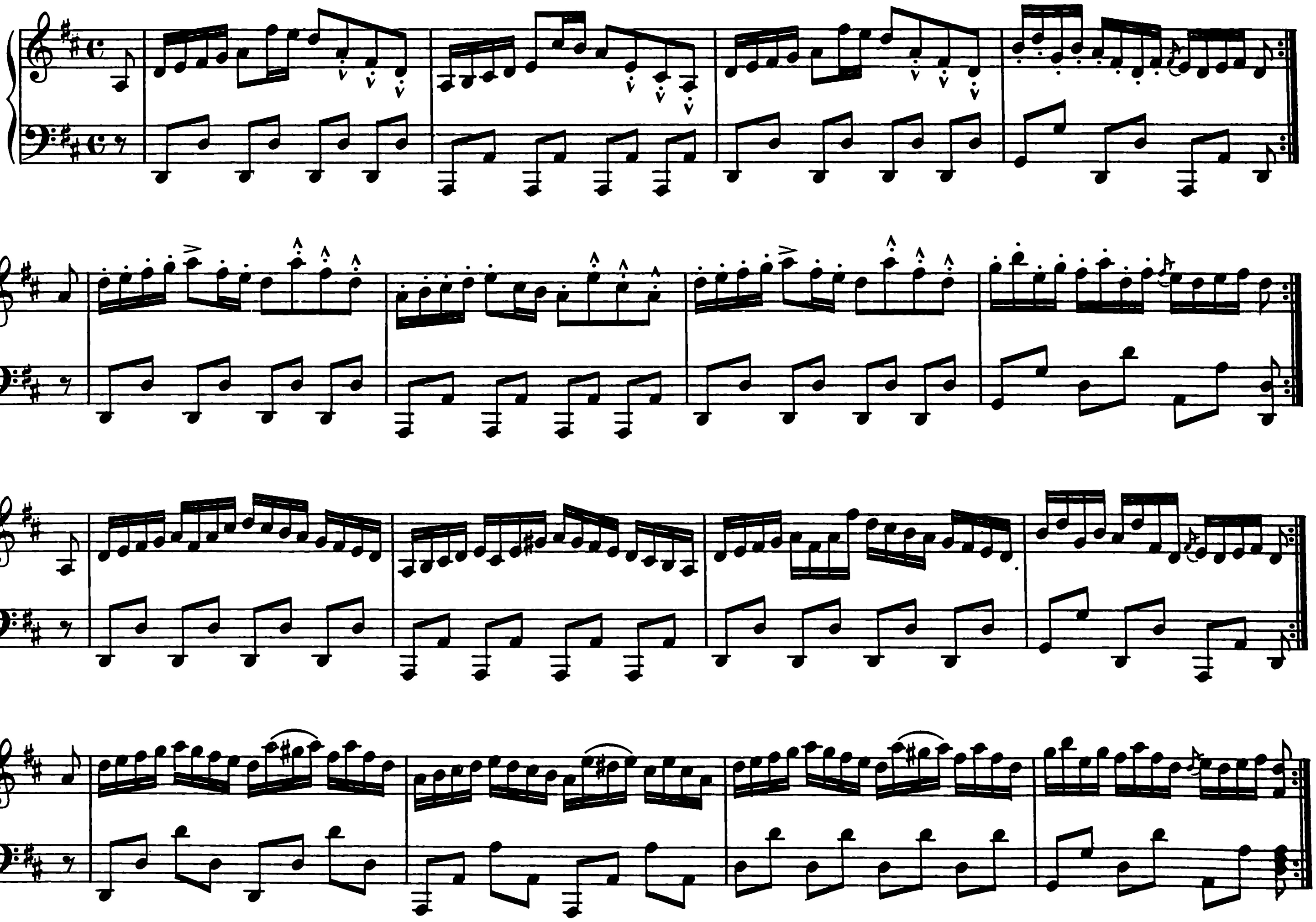
PIPE REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



General Baillie.

(LOCHLOY.)

QUICKSTEP. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

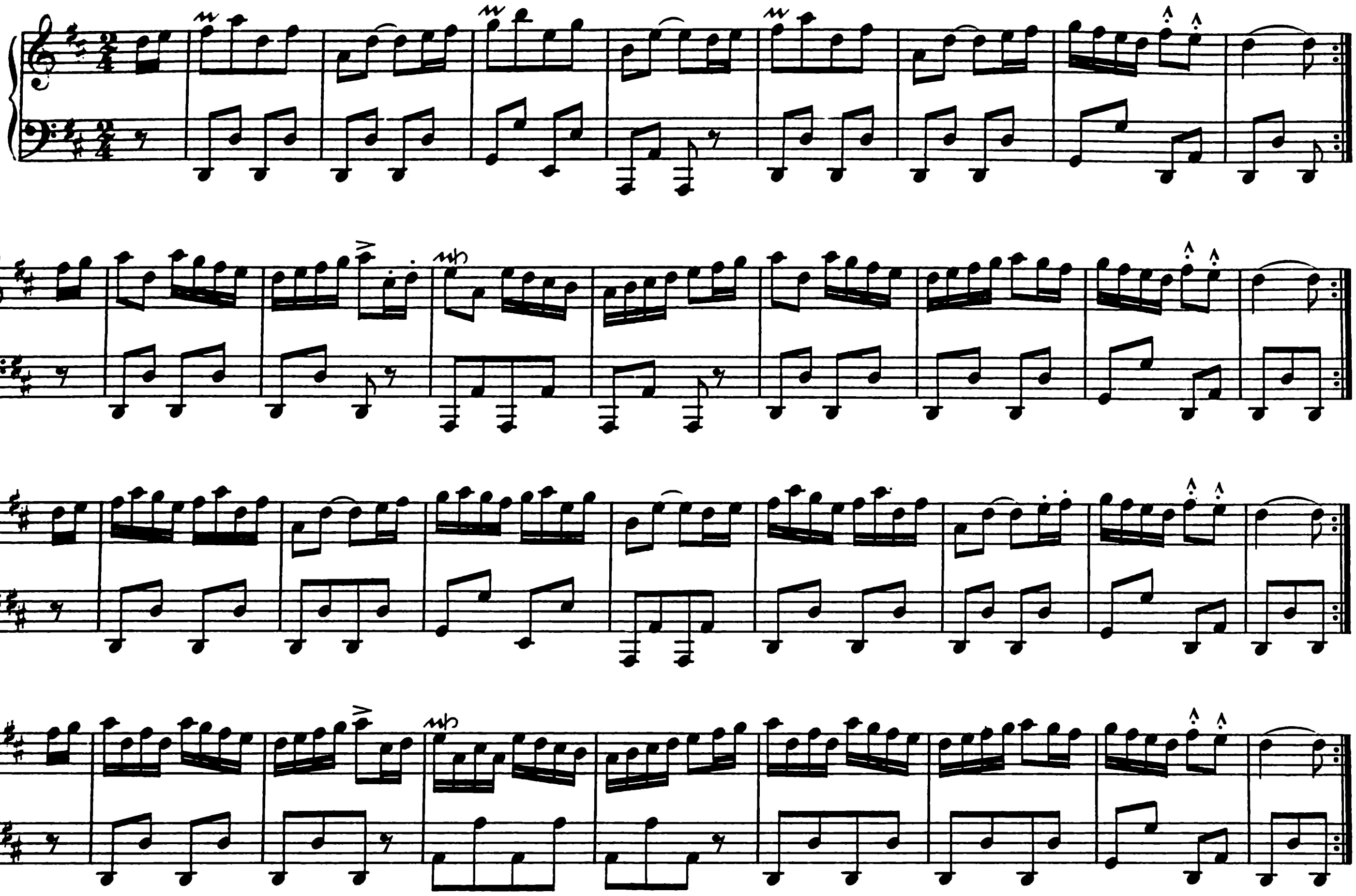


Craig a chait.*

(THE CATS CRAIG.)

QUICKSTEP.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

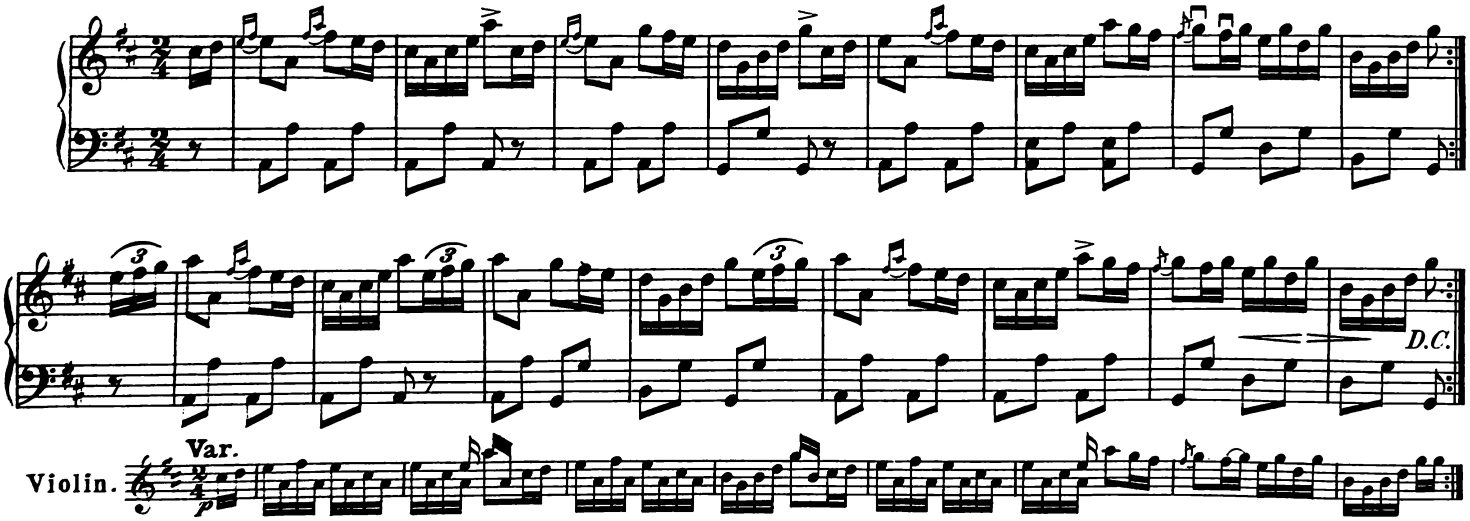


The Sutherland Highlanders.

(THE THIN RED LINE.)

QUICKSTEP.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* The name of a hill in the vicinity of Gairloch, also the slogan of the *Mackenzies of Gairloch*.

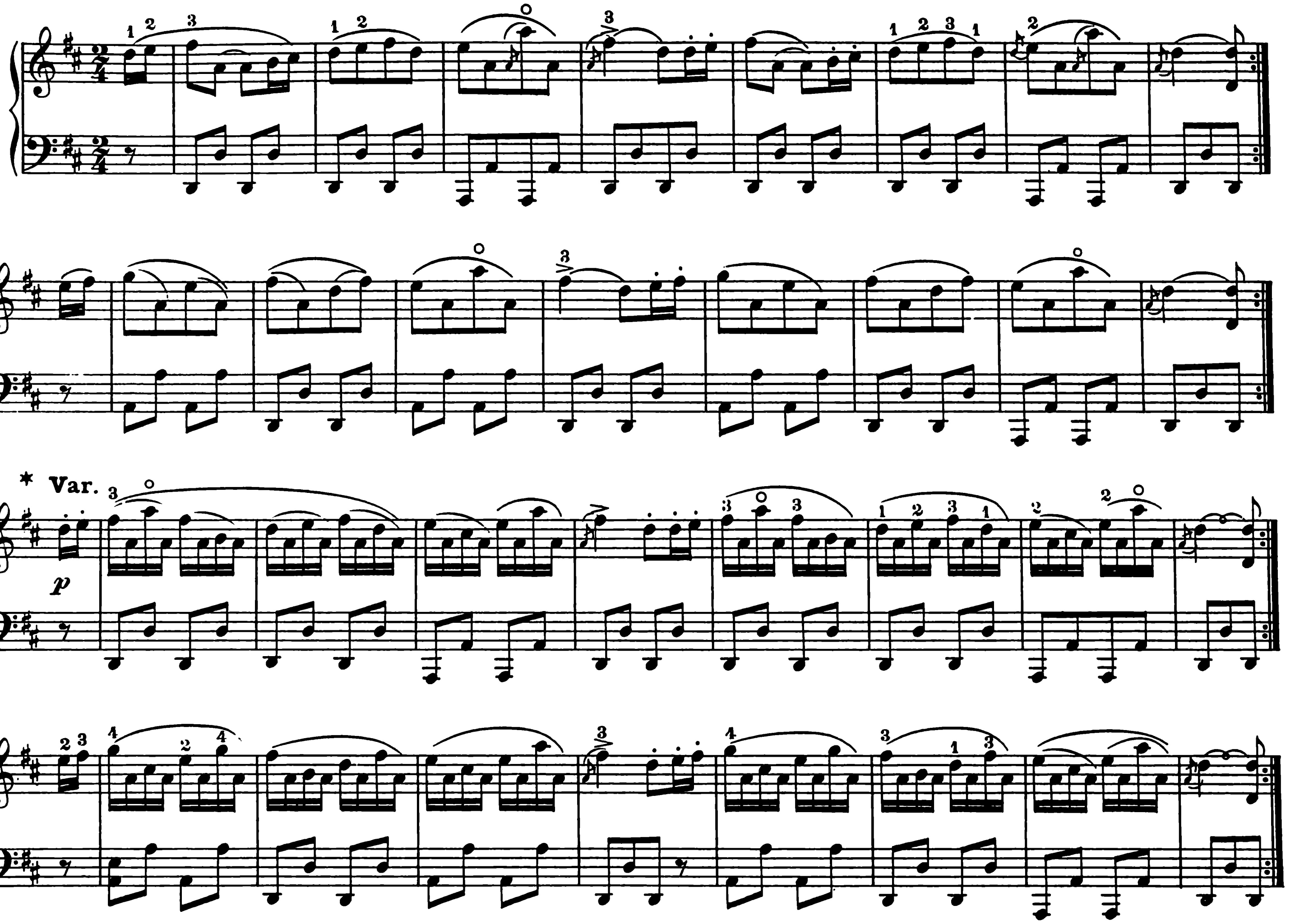
Farewell, To The Glen.

or "BEANNACHD LEIS A. GHLEANN."

(To JOHN MACDONALD. Buckie.)

QUICKSTEP.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

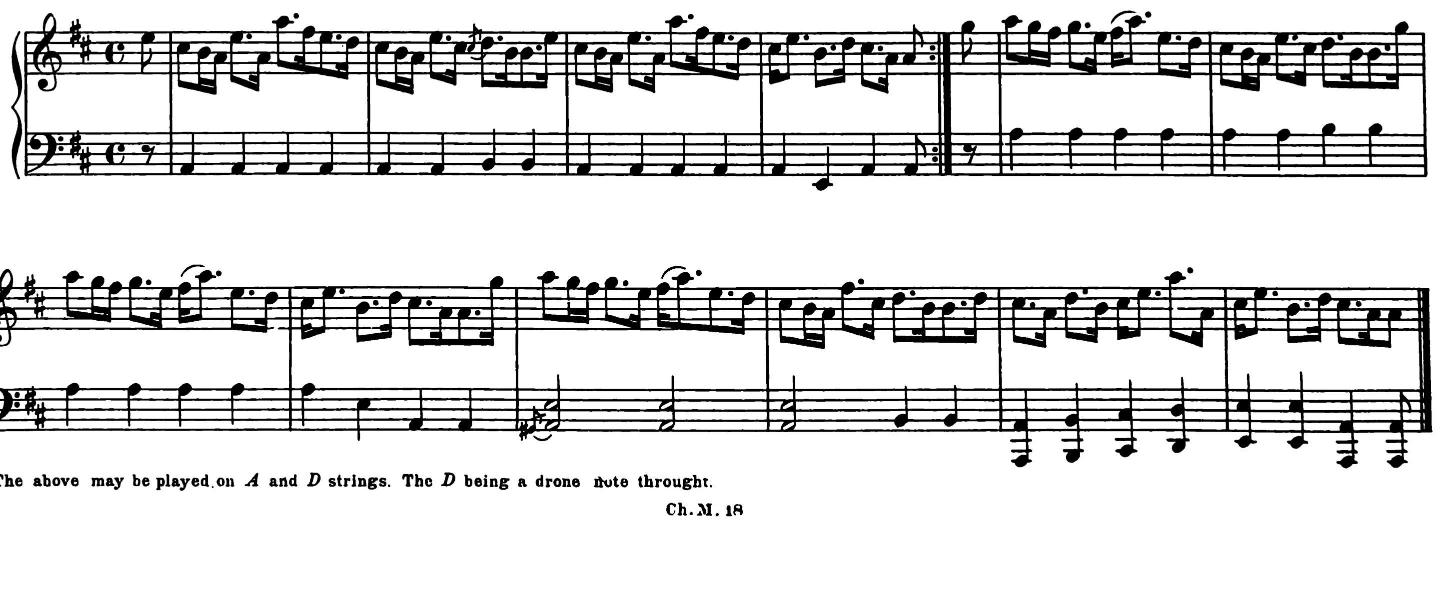


Mrs David Glen.

PIPE STRATHSPEY OR REEL.

(Edinburgh.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

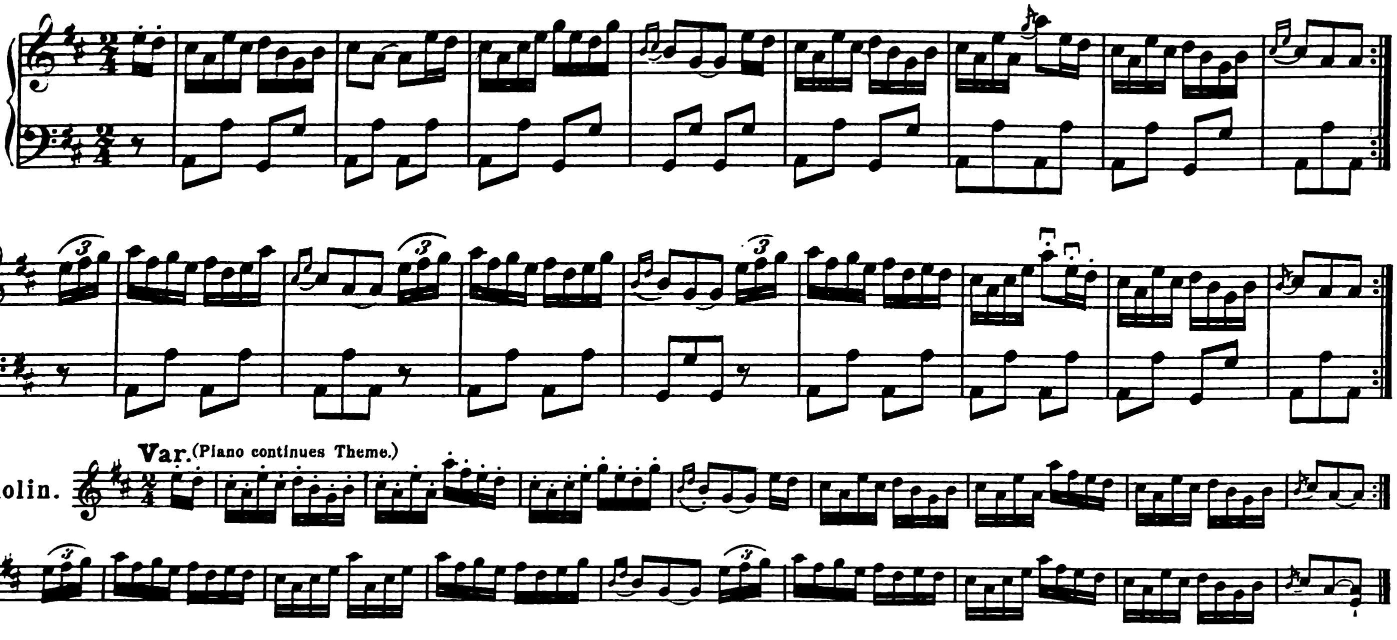


*The above may be played on *A* and *D* strings. The *D* being a drone note throught.

The Black Watch.*

QUICKSTEP.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



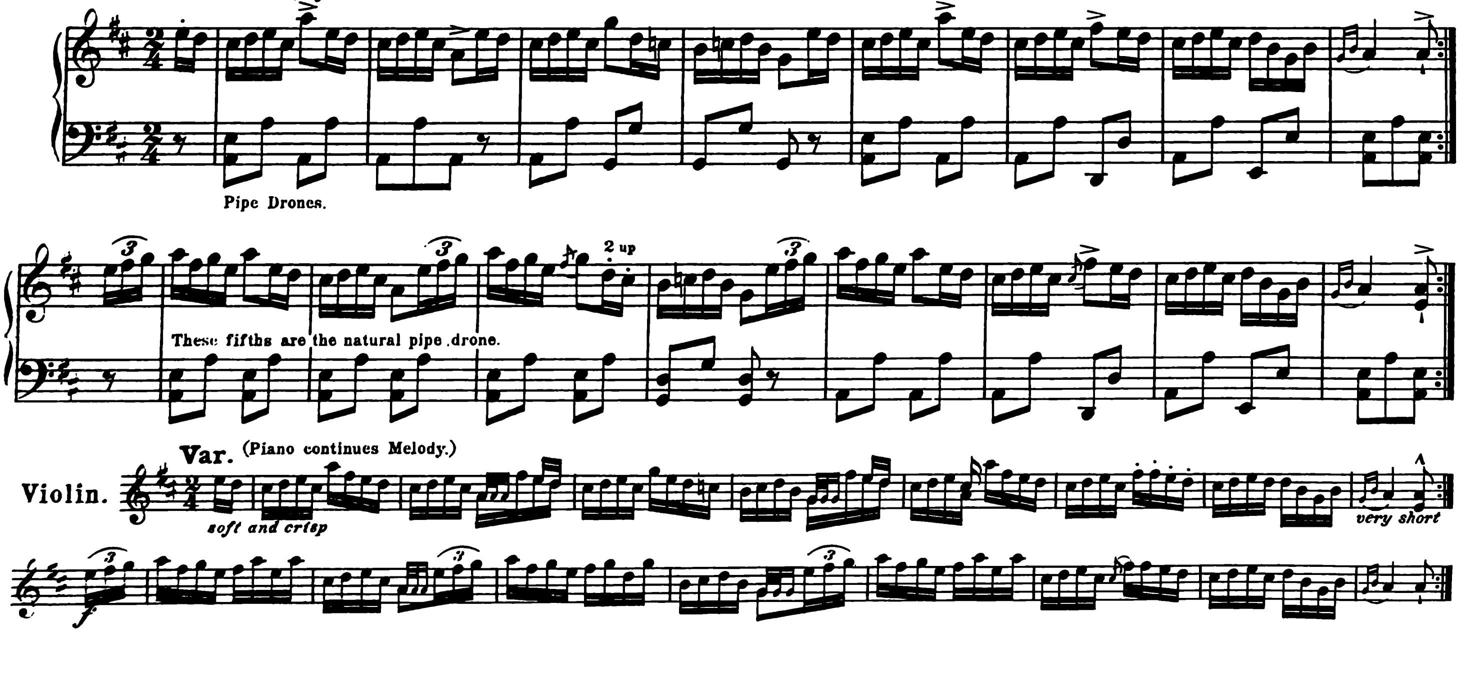
The Gordon Highlanders.

QUICKSTEP.

(To GEORGE GORDON. Crown Street, Aberdeen.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Do not slur any of the notes.

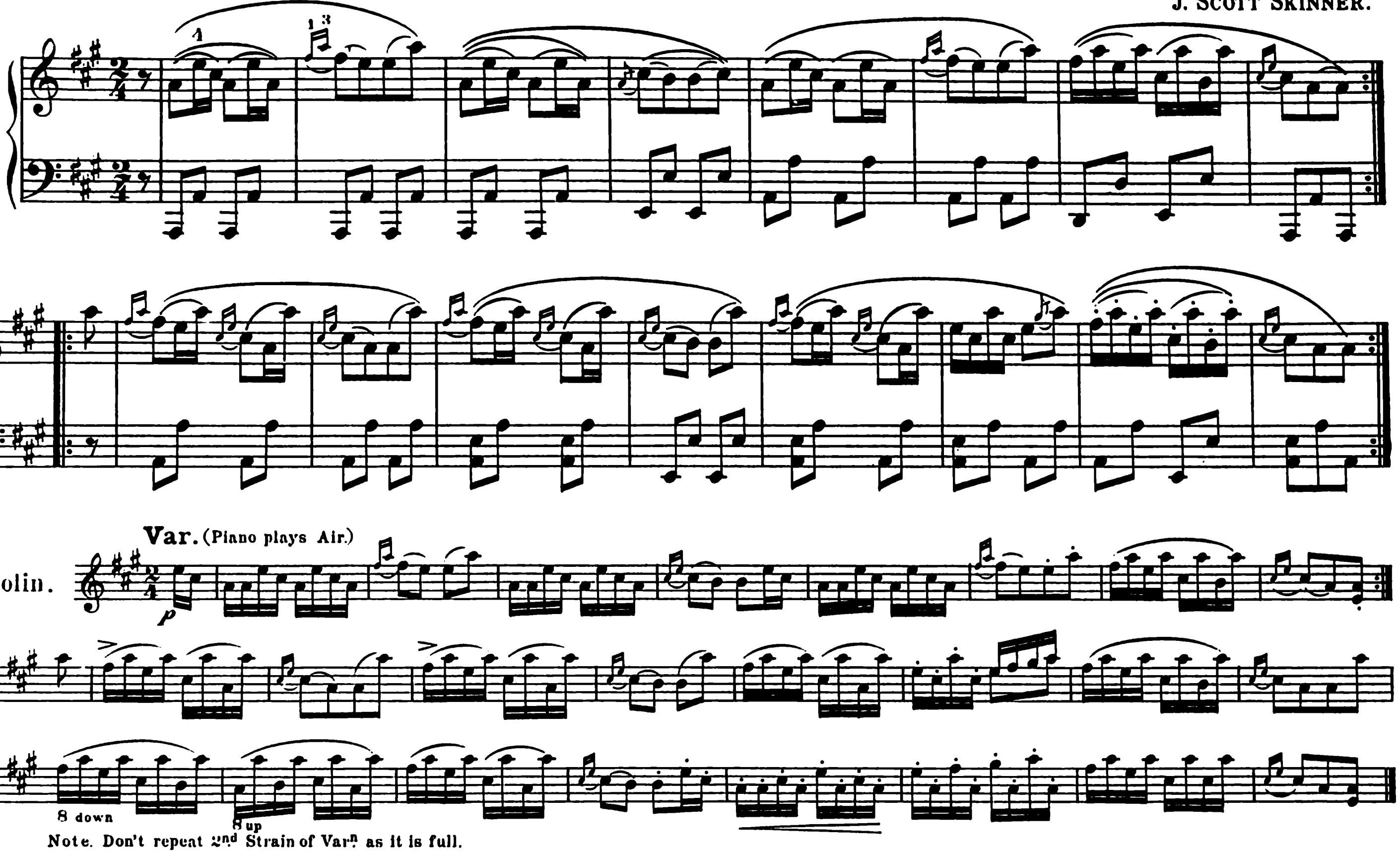


* At a parade of the staff of the 2nd Battalion Cameron Highlanders at the Militia Barracks, Inverness, on Saturday, Major Bayne, the adjutant of the regiment, presented Pipe Major John Macdonald with a handsome set of bagpipes. In doing so, Major Bayne said he had been asked to perform the ceremony by Mr Ross, Her Majesty's piper, on behalf of the sergeants of the 42nd Regiment (the Black Watch), as a token of their esteem and regard on his leaving the regiment after over twenty-one years' service, during which he had played them into battle in Ashantee, Lower Egypt, and the Soudan. Quartermaster-Sergeant, Dunbar, writing from Egypt to Mr Ross, said Macdonald had played to the Black Watch under almost every circumstance–in the camp, in the field, and in action – often when they had nothing to eat, and also in the days when they had plenty. It would be a long time before he was forgotten. Pipe-Major Macdonald, who was recently appointed to take command of the splendid pipe band of the 2d Battalion Cameron Highlanders, went through all the engagements in Ashantee, Lower Egypt, and the Soudan, and is decorated with five medals in honour of his gallant services. He briefly thanked the sargeants of the Black Watch for their expression of esteem, remarking that he could never forget the scenes through which he had passed in their company.

The Cameron Highlanders.*

QUICKSTEP.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

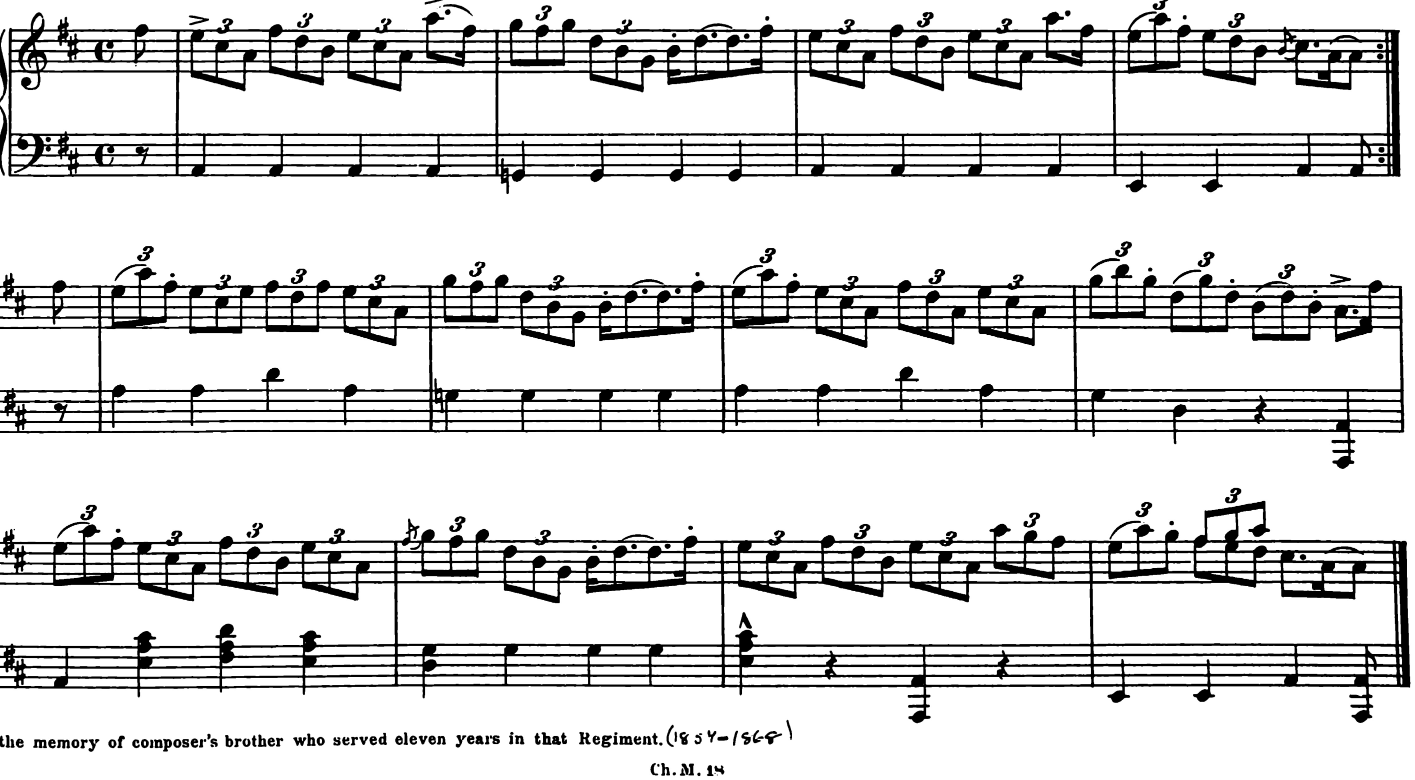


Note. Don't repeat 2nd Strain of Varn. as it is full.

The Minister's Rant.

FIG. STRATHSPEY.
PIPE SCALE.

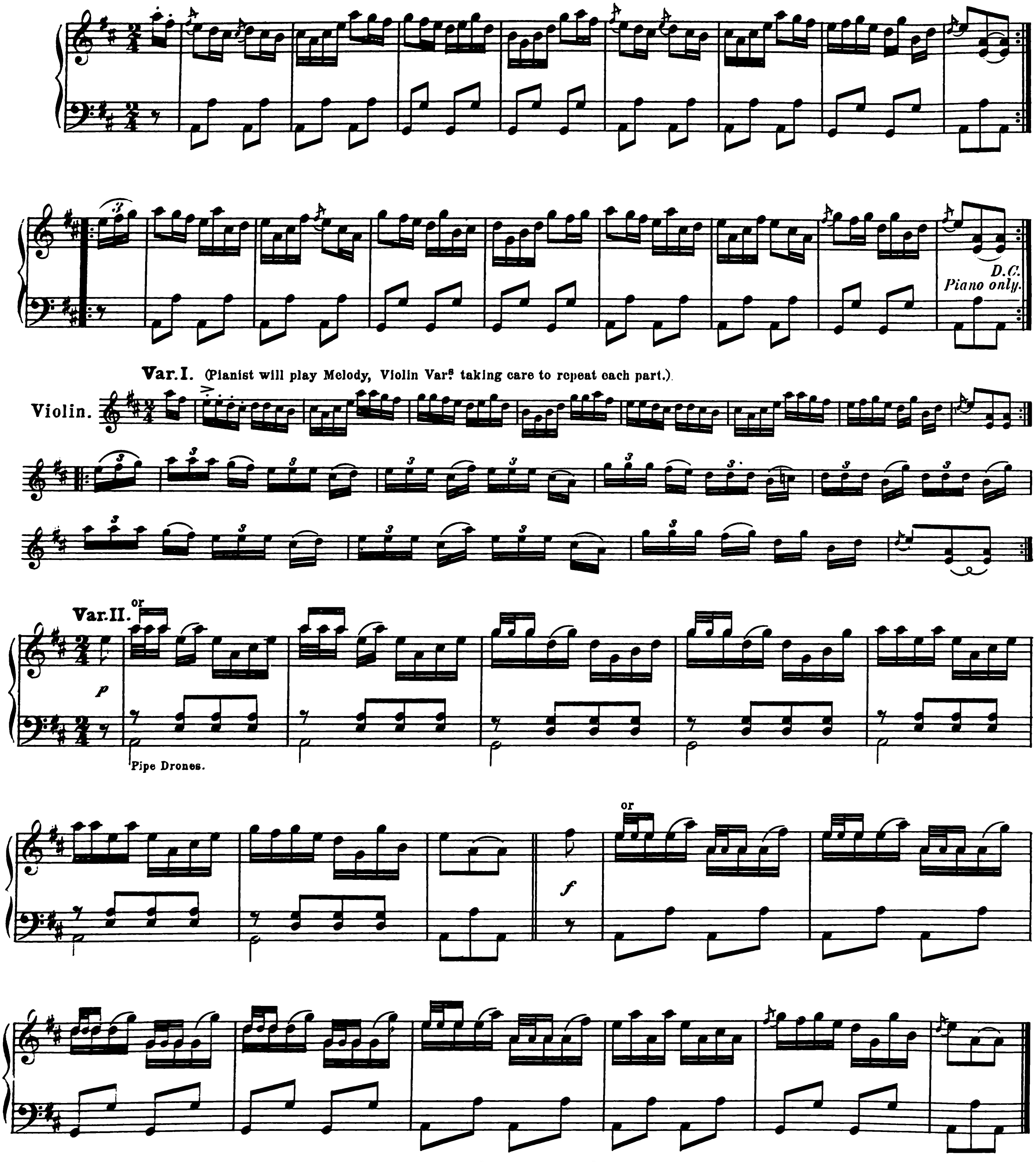
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* To the memory of composer's brother who served eleven years in that Regiment. (1854-1868)

The Seaforth Highlanders.*

QUICKSTEP. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* These beautiful Quicksteps are published seperate, either as Pianoforte solo's, or as Violin solo's with Piano accompaniment. And may be had of *C. Middleton, Music Publisher, Keith.* Price 6d each.

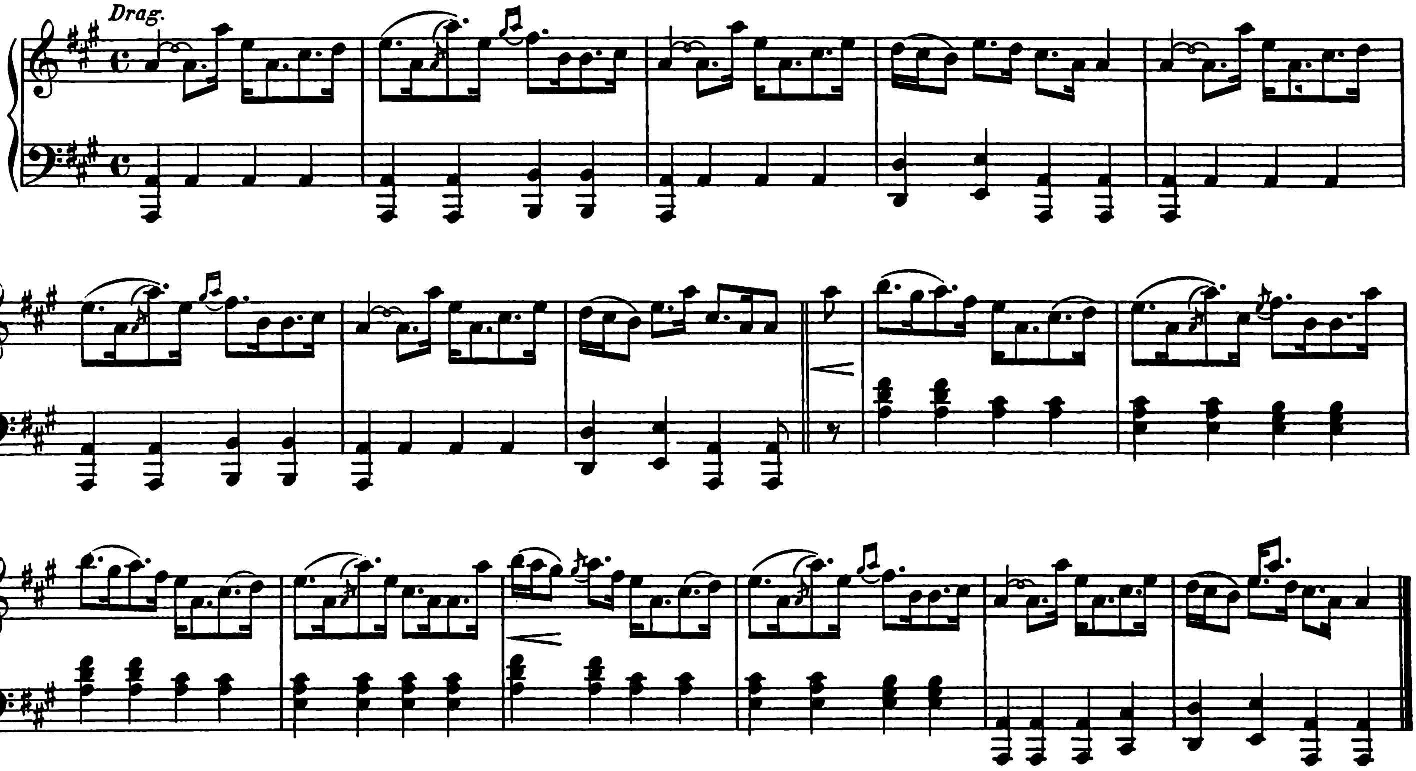
Talisker.

(To R. KEMP.)

"A wee drappie o't mak's kind hearts agree,
But a big drappie o't mak's a' true wisdom flee;
An' gin ye wad wear an honest man's coat,
Ye man never tak' mair than a wee drappie o't."
Old Song.

STRATHSPEY.*
PIPE TUNE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Nae toot, her nainsel's peen in Skye,
Tat Paradise for sheep an' kye,
Ta pest o' parley, corn, an' rye,
An' hooch her glorious Talisker.
Her nainsel wadna grudge a groat
For somesin like a tonal o't,
It's jist like cream gawn doon her sroat,
Ta fine, ta famous Talisker.

La Teste poot Moray stills may rite,
Scott Skinner fiddle till she pe fite.
Foof, foof, she tisna care a tite,
As lang's she has her Talisker.
She heals her head, an' cures her sair,
An' whan she's in ta Sleugh Despair
She'll tance an' sing for evermair,
Ter's nae Despond wi' Talisker.

'Ters nae a whisky in ta Nors,
She caresna what micht pe her source,
Frae Shon o' Groat to Firs o' Fors,
Can equal glorious Talisker.
Mactonal o' ta Isles, her Grace,
An' a' ta Gaelic folk, on Ness,
An' Lorts, an' Tukes, keep up, apace,
Pecaus they a' trink Talisker.

Her nainsel's poets praise her loot,
Ta parsons too, an' sae she shoot,
For everypody ca's her goot,
Her Ossian-chantit Talisker.
An' Fingal, tecent, honest man,
Wi' a' her Caletonian clan,
Her pattles focht, an' fochtin' wan,
When weel supplied wi' Talisker.

Lang srive goot Roderick an' his still,
An' aye pe prewin' ta iser shill,
Fais, she'll be prood to pay her pill
For onysing like Talisker.
Here's to her nainsels—tat's ta toast—
Got save ta Queen, Pritannia's poast,
An' prosper Skye, in poil an' roast,
An' pig hogsheads o' Talisker.

Plaw up yer chanter, Tugal, poy,
M' Allister, or Tonal Roy,
An' fill ta whole o' Skye wi' shoy,
Sroo Soul-revivin' Talisker.
An' whan Professor Plackie comes,
She'll spoke an' say, Hooch! Gaelic chums,
Foof, fat cares she for wines an' rums,
We'll a' get plys ower Talisker.

LA TESTE.

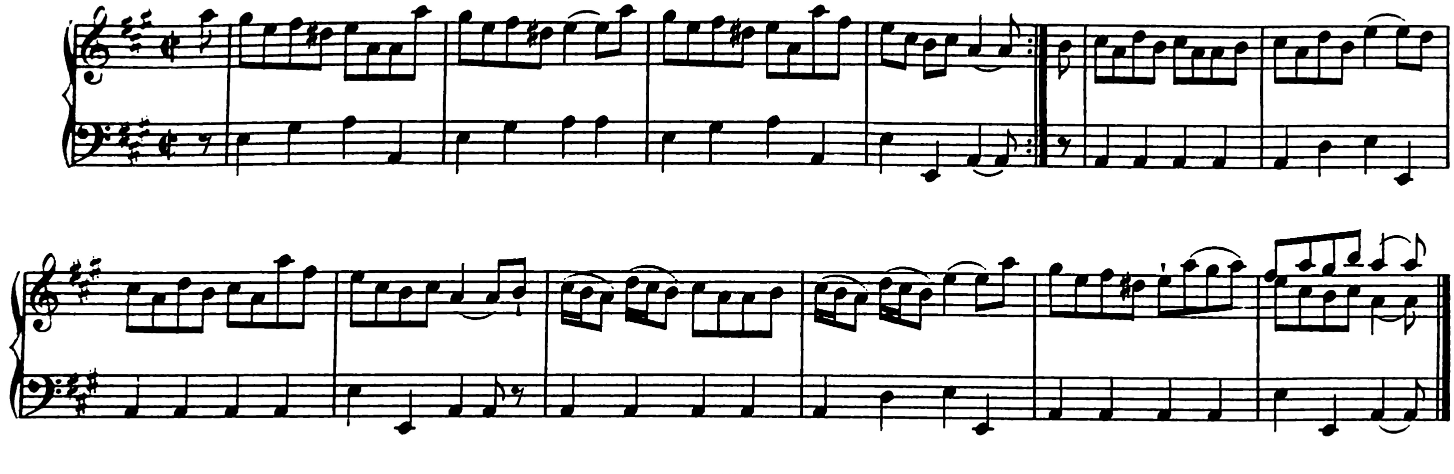
*The above Tune may be played Strathspey or Reel time and is suitable for Pipes Violin or Piano.

Jack's Half Crown.*

(Ballater.)

PIPE REEL.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

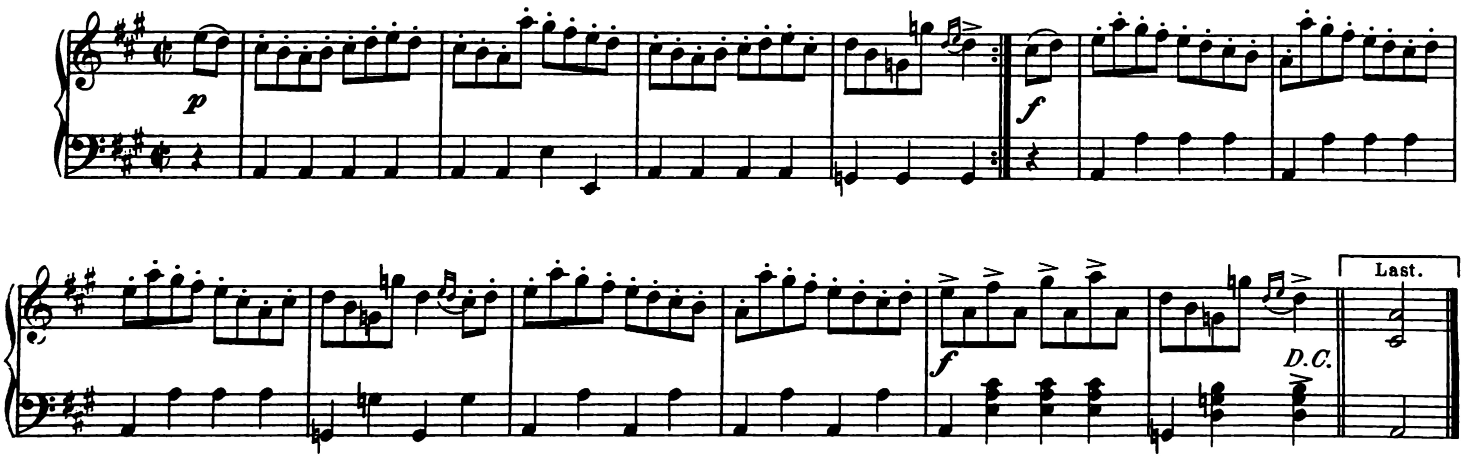


Hale-Wheel.

PIPE REEL OR STRATHSPEY.

(To JAMES BLAIR, Balmoral.)

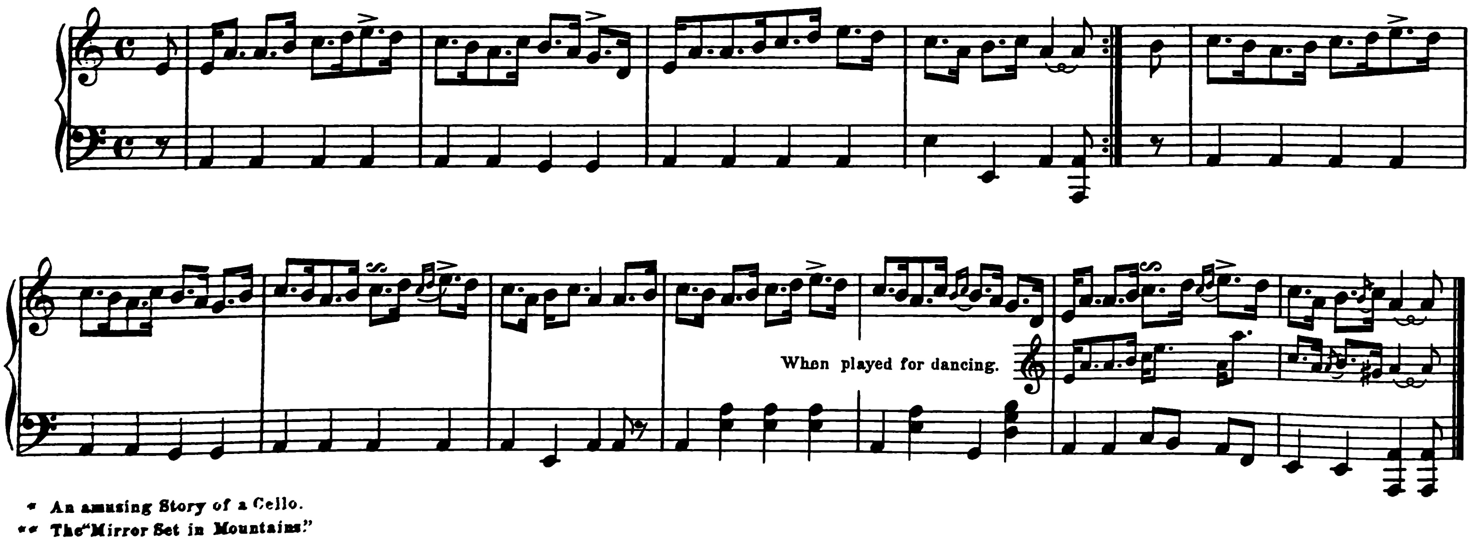
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Loch Maree.**

SLOW AIR OR STRATHSPEY.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



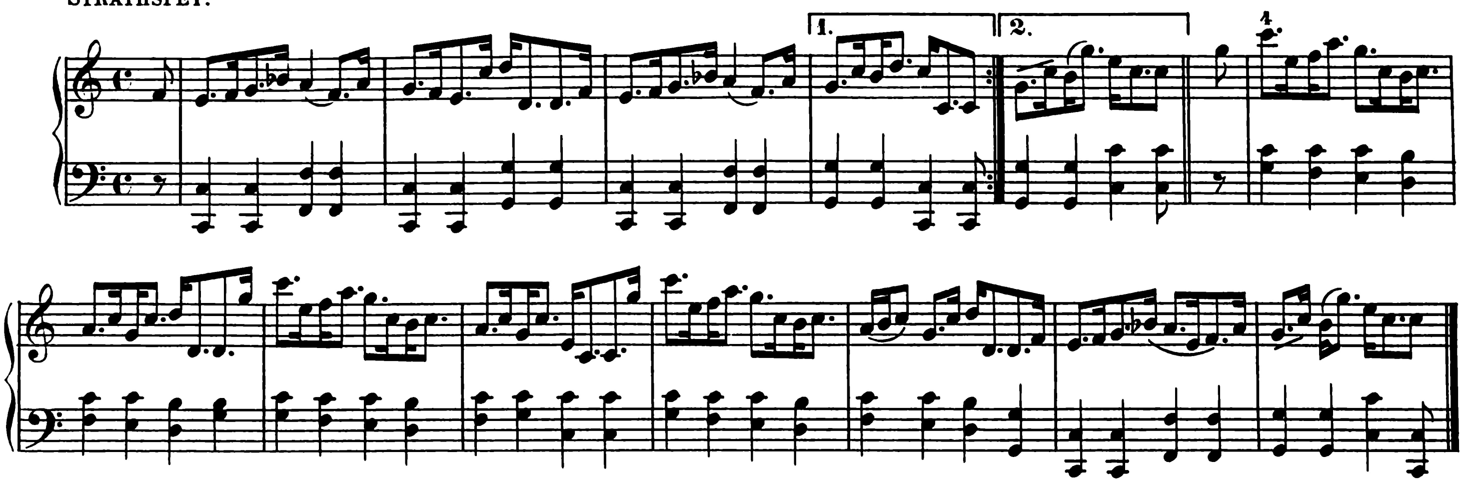
* An amusing Story of a Cello.

** The "Mirror Set in Mountains."

STRATHSPEYS, REELS, HORNPIPES, etc.

The Hill O'Nigg.

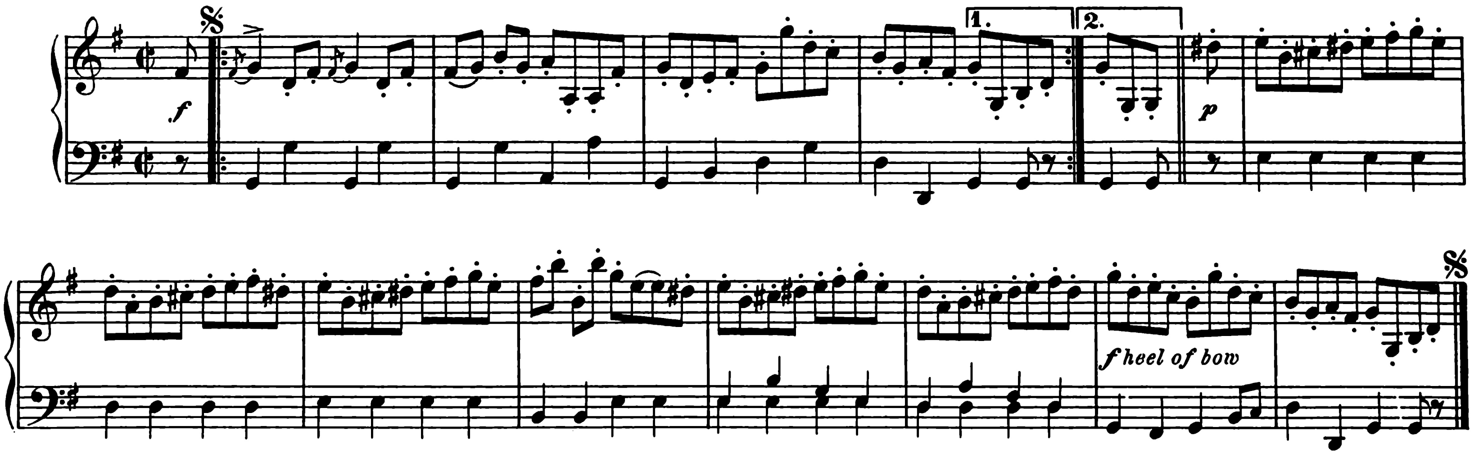
STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Bruce's Letter Box.

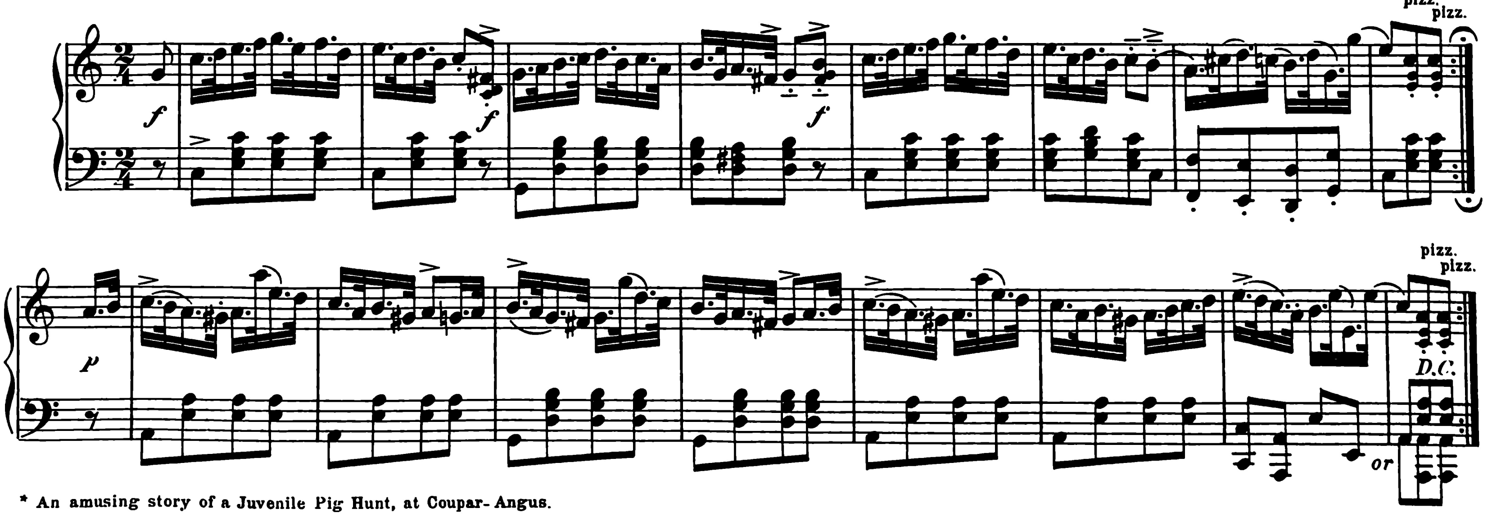
(Huntly.)

REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Pig Hunt.*

HORNPIPE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

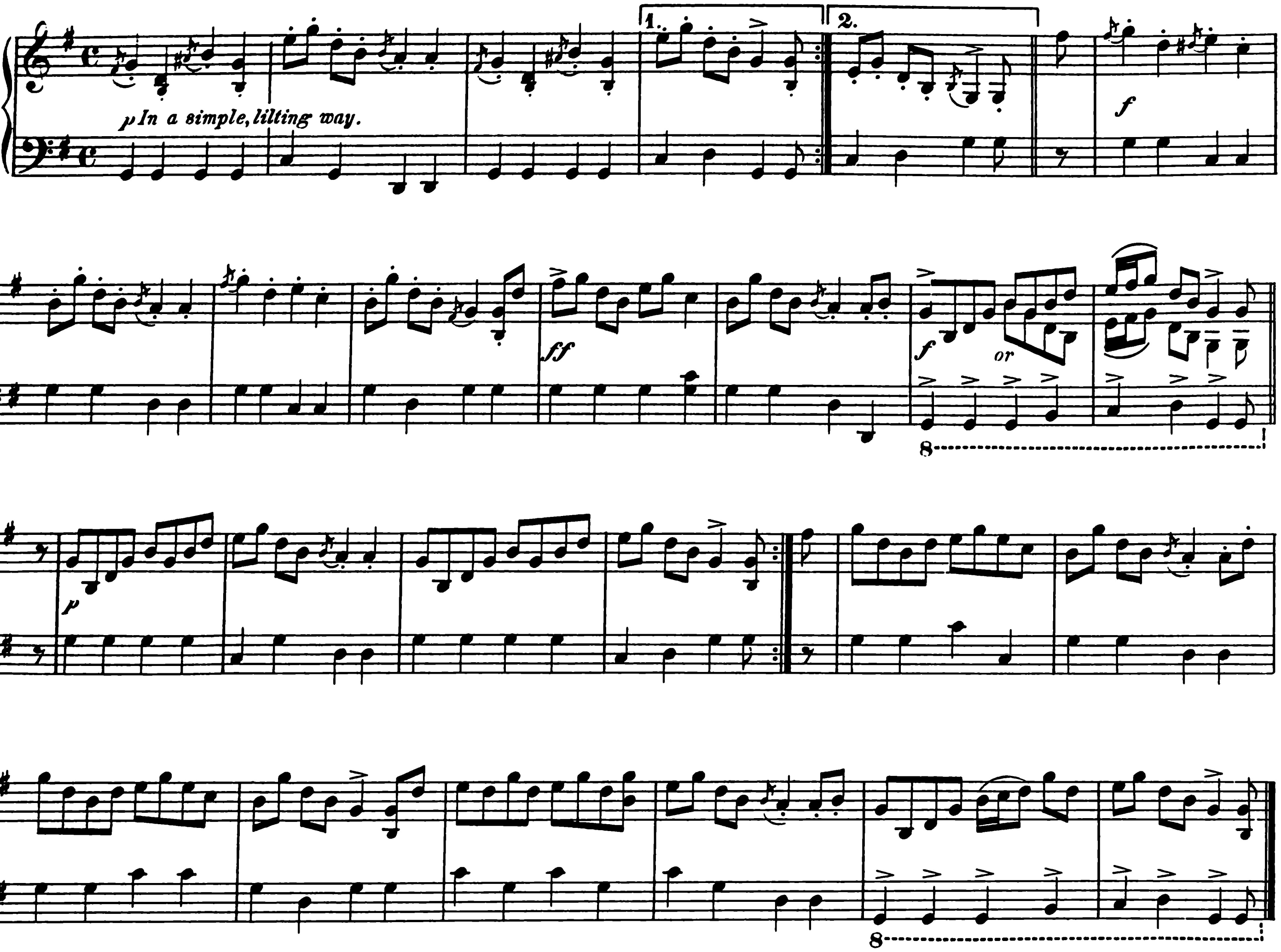


* An amusing story of a Juvenile Pig Hunt, at Coupar-Angus.

Jocks Rap.*

STRATHSPEY OR REEL.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

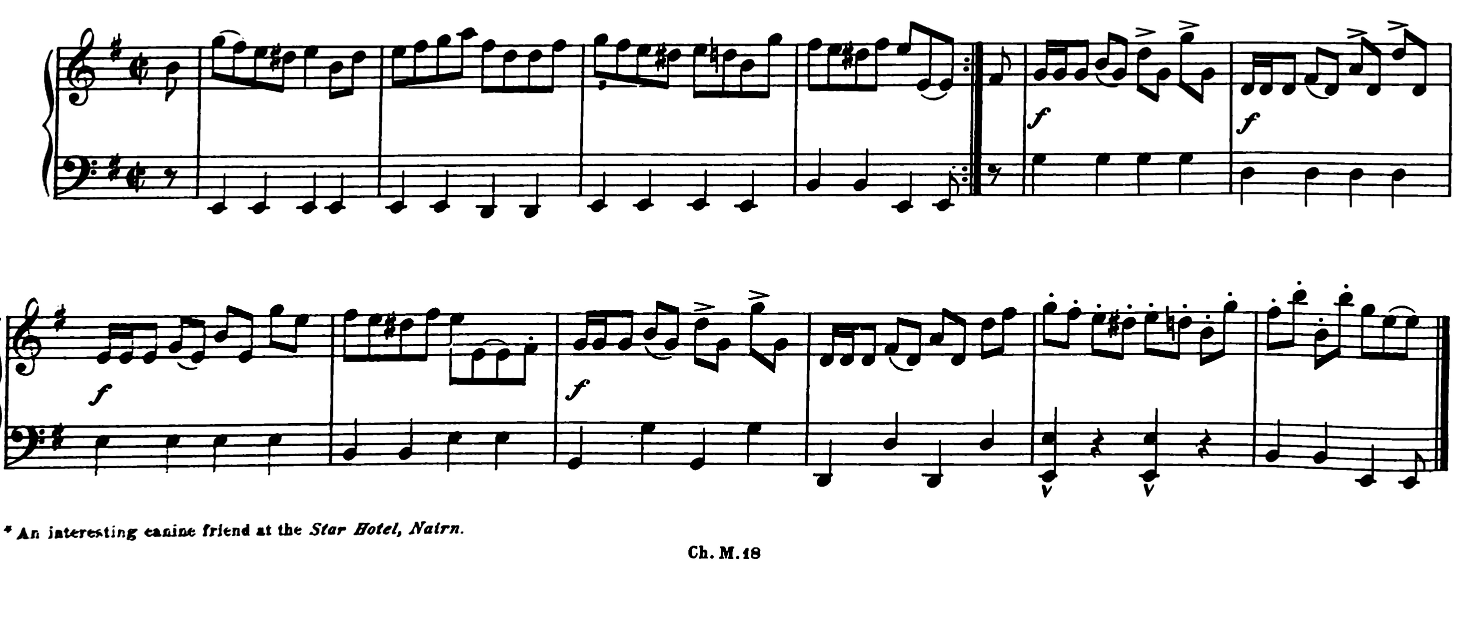


Mains of Gartly.

(To ROBERT GORDON.)

REEL.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



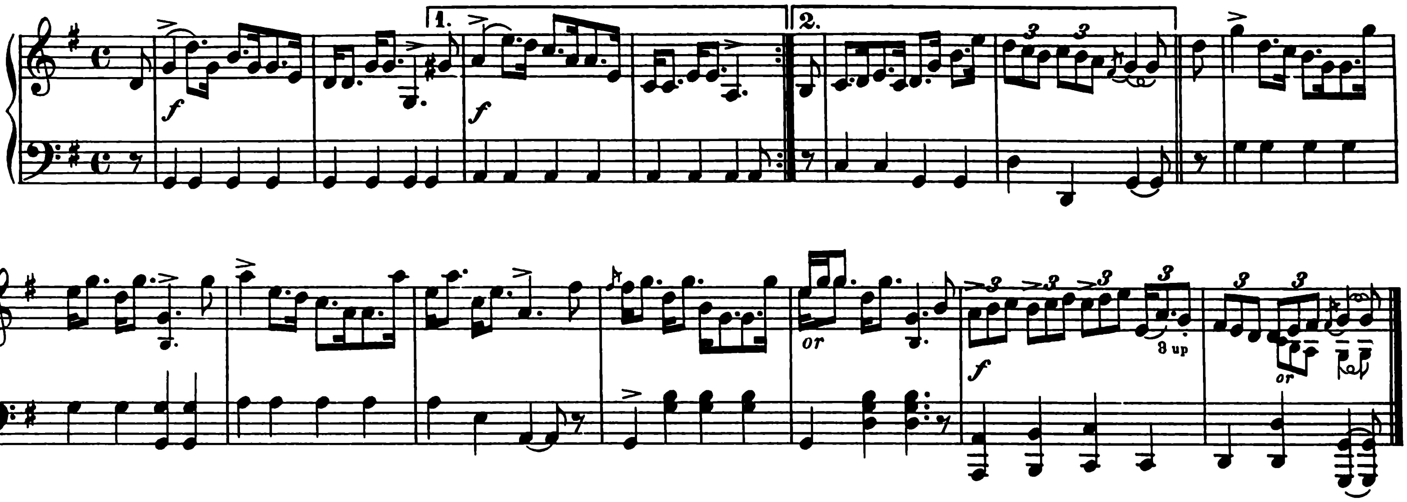
* An interesting canine friend at the *Star Hotel, Nairn.*

Johnnie Gibb O'Gushetneuk.

(To the author of that immortal Doric.)

AULD STYLE STRATHSPEY.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

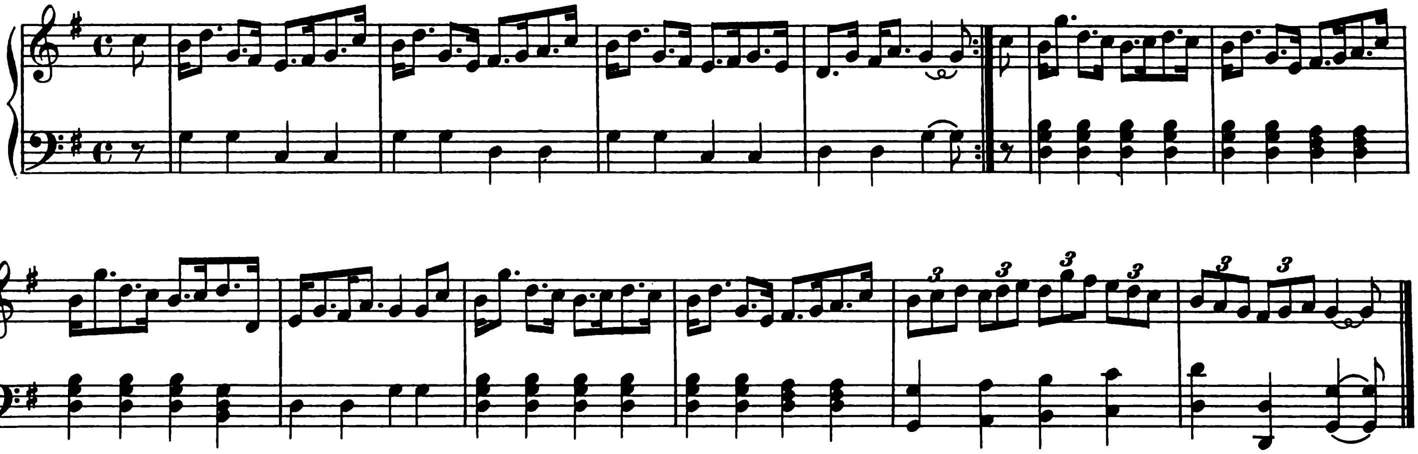


Miss Matheson.

(The Bank Gairloch.)

STRATHSPEY.

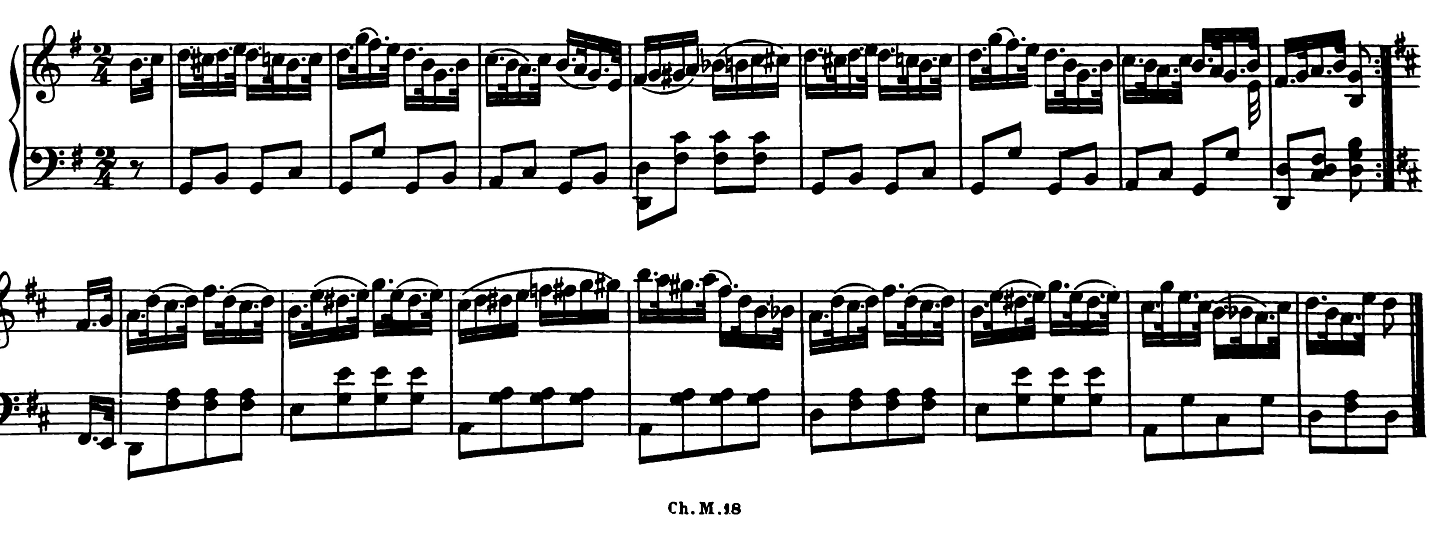
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Chromatic Hornpipe.

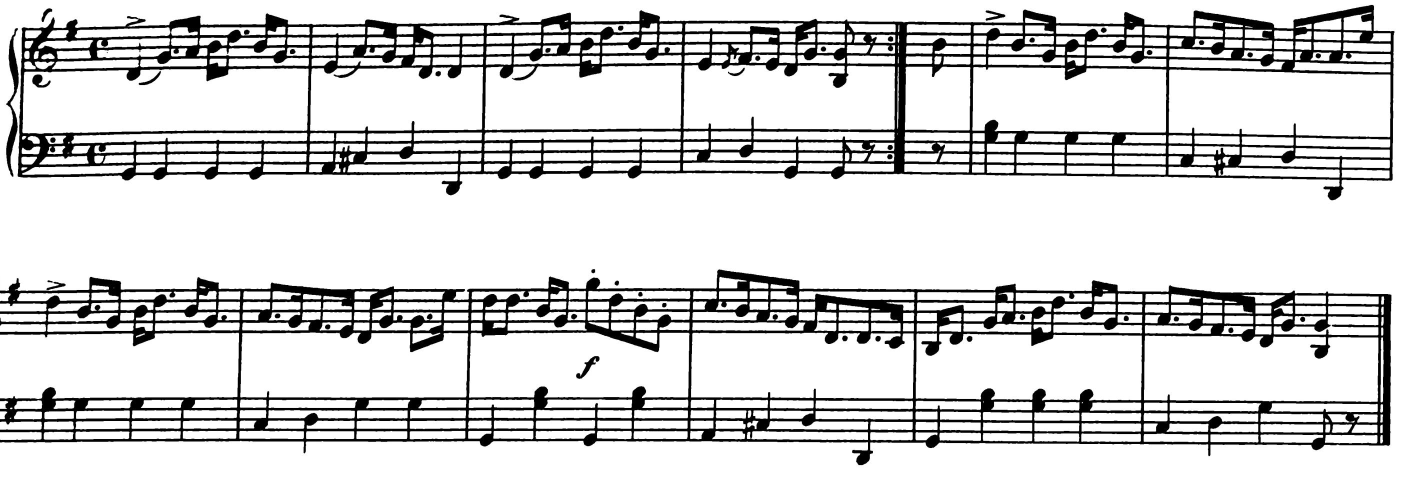
(To CHARLES PAISLEY.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



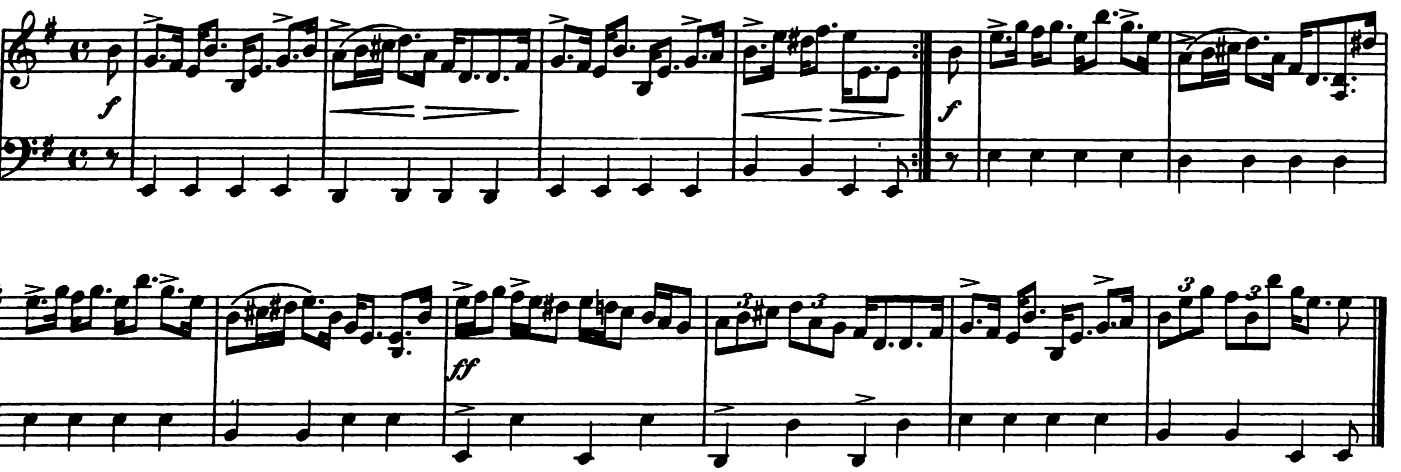
Johnnie's Highland Fling.

STRATHSPEY. (The Bank. Gairloch.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



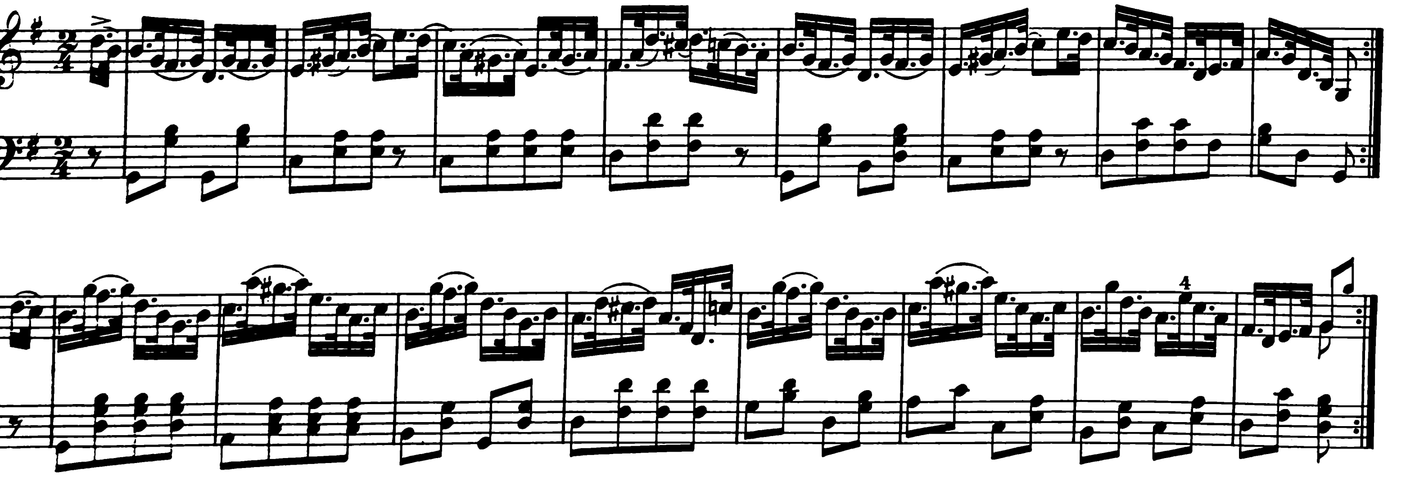
The Brig O'Potarch.

STRATHSPEY. (To Miss LINDSAY.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Macleod and Mackay.*

HORNPIPE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

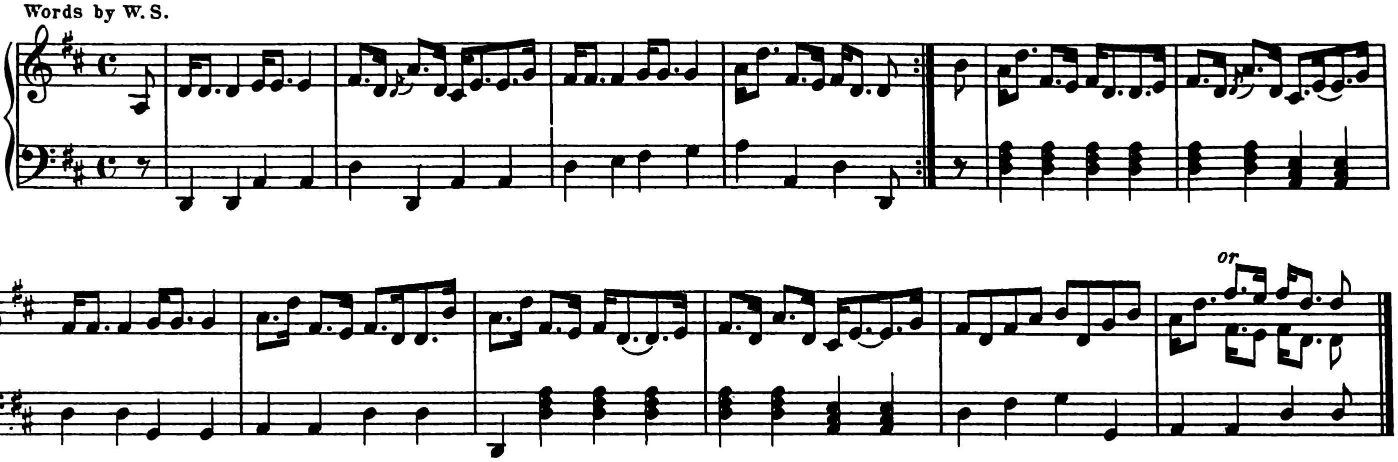


* Carnival Oct. 29th 1886

Manson's Schottische.

FOR DANCING. (TO MANSON SCOTT SKINNER.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.

Words by W. S.



"Children are the only true poets."—*Macaulay.*

Oh! faither dear, screw up your pegs,
I'm a' but sleepin' on my legs,
An' "sairly pitten aff my eggs,"
For want o' Manson's Schottische, O.

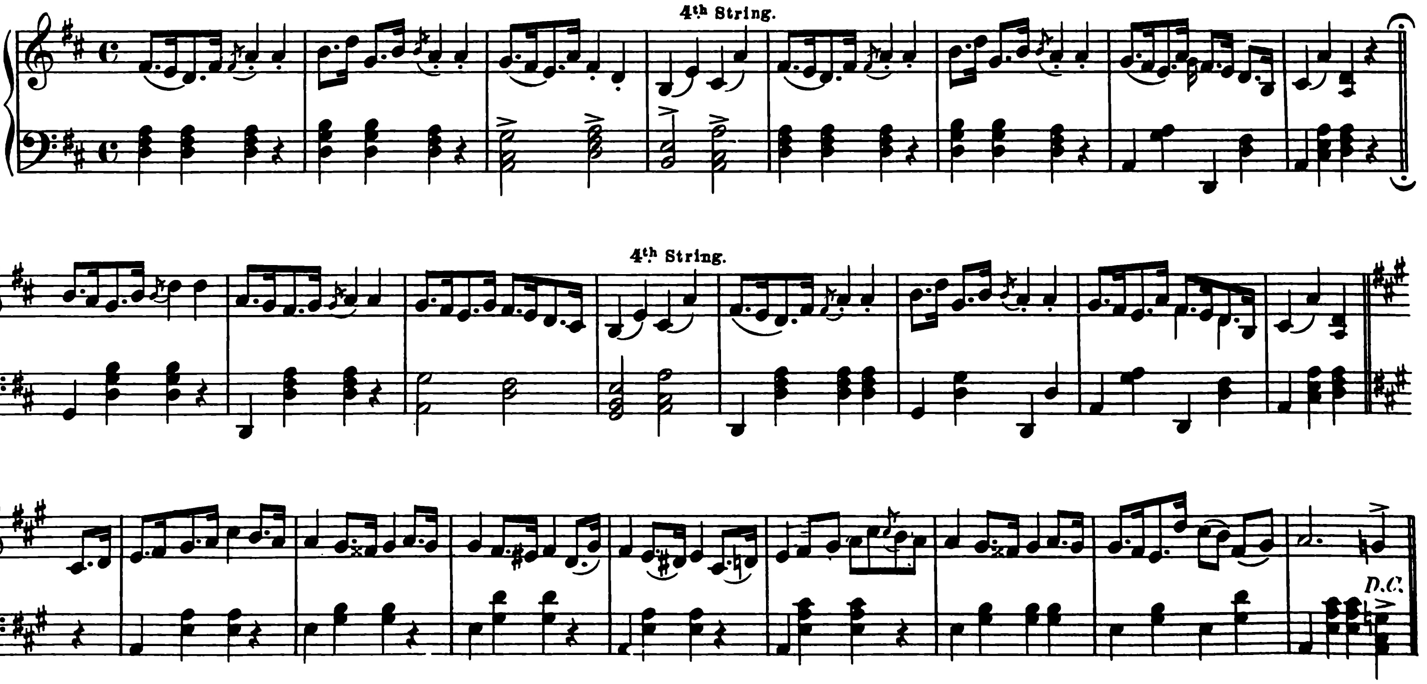
The blue sea dances to the wind,
An' bairnies a' are good an' kind,
When wi' a partner to their mind,
They dance the Highland Schottische, O.

Sweet wild flowers play at jingo-ring,
The ivy roun' the oak doth cling,
The lark on high maun sweetly sing
Notes for the Highland Schottische, O.

Sae I maun follow Nature's plan
Wi' honest heart, dance when I can,
Haud high my head, an' be a man!
An' dance the Highland Schottische, O.

Welcome, Mr Martin.

SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

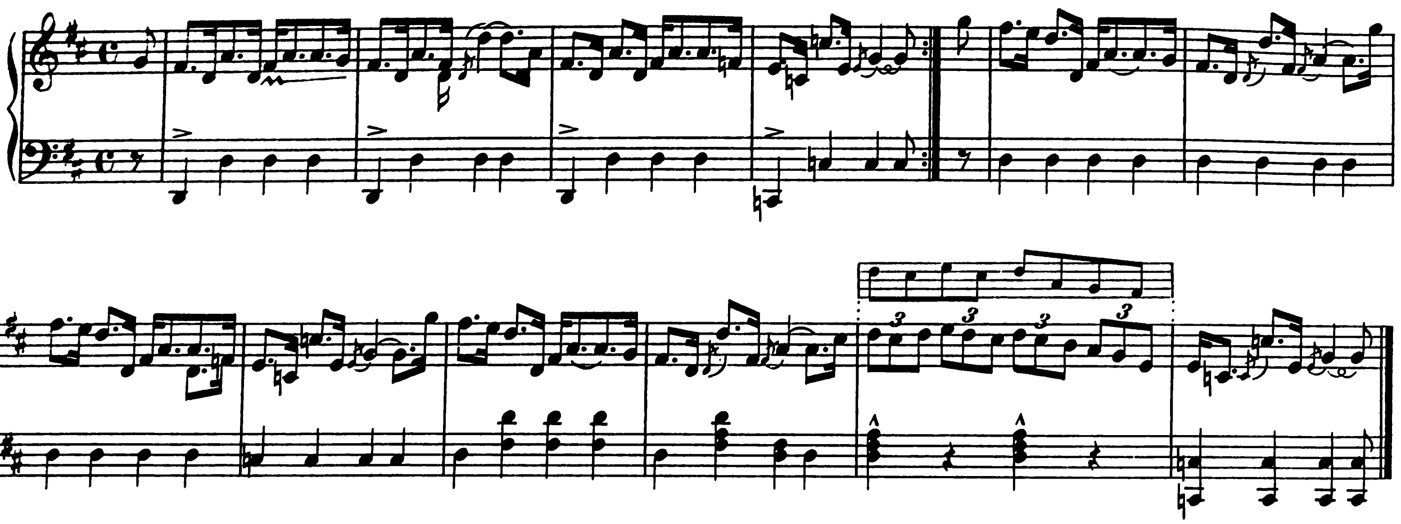


The Strong Man O'Drum.

(To G. DAVIDSON. Athlete.)

STRATHSPEY OR REEL.*

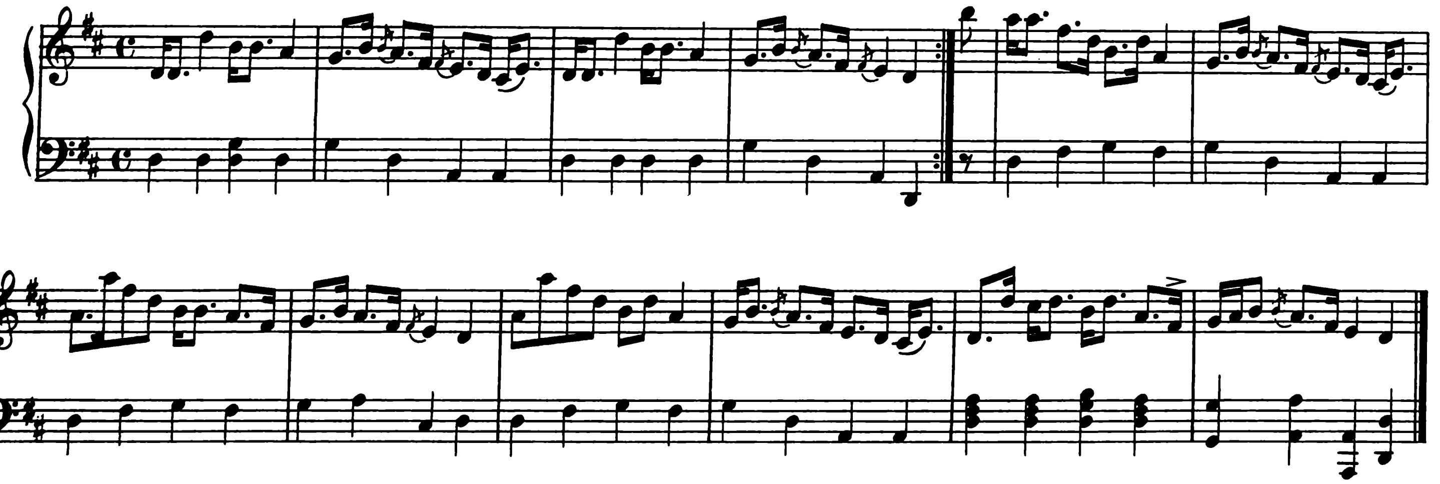
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Kinlochewe.

STRATHSPEY.

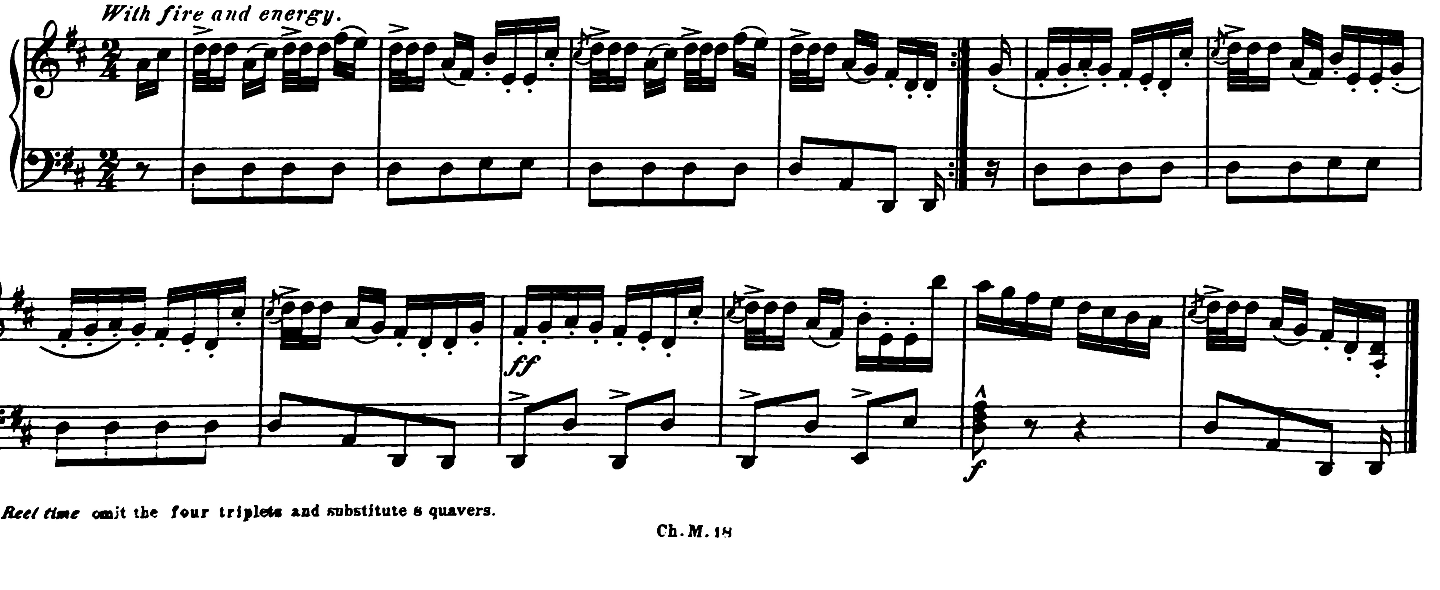
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Sandy Skinner.

REEL.

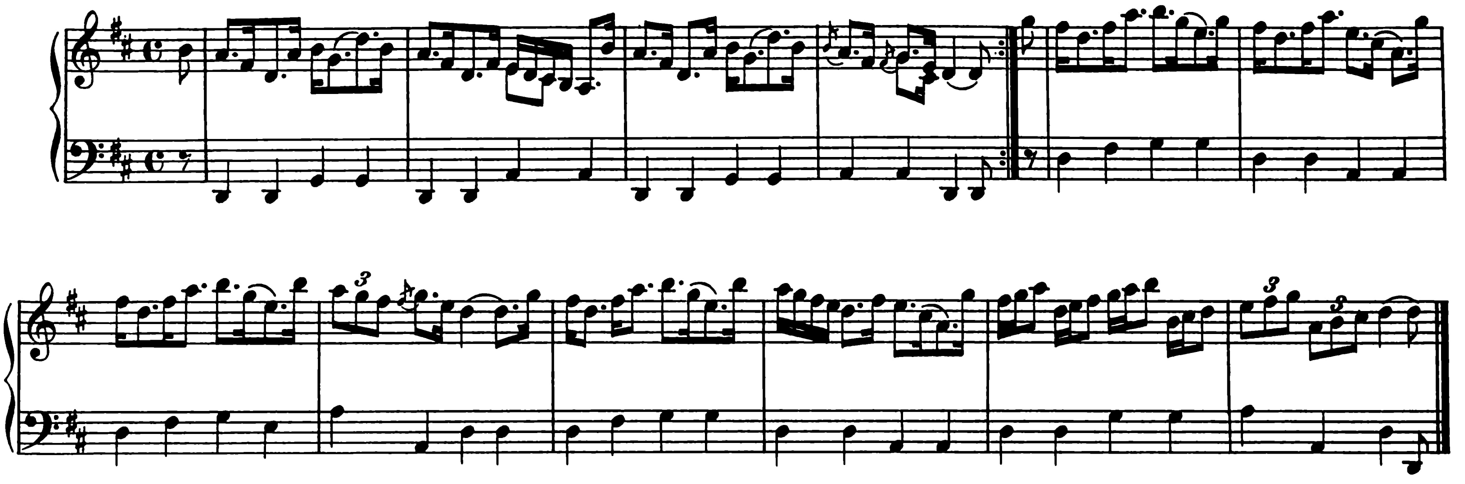
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



*In *Reel time* omit the four triplets and substitute 8 quavers.

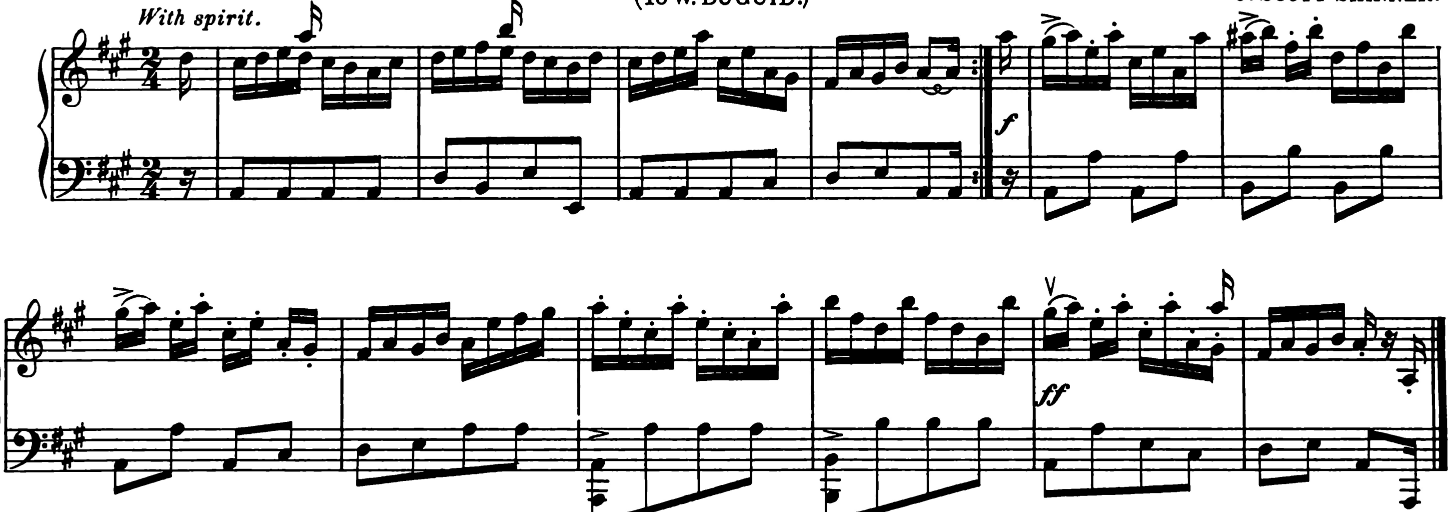
Jamie Russell.

STRATHSPEY. (Huntly.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



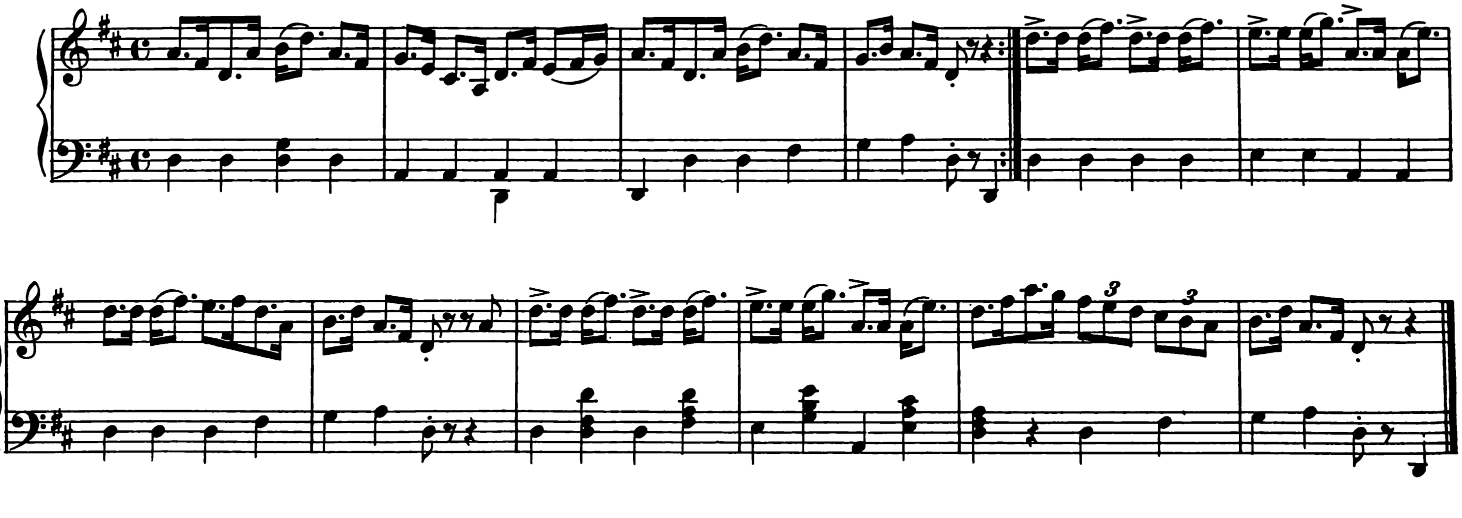
The Tay Brig.

REEL. (To W. DUGUID.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Pull the Beastie's fit.

LILTING STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

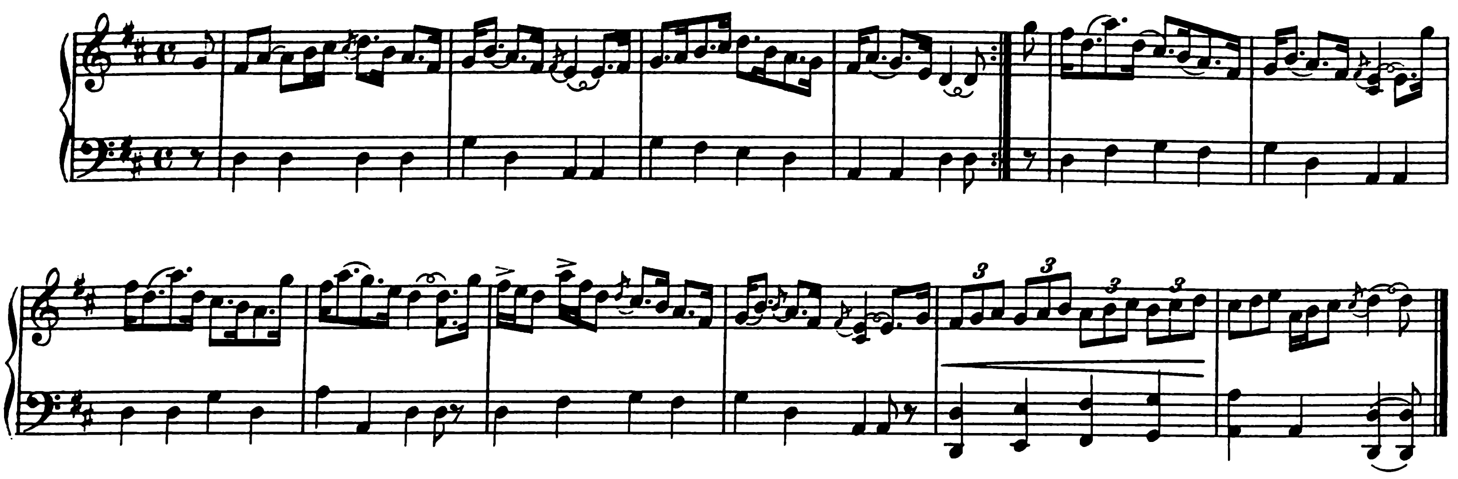


Coull o' Newe.*

(COLQUHONY.)

SCHOTTISCHE OR STRATHSPEY.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

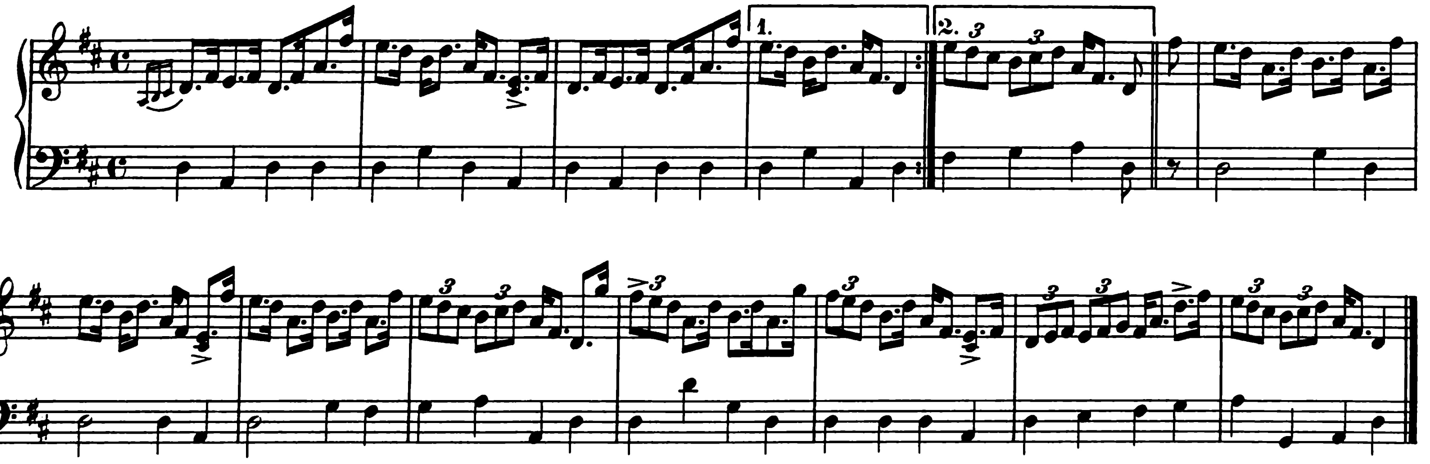


Flora's Frolics.

STRATHSPEY.

(To Miss FLORA MACDONALD BARCLAY. Keith.)

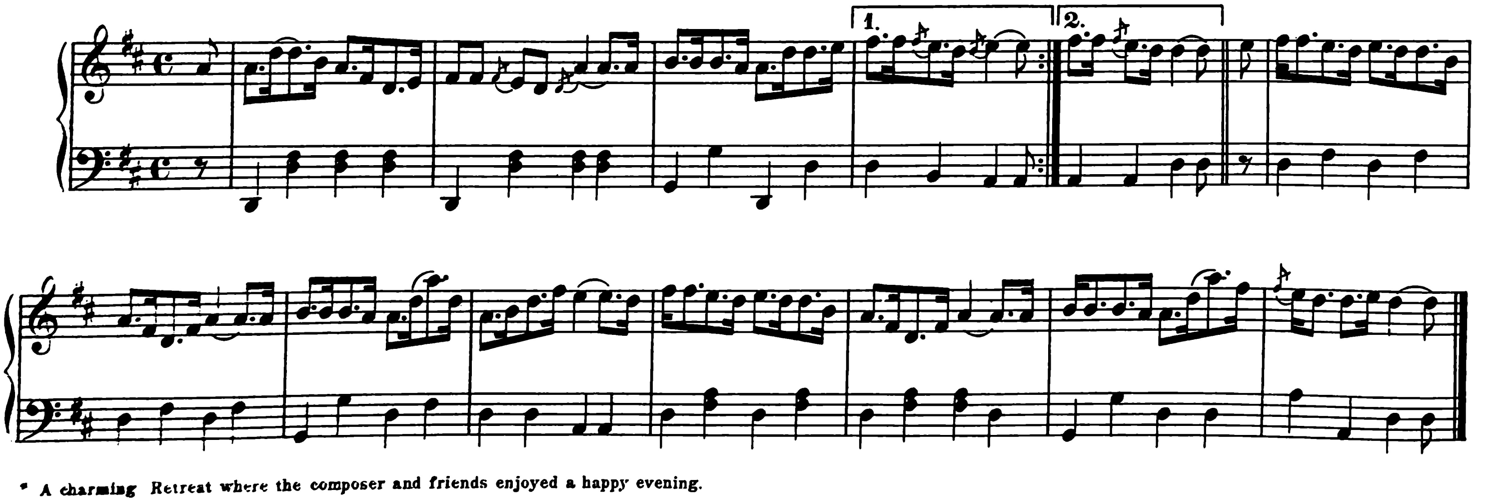
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



I Winna Gang Tae Bed The Nicht, I Canna' Sleep Ava.

STRATHSPEY OR AIR.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

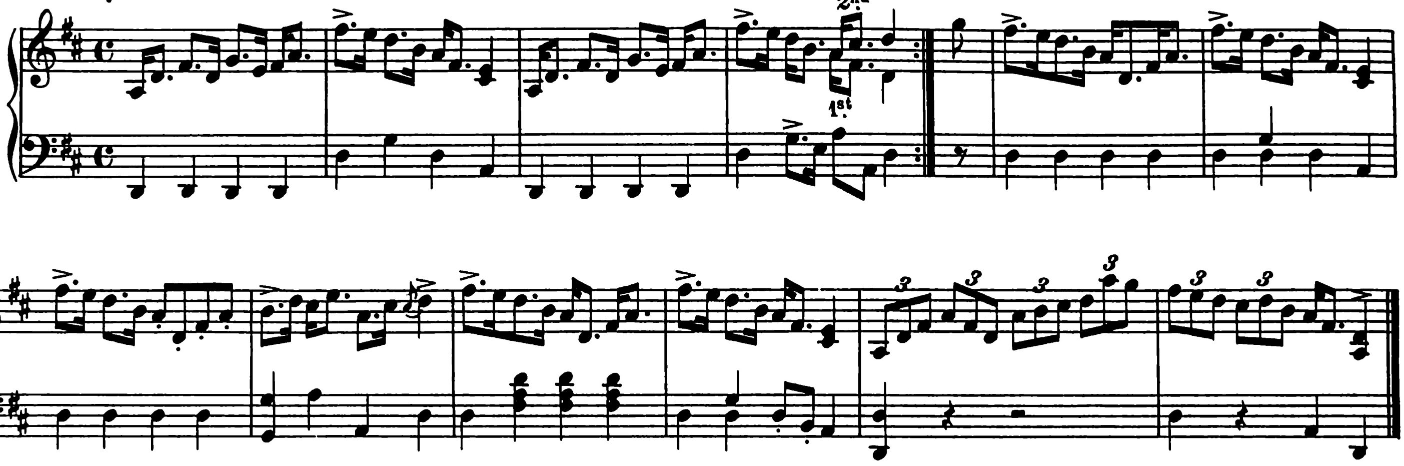


* A charming Retreat where the composer and friends enjoyed a happy evening.

Donald Dinnie.

Words by W. D. J.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Ken ye muckle Donald Dinnie?
Scotia's champion athlete!
At the caber, weights, an' hammer,
Never yet was Donald beat.

Likewise he can putt an' wrestle—
Ay! wi' ony in the ring;
Foot the boards at Ghillie Callum,
Hullichan, an' Highland Fling.

Donald, fain to see aboot him,
Sailed across the bounding sea,
Jist to shaw oor Yankee brethren
What auld Scotia's sons could dee.

Up amang the Rocky Mountains,
Whan across in Yankeeland,
There wi' Ross he did forgather,
Wha at first maist him unmanned.

But when aince he gat his gardies
Roun' aboot the buirdly chiel,
On his back he gart him wallop,
Till he yaghiesed—heid an' heel.

Victory in Donald's favours
Vera soon declared was
By the mengie; while the valleys
Loodly echoed the applause.

Syne he left the Rocky Mountains
For Australia's leafy booers,
Her athletes to gie a tastin'
O' his great athletic pooers.

Miller there he did encounter,
Wha for him was on the watch;
But he shortly fand oor hero
Fully mair for him than match.

Donald he was bred an' nurtured
Up amang the wilds o' Dee—
In the land o' bane an' muscle,
Whaur the breezes wanton free.

Girt wi' sturdy independence!
(Emblem o' oor Scottish race);
Hardy as the Highland heather
That surrounds his native place.

Would he were again amang us,
Wi' his kilt an' bonnet blue;
For at a' oor Highland gatherin's
Sairly dae we miss him noo.

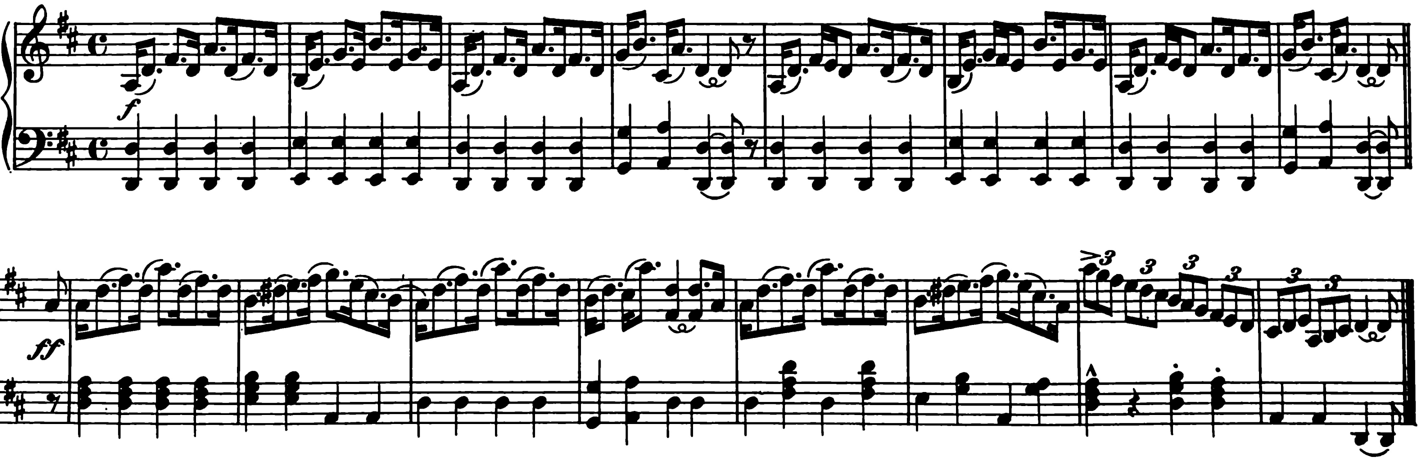
Lang may Donald's brawny muscles
Yet ha'e pith to putt and wield
Caber, stane, an' heavy hammer,
On the Scotch athletic field.

The Miller's Rant.

(To Mr JAMES MACDONALD. Meal dealer, Elgin.)

STRATHSPEY.

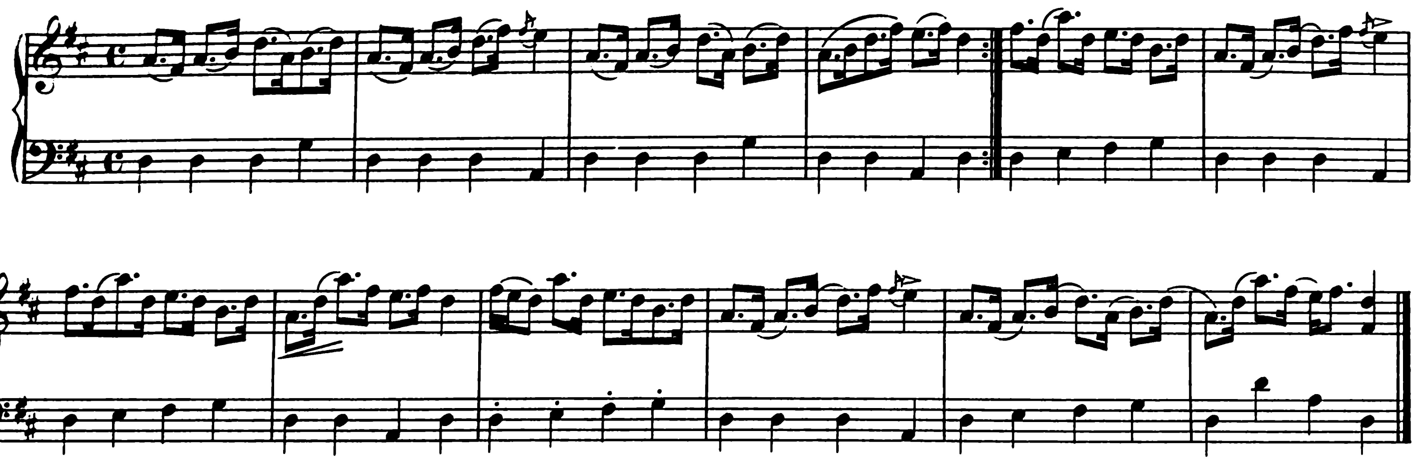
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Inverurie.

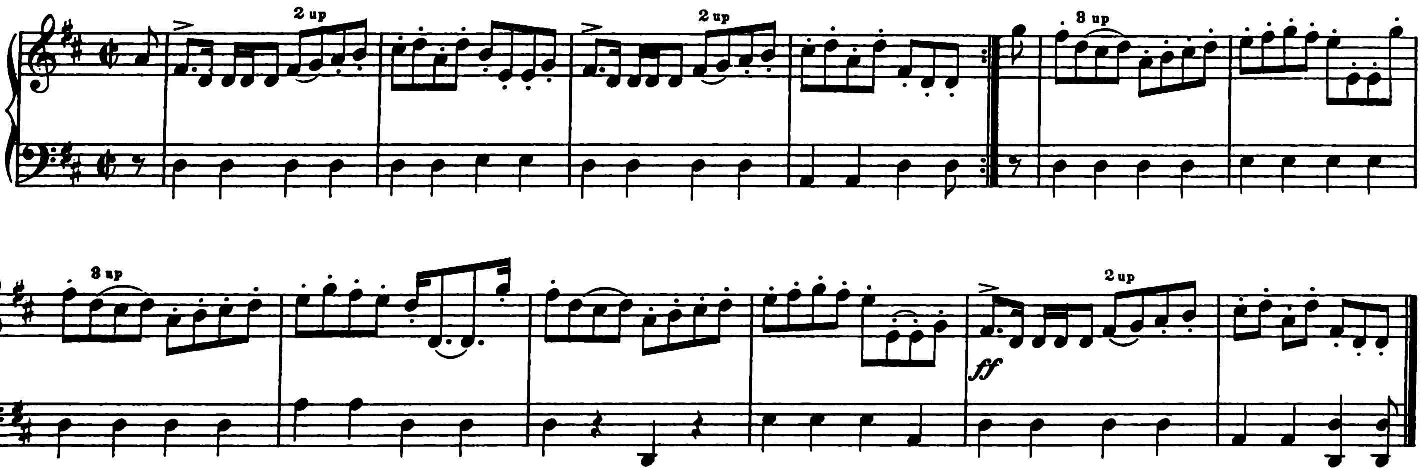
(To Miss WALKER Mount Pleasant.)

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Spinning Wheel.

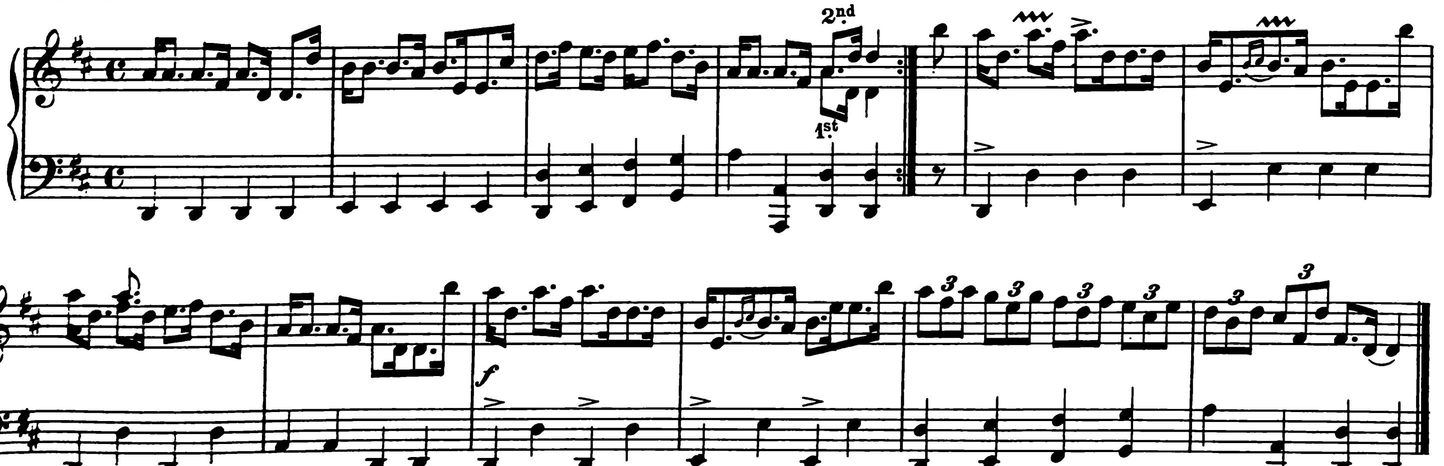
STRATHSPEY OR REEL. (To Mrs FITZPATRICK. Keith.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Dandaleith.

(To J. CRUICKSHANK.)

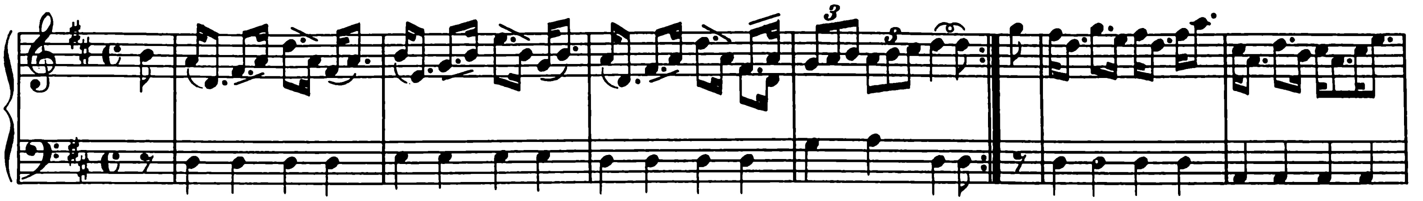
SCHOTTISCHE OR STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

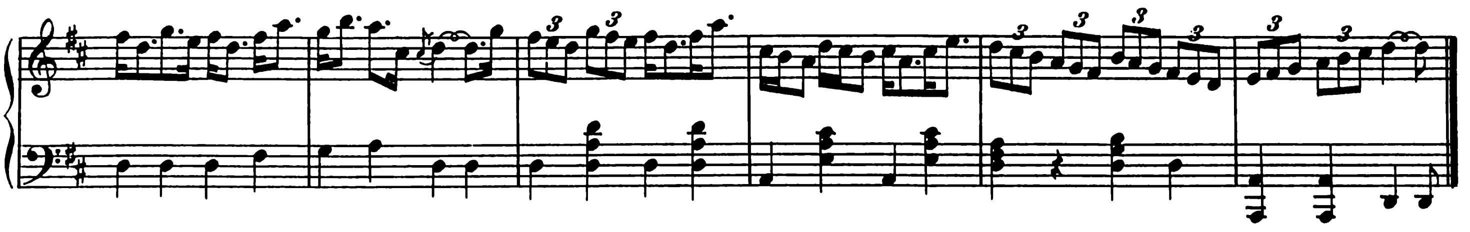


Mary Jane Davie.

(Portsoy.)

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

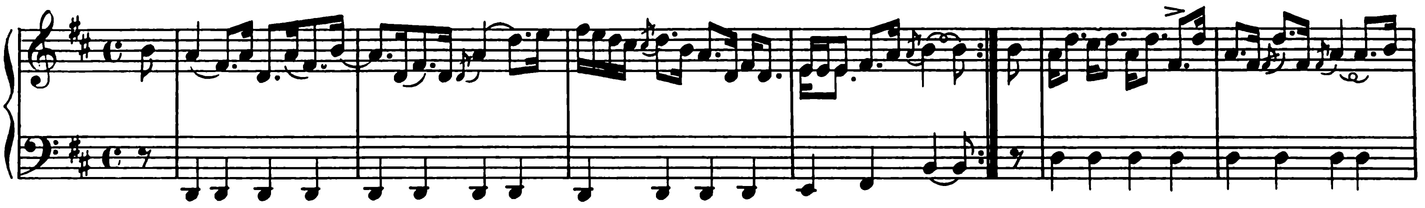


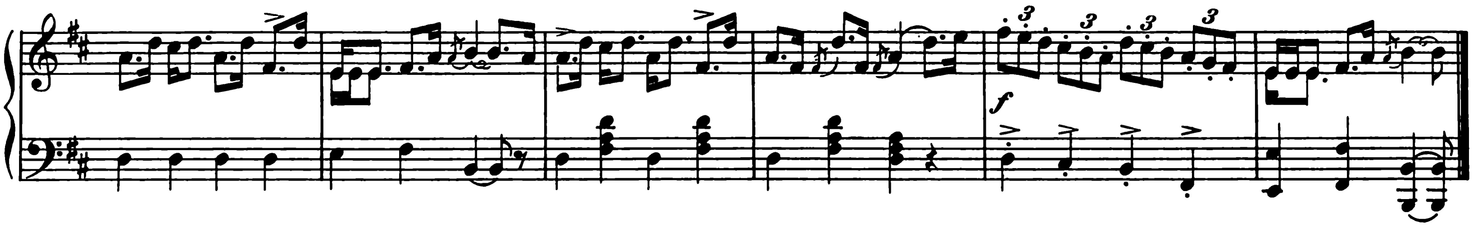


Balmenach.

(To JOHN MAC GREGOR.)

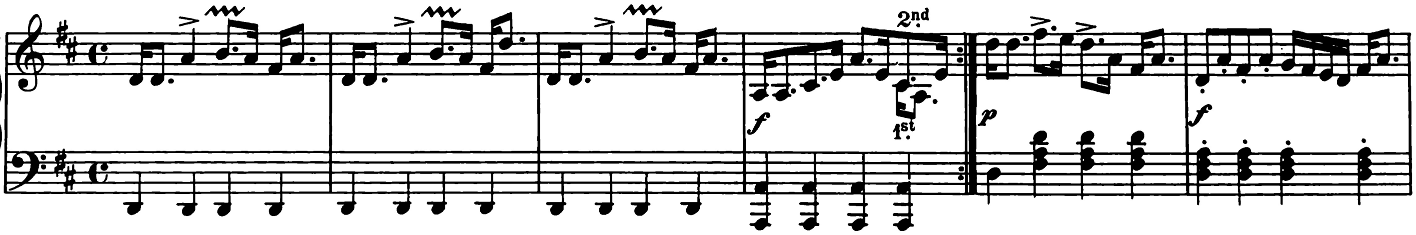
SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

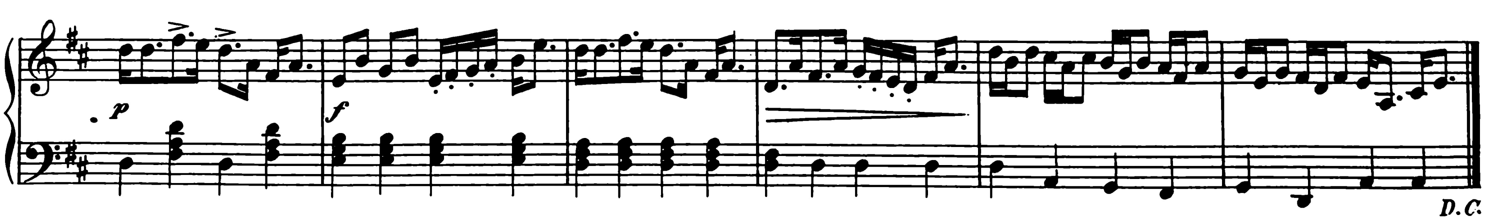




Hattonburn.*

DANCING STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



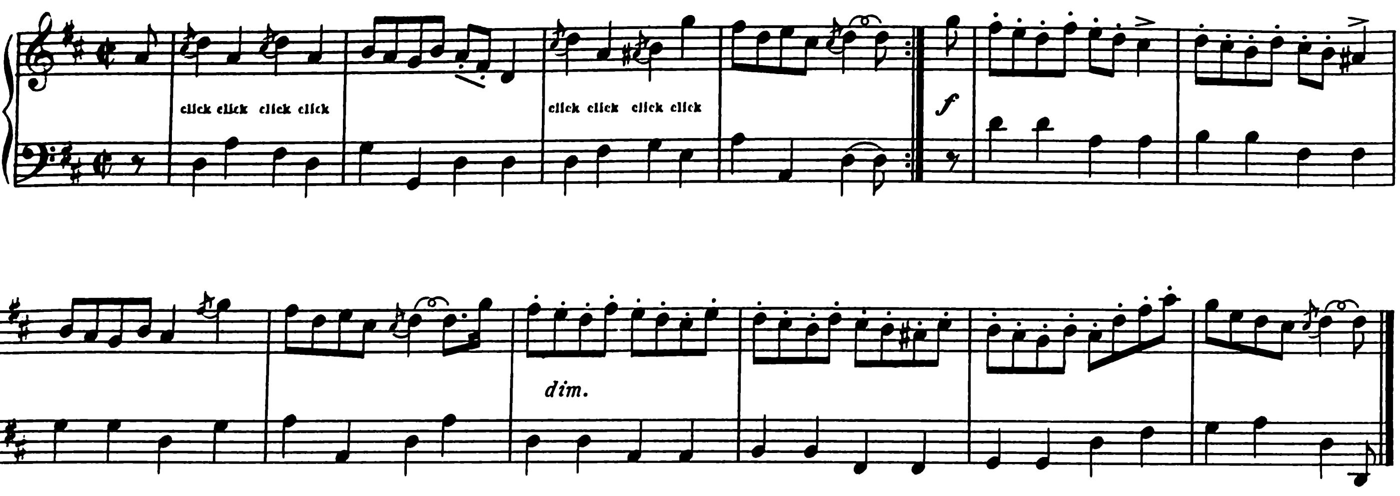


D.C.

*Where the Miller o' Hirn died.

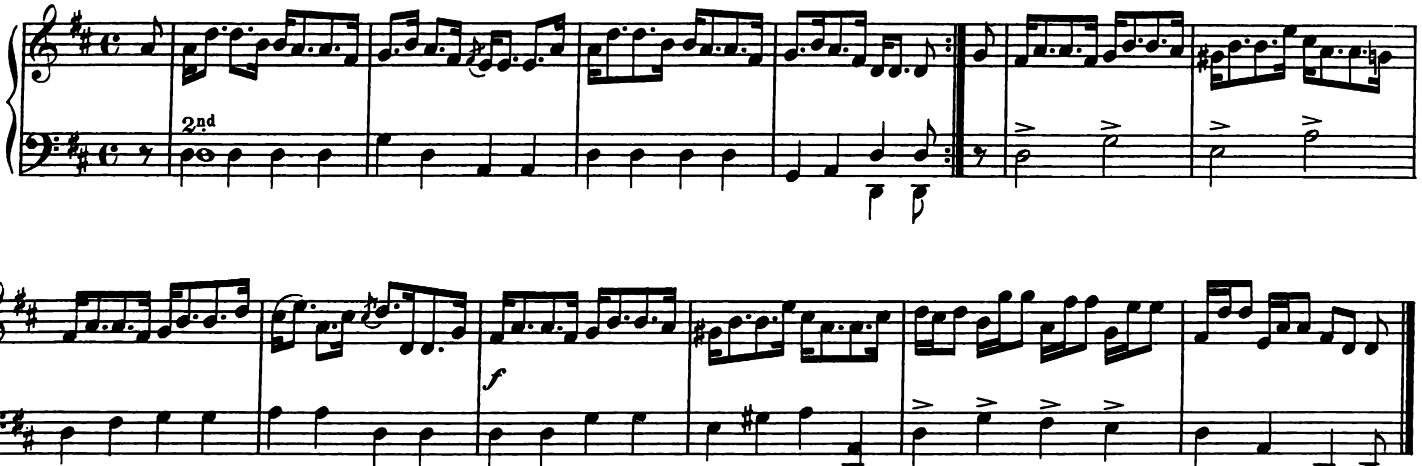
The Alford Weaver.

REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



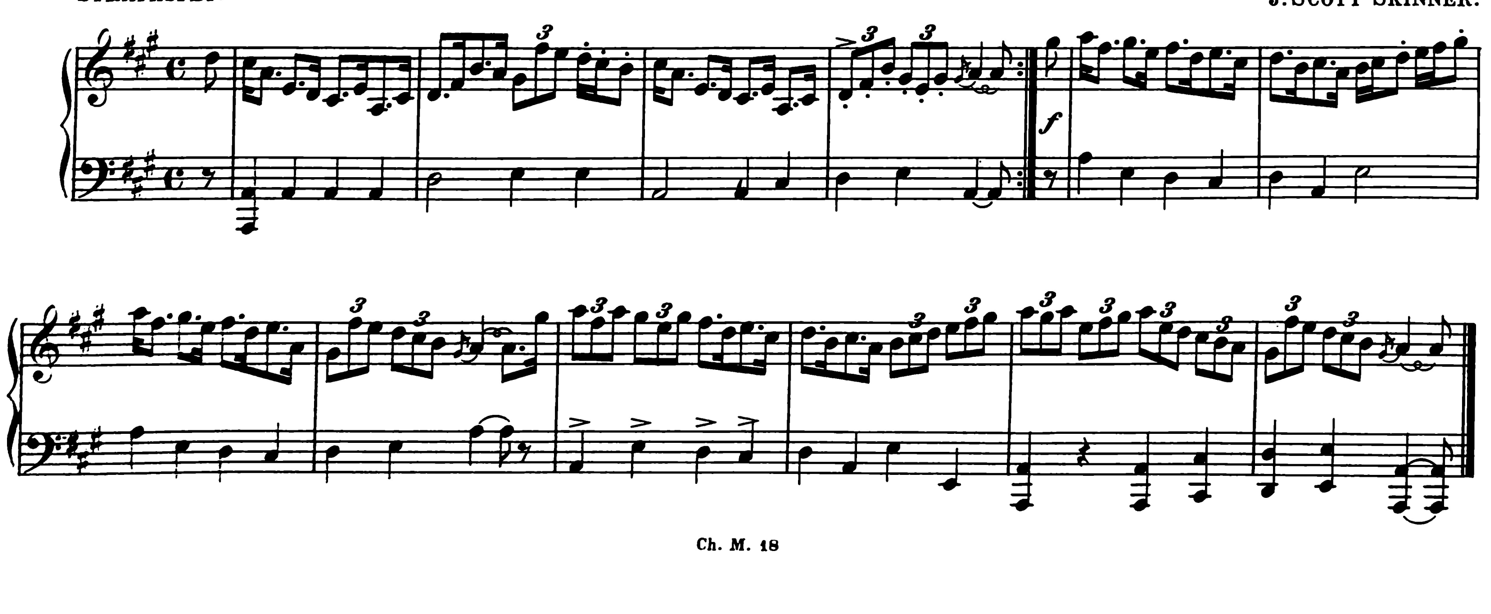
The Doggie.

SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Forbes Morrison.

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

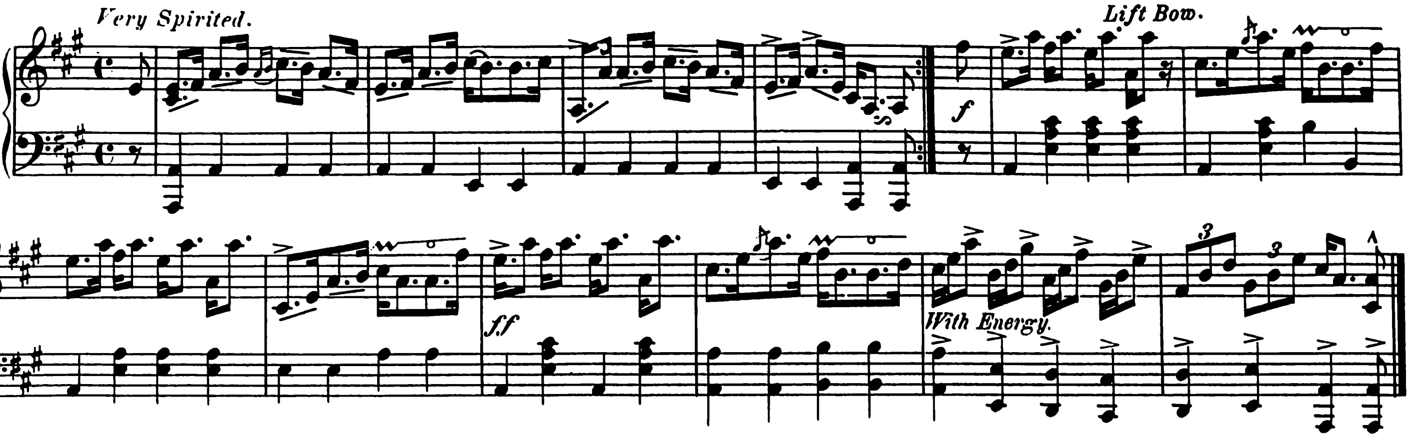


Bogniebrae.

(To JOHN MACGREGOR.)

SCHOTTISCHE.

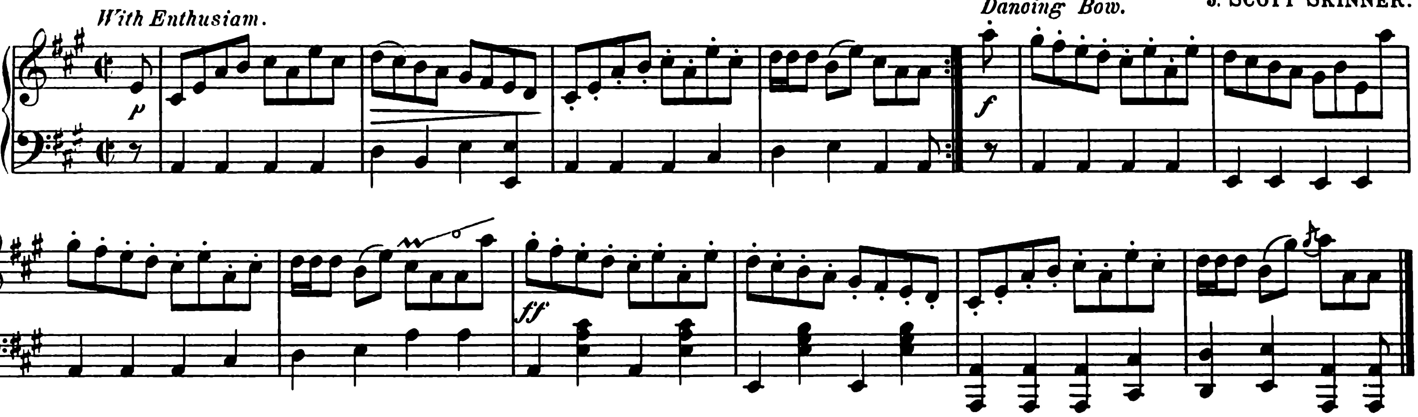
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Burn o' Forgue.

REEL.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



As we cam' ower the Fourman Hill,
And down by Pennyburn, O—
We daunder'd in to Bogniebrae
To mak' a brief sojourn, O.
I rang the bell and bade the lass
Produce the real MACGREGOR, O!
She brought a gillie and a glass,
And slyly named the figure, O!

Quo' I, "my meanin' ye've mistaen,
Tho' ye be brisk and clever, O—
I thocht o' MACS there was but *ane*
At "Bogniebrae for ever O"
She up the stair, like ony hare,
And chappit at the closet, O—
A cheery voice cried,"Wha goes there?"
"*Twa fiddlers needin' rozit, O!*"

MACGREGOR entered hale an' soun',
'Twas mair than I expeckit, O—
For Death was lately prowlin' roun',
And nearly had him sneckit, O!
But MAC gaed jinkin' roun' a neuk,
And death loot sic an ettle, O,
That on a stane he smashed his heuk,
As gin't had been pot-metal, O.

"Noo, hae ye prentit that braw tune,
Ye made to me so flisty, O,
The fame o't's filled the Kingdom* roun',
Fae Ythan to Comisty, O?"
"Come up the stair, an' gies yer crack,
I'm sairly pleased to see ye, O,
And onything that ye can tak'
Richt glad I'll be to gie ye, O!"

"Rin, Janet, mak' a cup o' tea,
And lay the table dainty, O—
They's hae a Hielan welcome here—
MACGREGOR *aye has plenty O!*"
"For Skinner's sic a hearty chiel,
And Gramin sings so sweetly, O—
I canna dee but like them weel—
They've won my hairt completely, O!"

MACGREGOR'S tea was strong and fine,
His cakes were crisp and crumpy, O,
Just like my mither's bake langsyne,
When I was but a stumpie, O,
We loodly praised Miss Janet's brew,
And relished ilka suppie O,
But downricht ecstacy we drew
Fae oot the hinmost cuppie, O.

"I'm prood, my freens, to ha'e ye a'
Within my humble biggin', O;
But gin we dinna canny ca'
We'll sune be through the riggin', O!"
"Here's to ye, sirs—join han's a roun',—
Forget ye I sall never. O,
As lang's my lugs can hear the soun'
O' 'Bogniebrae for ever O!"

"And noo I houp ye'll gie's a spring,
To set oor taes a-twitchin', O—
I'll dance auld Skinner's Hielan Fling,
Though I sud brak my britchin, O."
Thus BOGNIE spak', and in a crack
The eatables were liftit, O—
The floor was cleared, and up a hack
The chandelier was shiftit, O.

"Come, Lizzie, rax the fiddle doon,
We'll hae 'THE LAIRD O' LOGIE', O—
His coach will soon be rattlin' roun'
The Castle o' Stra'bogie, O."
"I sair lament we canna hae
Anither o' the *Quorum*, O,
For he's the rival onyday
To John† o' Tullochgorum, O."

As this was said the laird's machine
Cam' dirlin' doon the causey, O—
And, smilin', there oor noble freen
Sat dignified and gaucie, O—
A hearty shak' to me and MAC,
A kindly grip to Gramin, O,
MACGREGOR welcomes LOGIE back
To taste his kippered salmon, O.

But noo the Laird o' Logie's coach
Cam' rum'lin' fae the stable, O;
We swore a stap we widna hotch—
We maybe wer'na able, O!
At length to MAC we said Adieu,
An' thocht it time to sever, O,
When a' the cocks in chorus crew—
"MACGREGOR! LIVE FOR EVER, O!!"

"Strik' up the tune o' 'Bogniebrae',
The masterpiece o' Skinner, O—
I hinna danced this mony a day
At sic a feerious binner, O!"
"And, Grannie surely ye've gane gyte,
Ye'll crack the ceilin' plaister, O;
I doot ye've hiddlins, ta'en a skyte
That's ettlin' to be maister, O!"

"Losh! 'Bogniebrae's' the tune for me—
I'm neither prood nor partial, O;
But stuff like that maun surely be
Nae far ahin wi' Marshall, O!"
"Noo! noo!! ye're at 'The burn o' Forgue',
Oor bonnie wee bit river, O,
That rins sae sweetly doon the howe,
By 'Bogniebrae for ever, O!'"

"Hech, how! I'm fairly oot o' breath,
Sic exerceese is risky, O;
Sit doon, my lads, and by my faith,
We'll cool oor tongues wi' whisky, O."
"Hi, lassie, fess the 'tappit hen',
And set her on the brodie, O;
The speens and glasses, tak' them ben,
Till we get *tartan* toddy, O!"

GRAMIN.

* The parish of Forgue is locally known as "The Kingdom."

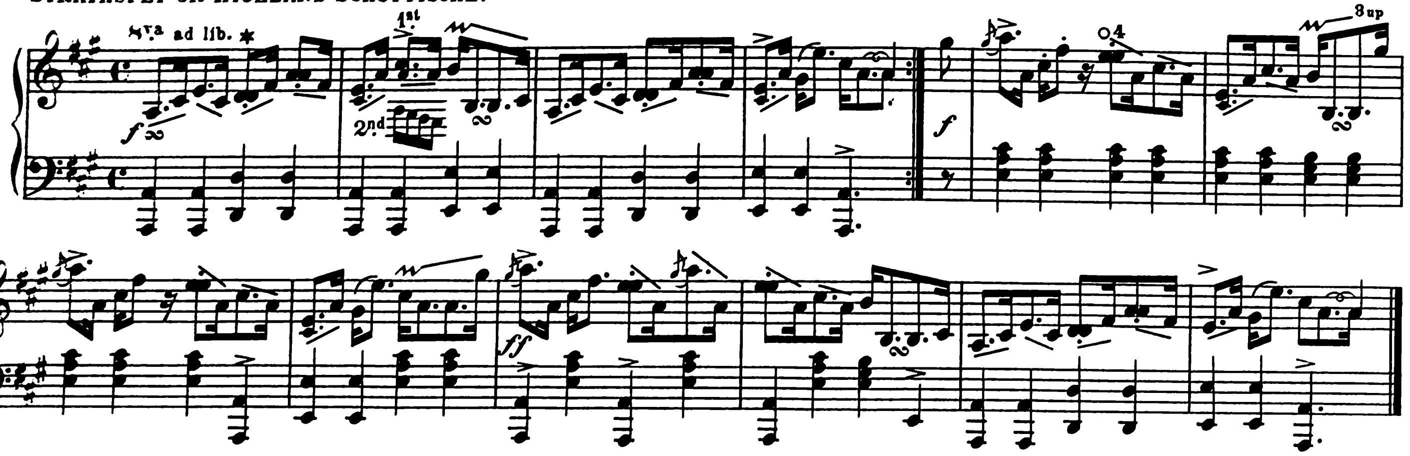
† Rev. John Skinner.

Glenlivet.

(To Major SMITH. Minmore.)

STRATHSPEY OR HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



SCOTT SKINNER'S made anither tune,
The very dirl o't reached the moon,
Till ilka lassie an' her loon
  Commenced the dance fu' frisky, O!
The burden o' the sang was this—
"We never felt sic Lunar bliss;
Anither reel, an' syne a kiss,
  Ower gude Glenlivet Whisky, O!"

The landlord o' the moon, quoth he,
"Auld bricks, let's ha'e a glorious spree,—
Hooch! Lunar blades, why sudna we,
  Like earth-born things, be frisky, O!
We'll drink Professor Blackie's health,
An' wish him muckle Gaelic wealth,
An' always get by groat or stealth
  The gallant Major's Whisky, O!"

Auld Sol, himsel', cam' dirlin' doon
To see his cronies in the moon;
They filled him bung-hole foo, an' soon
  His glorious disc got dusky, O!
For several days he didna' rise,
The planets grat ower his demise,
Till yestermorn, when up, he cries—
  "Hooray! for Hielan Whisky, O!"

The dog star whined a merry wake,
Wi' Orion's belt aboot his neck,
The Pleiades, for the Major's sake,
  For ance got jolly frisky, O!
The lang-tailed comet's ever free
That sometimes ca' on you an' me,
Like distant Herschel, sang wi' glee,
  Glenlivet's glorious Whisky, O!

Ere I left Luna, the ither night,
Ye may be sure, a bonny wicht,
They sang tae me wi' a' their micht,
  Sae blythesome bold, an' frisky, O!
"Lang may it reek, the Major's lum,
An' e'e-sair to teetotal scum;
Awa' wi' brandy, wine, an' rum—
  Sen' up the Major's Whisky, O!"

Oor noblest Templars, gin ye please,
Can tak' their whack, like me, wi' ease,
In Ettles' best, ower bread and cheese,
  Tho' feelin't rather risky, O!
E'en Patrick Murphy, dacent loon,
Wha's done sic good in ilka toon,
Sure wadna grudge, bedad, a croon,
  For good Glenlivet Whisky, O!

Freemasons! to the Major drink—
We daurna speak, but we can wink,
An', heaven be thankit, we can think,
  An', thinkin', feel richt frisky, O!
Lang may they thrive in stock an' store,
Balmenach, Craggan, an' Minmore,
An' I'll be up to ha'e a splore
  In gran' Glenlivet Whisky, O!

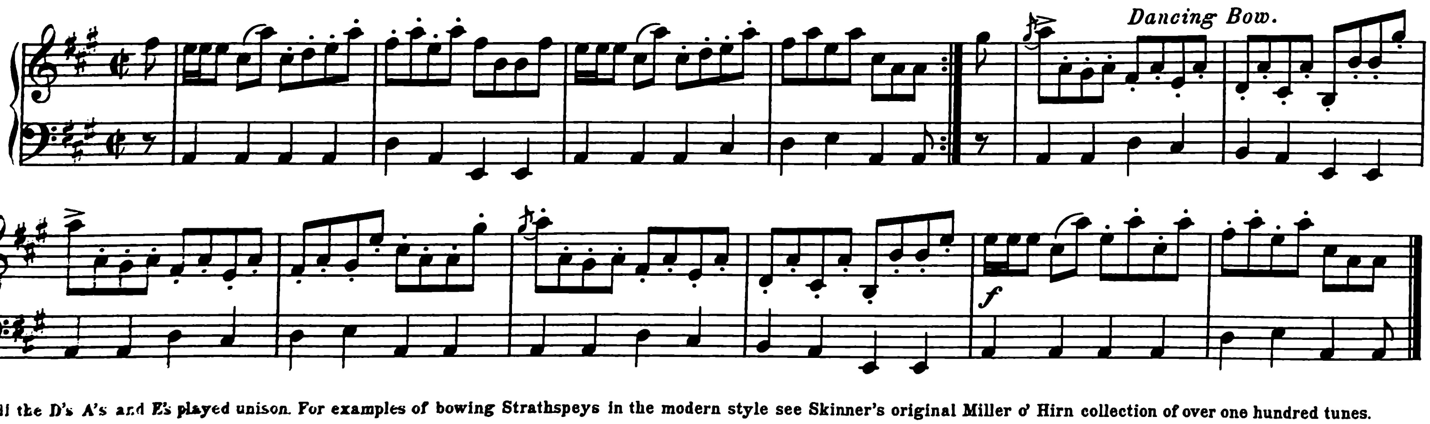
LA TESTE.

Dee Castle.

REEL.

(Respectfully dedicated to A. DINNIE.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

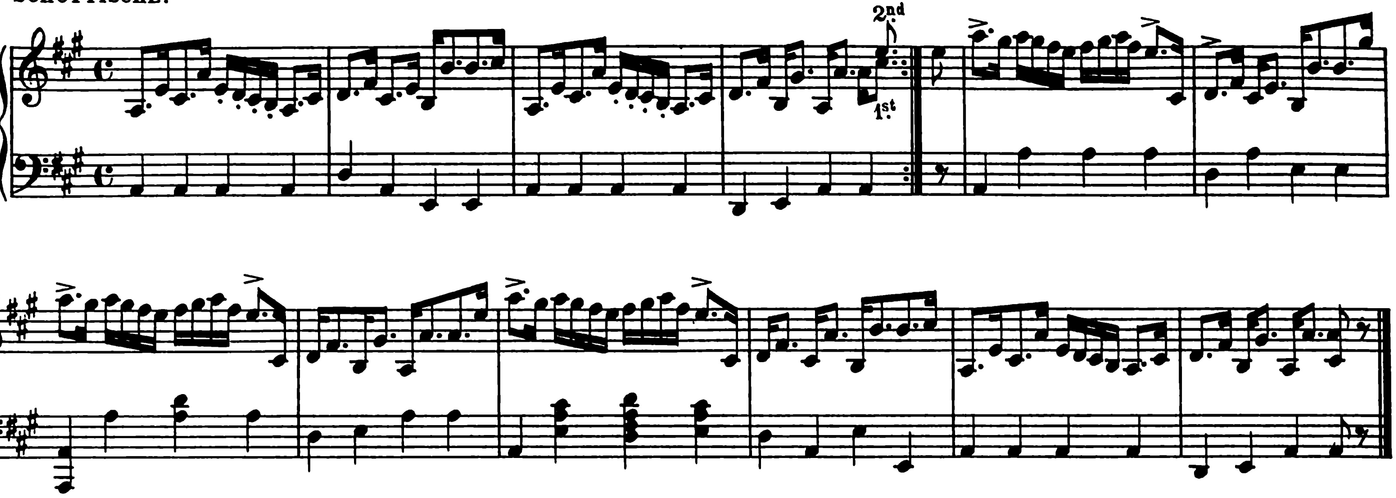


* All the D's A's and E's played unison. For examples of bowing Strathspeys in the modern style see Skinner's original Miller o' Hirn collection of over one hundred tunes.

The Laird's Kilt.

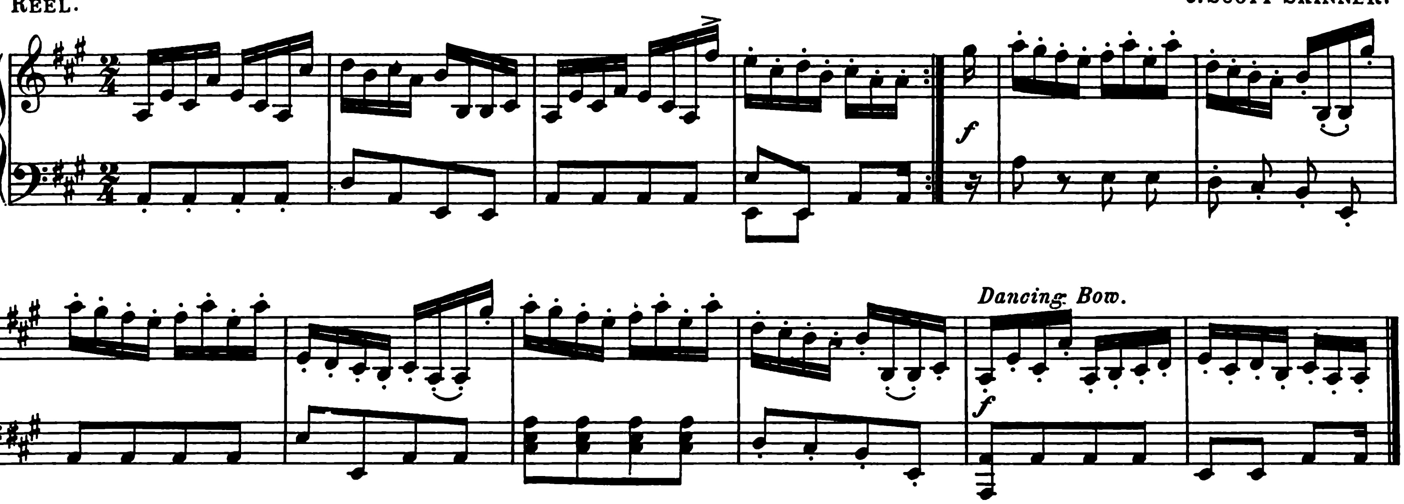
(To W. BARCLAY of LOGIE-MUIR.)

SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Oor Guidwife.

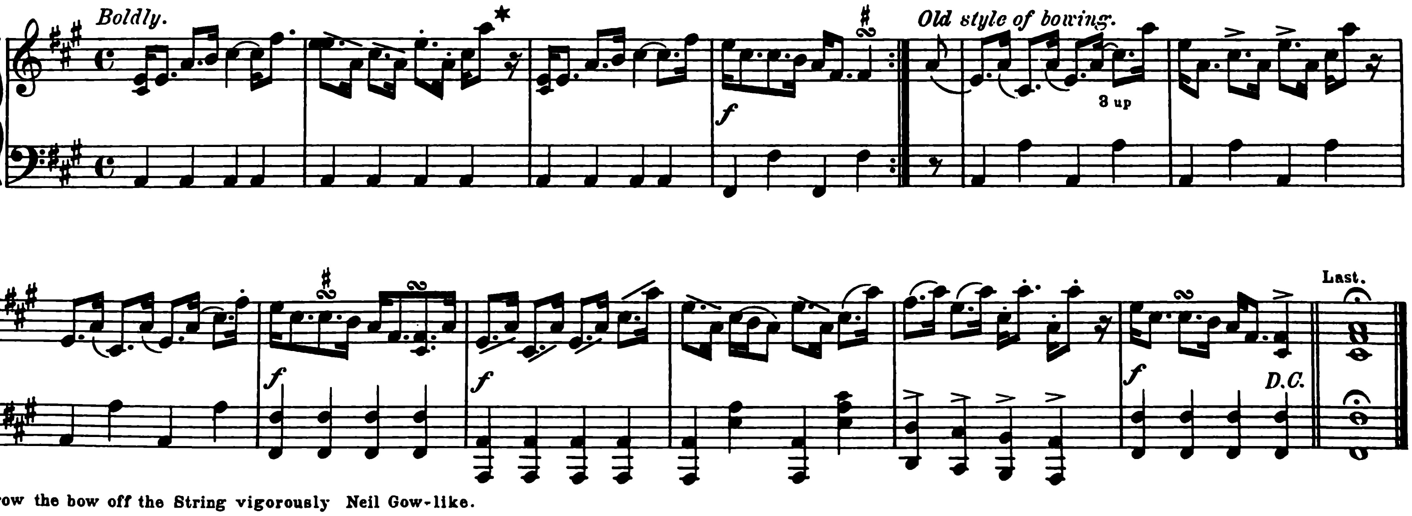
REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Jamie Mackintosh.

(Violinist. Dunkeld.)

HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



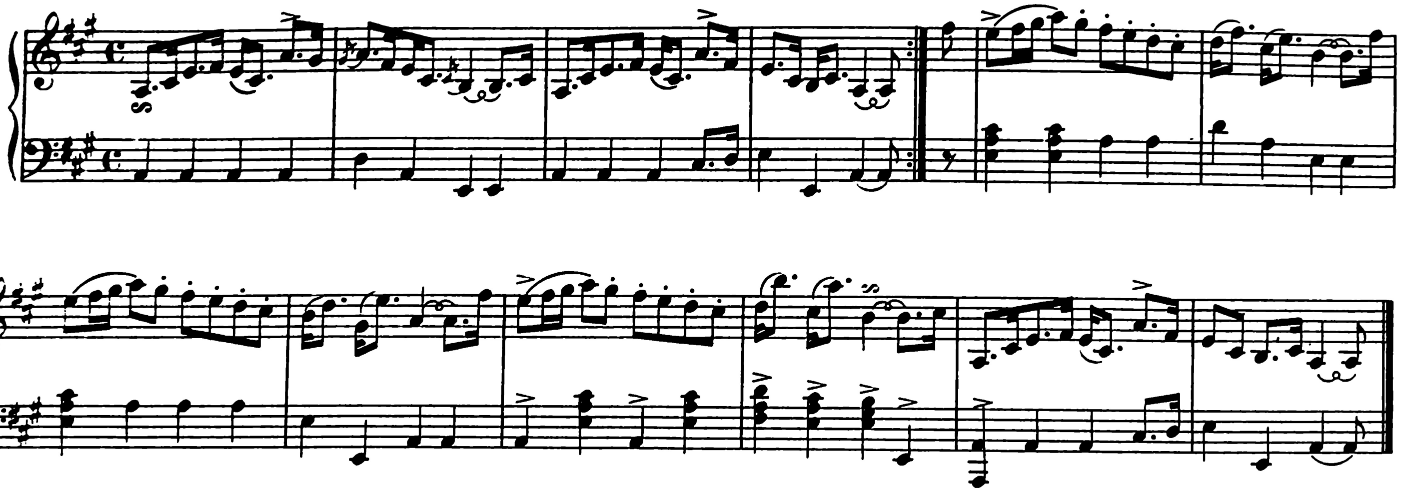
* Throw the bow off the String vigorously Neil Gow-like.

The Muir O'Logie.

(To Wm BARCLAY of LOGIE-MUIR.)

STRATHSPEY.

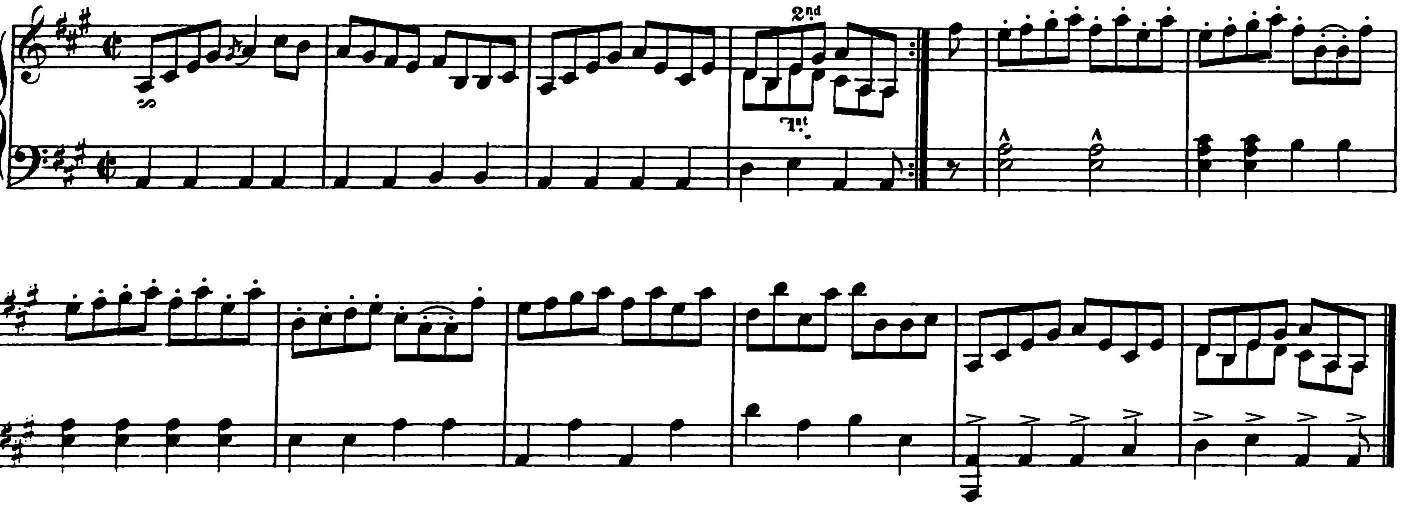
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Bishop's Mitre.

REEL.

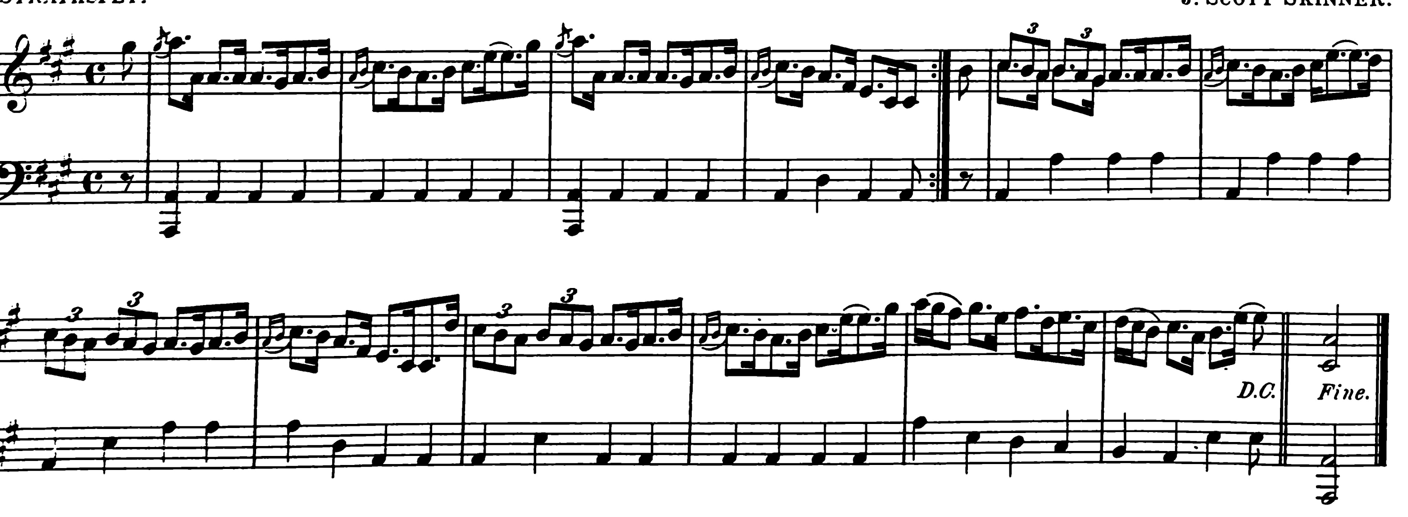
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Jamie Gray.

STRATHSPEY.

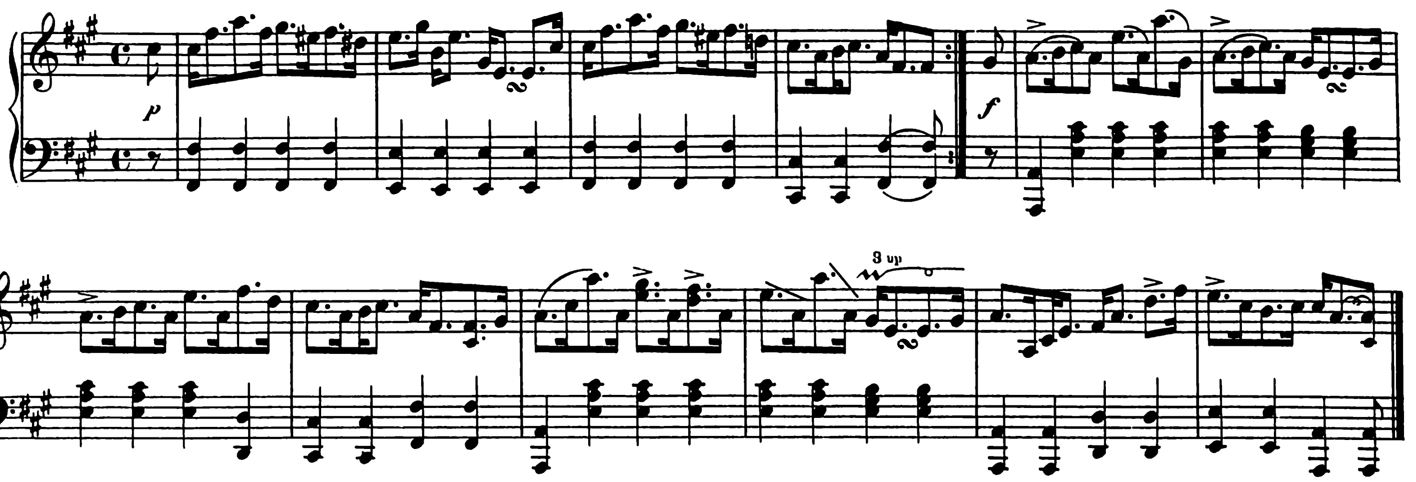
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Glentana.*

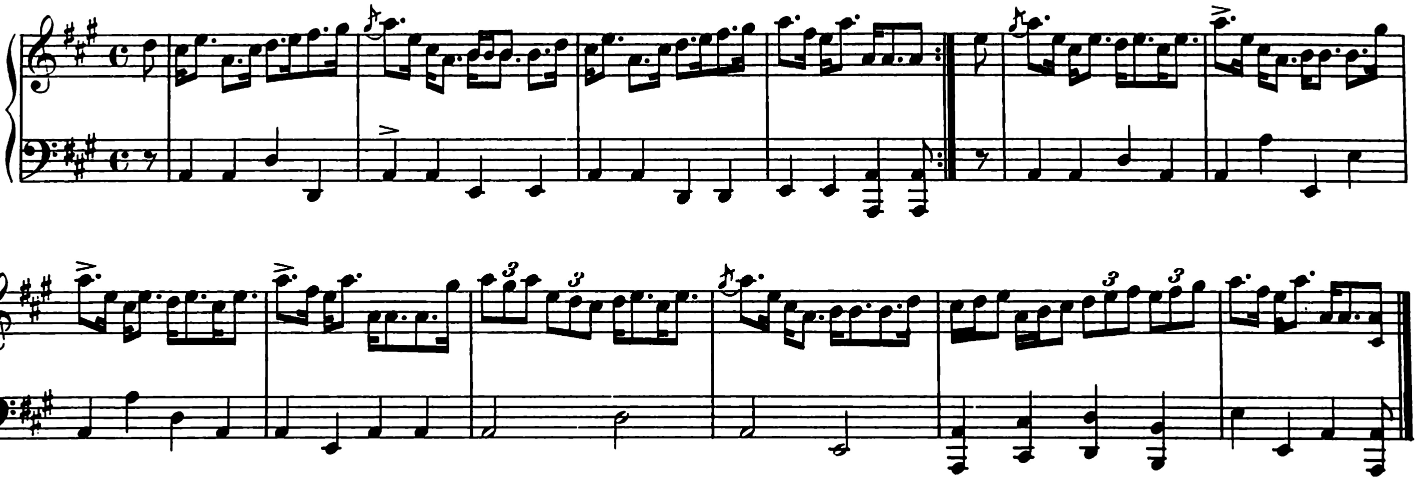
(To Lady BROOKS.)

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



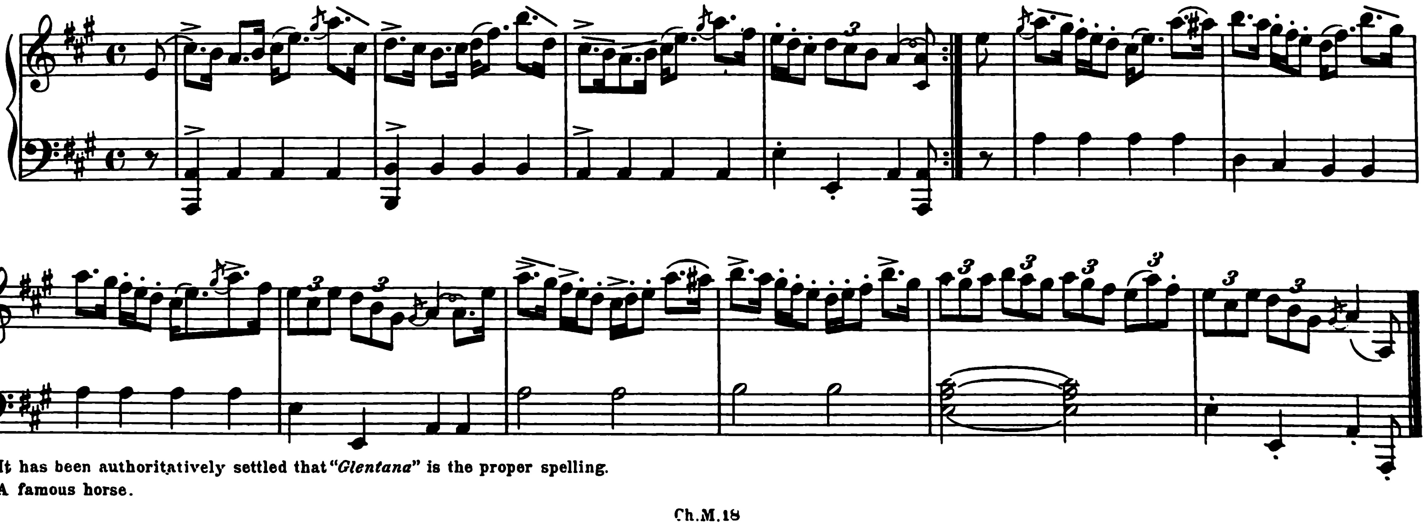
The Jolly Butcher.**

STRATHSPEY OR SCHOTTISCHE. (To W. S. ALSOPP, Inverurie.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Miss Lavinia Wallace.

STRATHSPEY. (Aberdeen.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



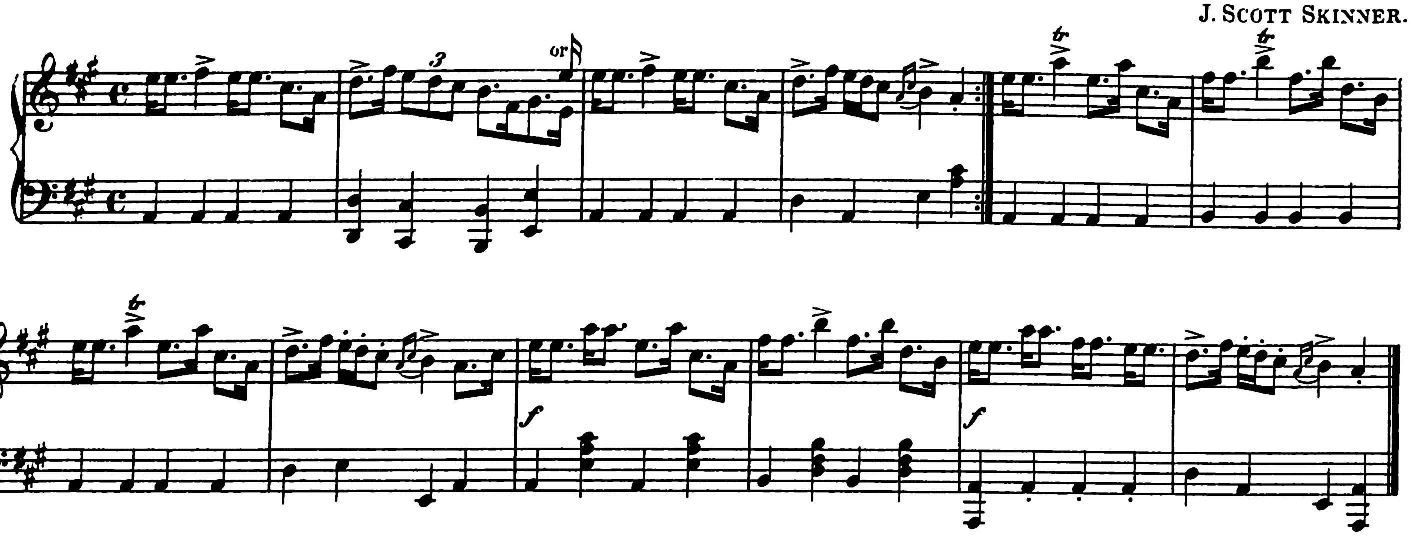
*It has been authoritatively settled that "*Glentana*" is the proper spelling.

**A famous horse.

Wee Rorie's Hielan' Fling.

(The Bank, Buckie.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

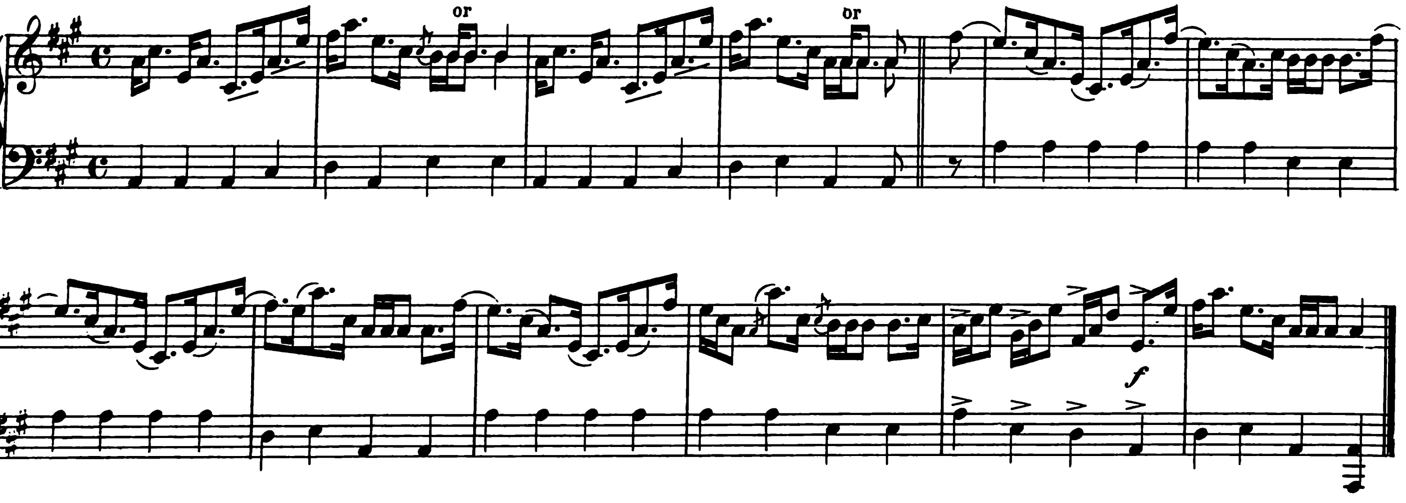


Katie's Birthday.

(To Miss BURGESS. The Bank, Gairloch.)

STRATHSPEY.

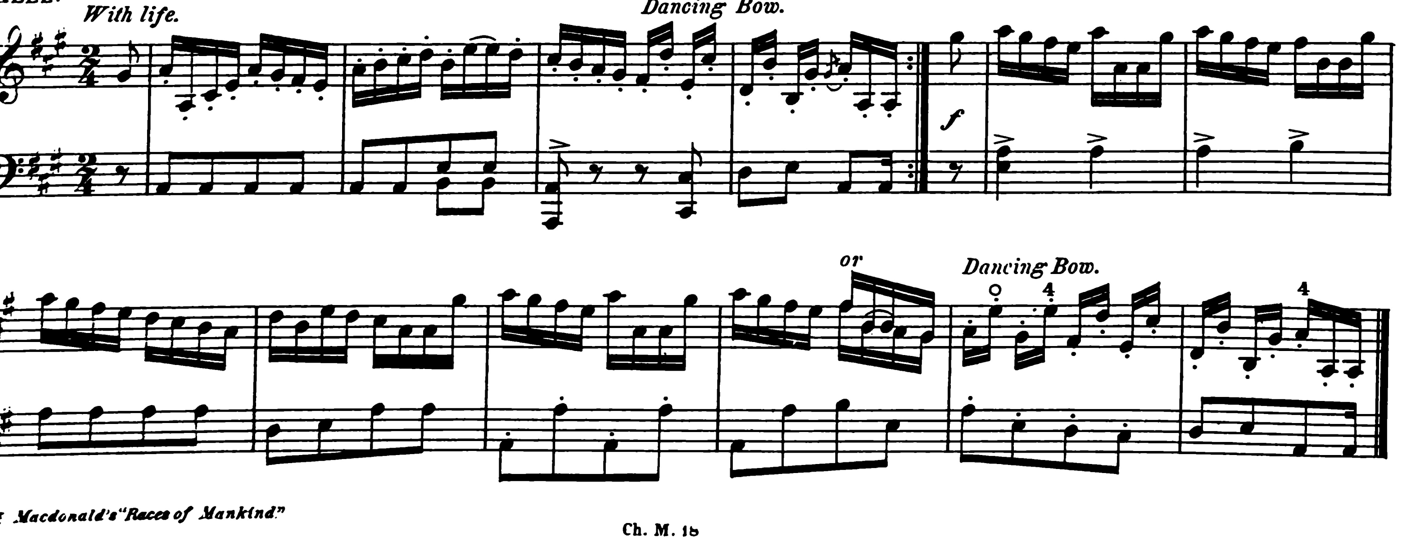
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Bonnygate Fiddler.*

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

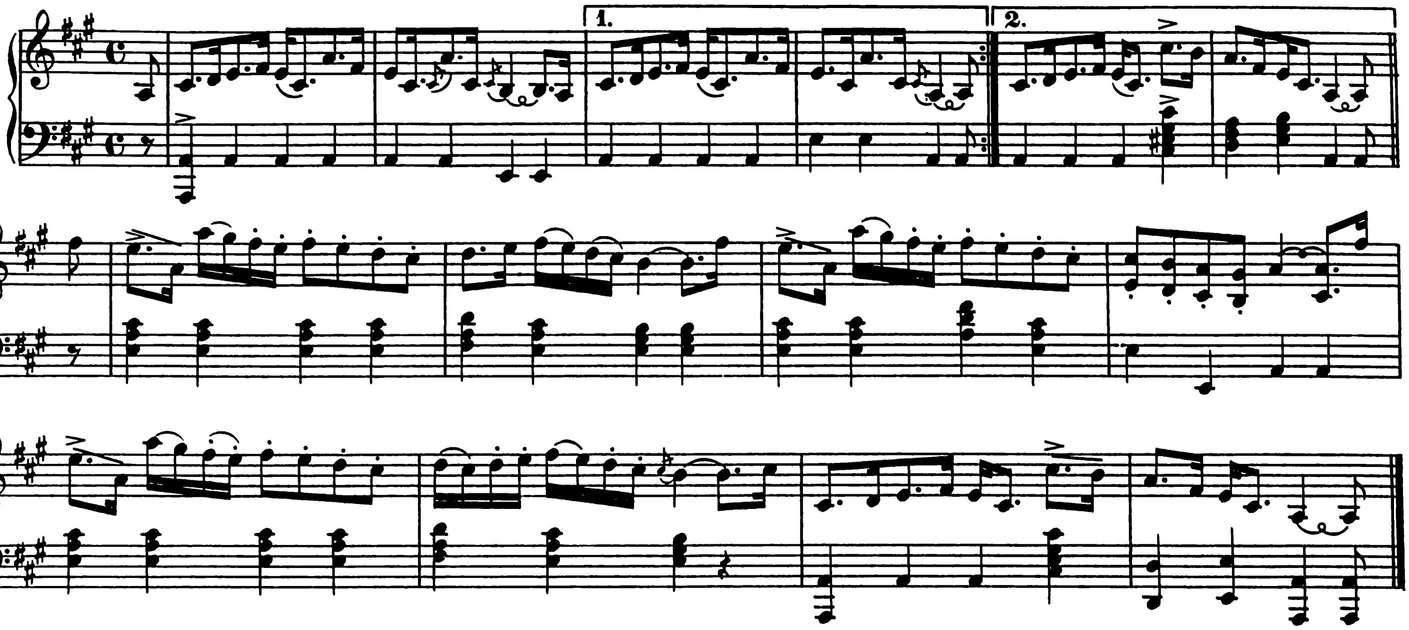
REEL.



*See Dr. Macdonald's "Races of Mankind"

Lord Reidhaven.

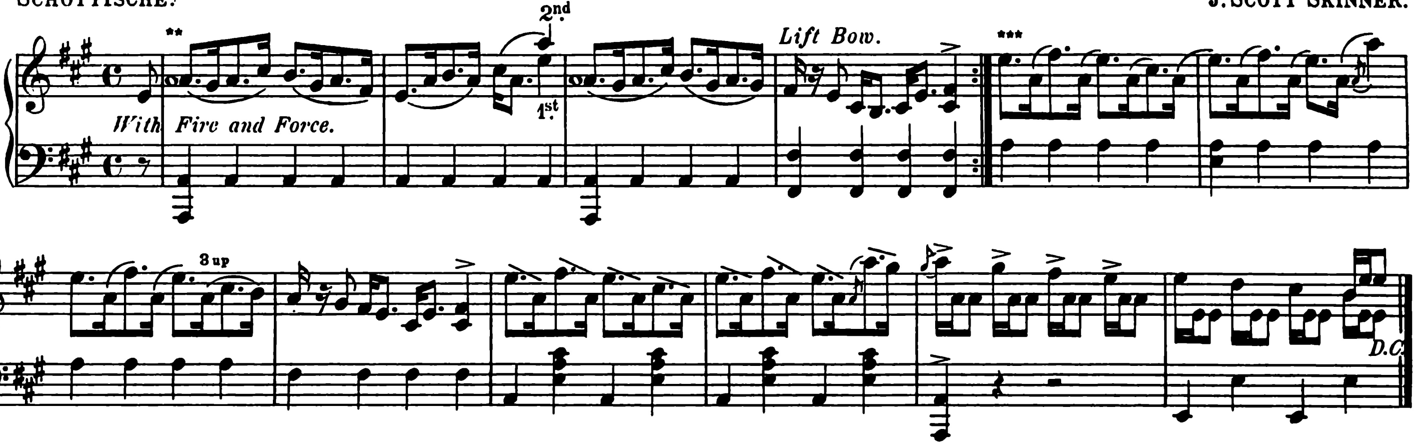
SOLO STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Hark! How Skinner's Fiddle Rings.*

(To Dr. MACDONALD. Compiler of "Skye Collection.")

SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



If your heart should faint or fail you,
  Striving sore and toiling long,
If the wasps of care assail you,
  Clear the way with dance and song;
Trample grief and gloomy notion
  Under foot in Highland flings,
Mirth is more than pill or potion,
  Hark! where Skinner's fiddle rings.

Has your dearest friend beguiled you?
  Wife or sweetheart looked askance?
Has the gossips' tongue reviled you?
  Drown the thought with song and dance.
Would you cure life's fret and canker
  Burning in the blood like stings?
Truce awhile to strife and rancour!
  Come, where Skinner's fiddle rings.

Let the learned wig and mitre
  Wrangle over right and wrong;
Would you make life's burden lighter,
  Clear the way with dance and song.
Man has more than rank or treasure
  When the heart within him sings,
Come where light feet beat the measure!
  Come, where Skinner's fiddle rings.

Would you hear the old strains pealing
  Strains that kindle or entrance,
Wild with mirth, or warm with feeling,
  Thrilling still in song or dance.
Hear, how Neil, the famous master,
  Swept with fire the sounding strings,
Till both heart and heel flew faster?
  Come, where Skinner's fiddle rings.

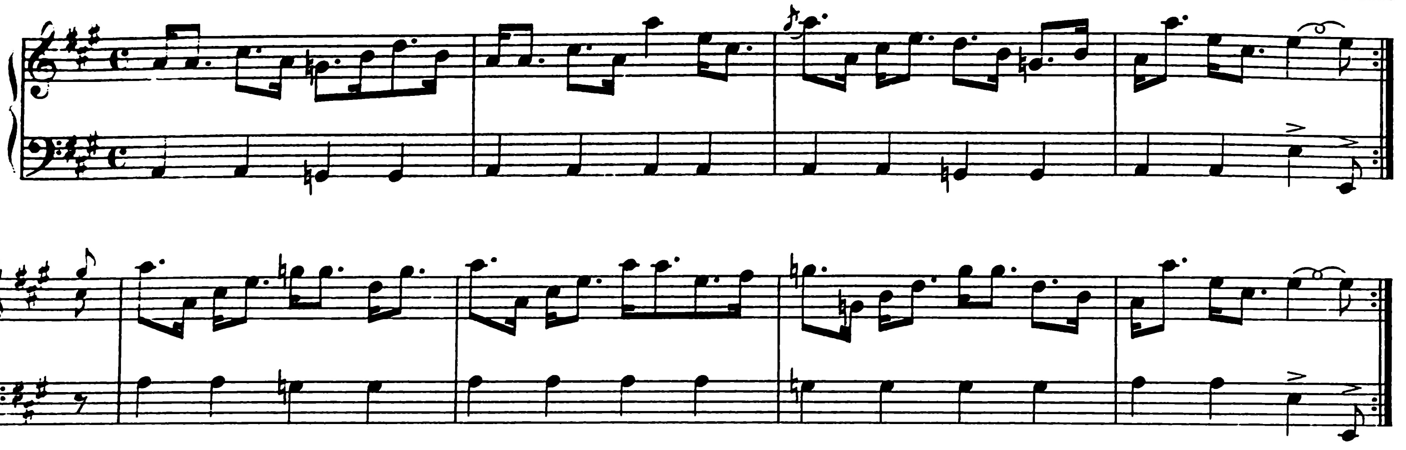
W. M.

* The Composers brother would have played this tune with great power.

** Let as *A* sound through first Strain to carry out idea of Title. *** All *D's*, *A's* and *E's* unison on Violin. See "Harn Coll." Page 1.

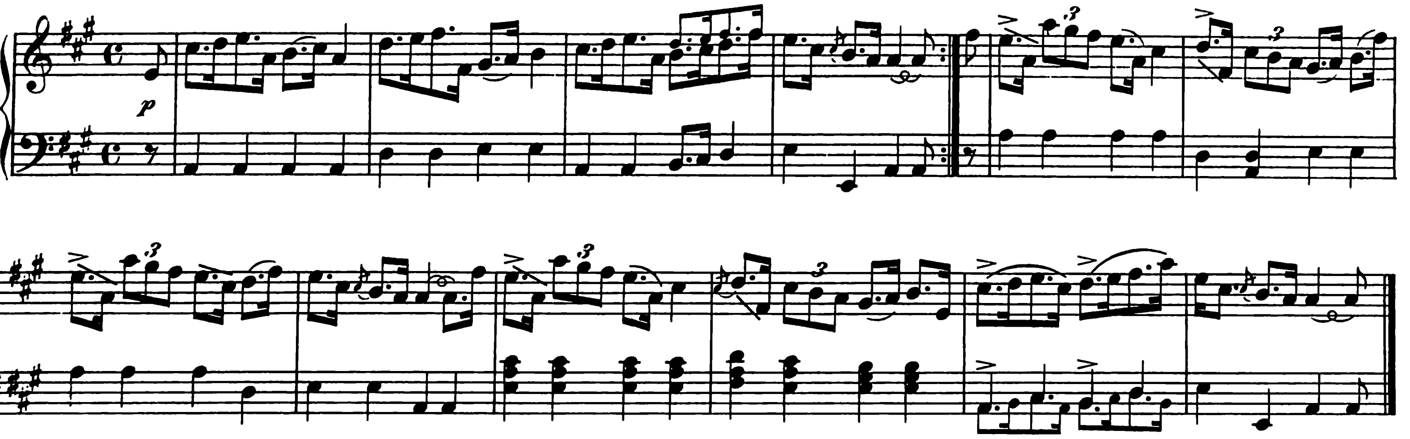
Scott Skinner's "Ghillie Callum."

HIGHLAND DANCE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



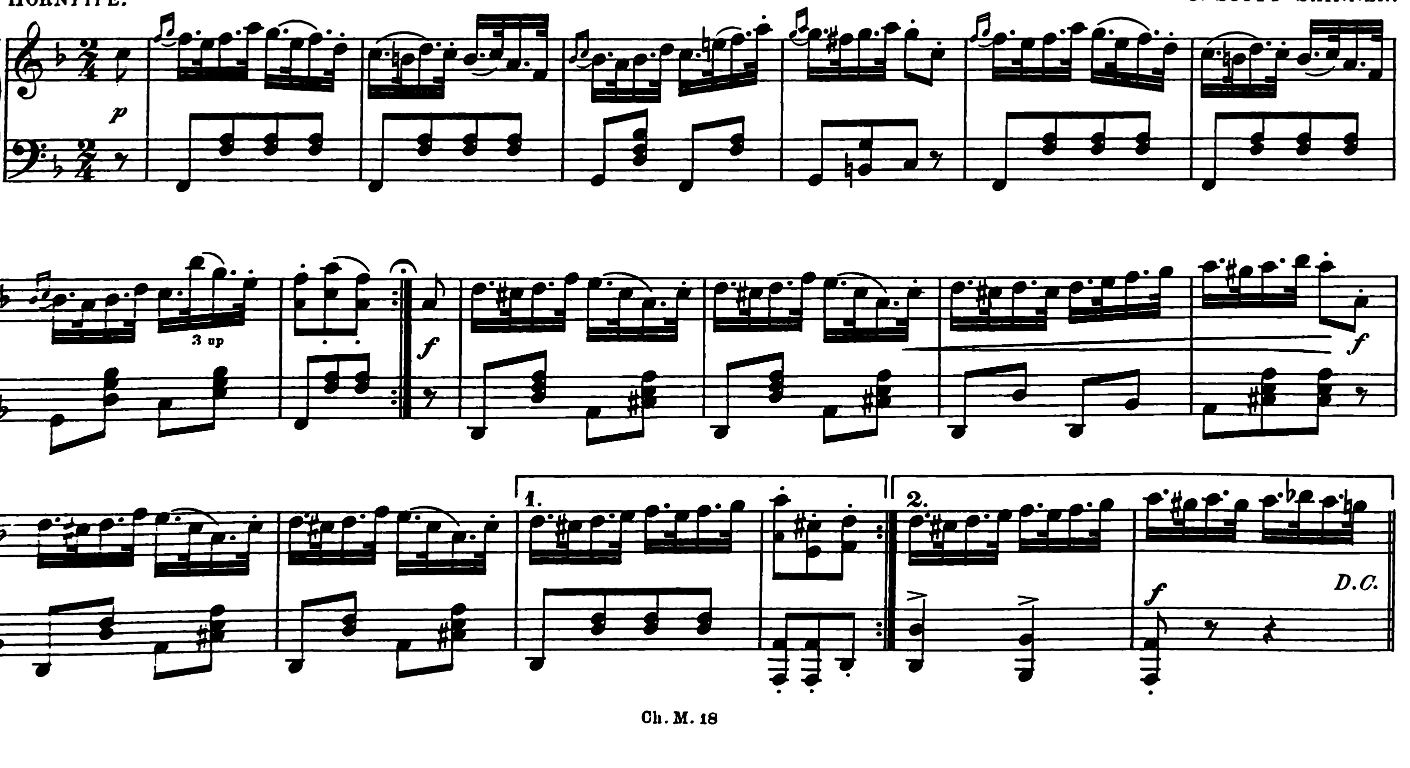
Mary Scott.

STRATHSPEY. (Nairn.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Tom Douglas.

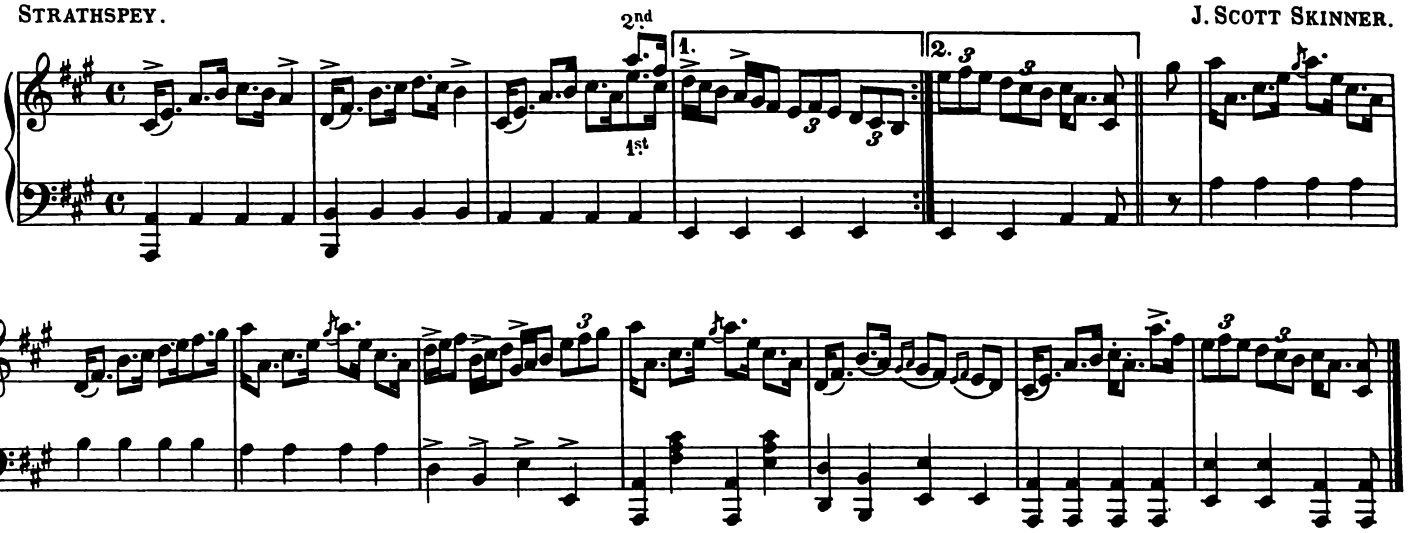
HORNPIPE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Tulchan Lodge.

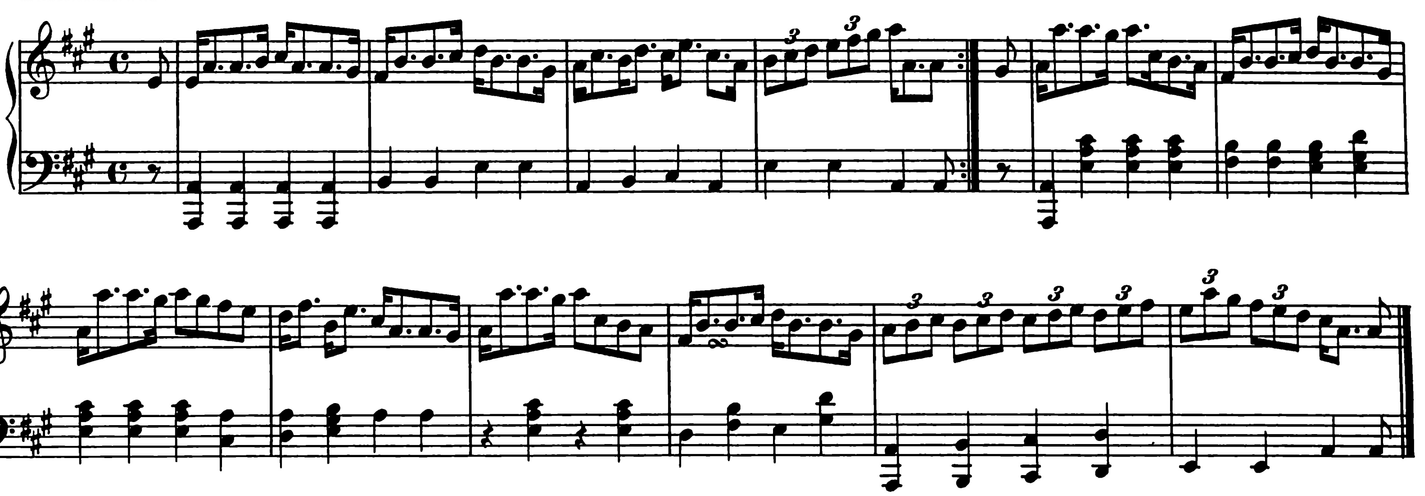
(To Lady CHETWODE of OAKLEY. Staffordshiro.)

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Queenie.*

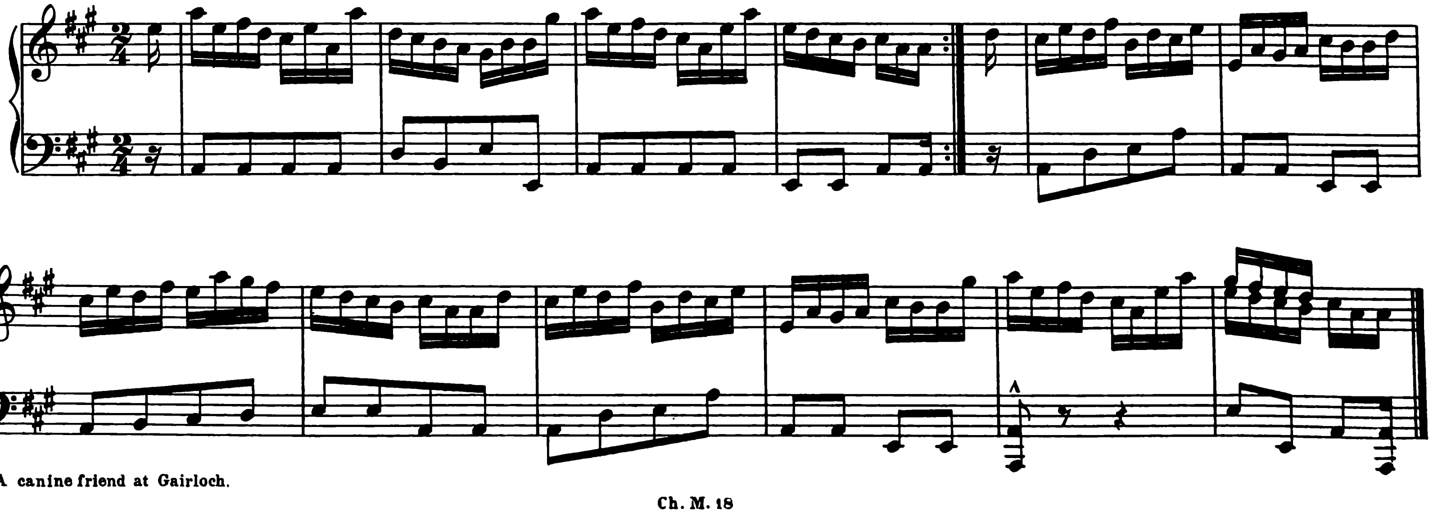
STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Celtic Chair.

(To Professor BLACKIE.)

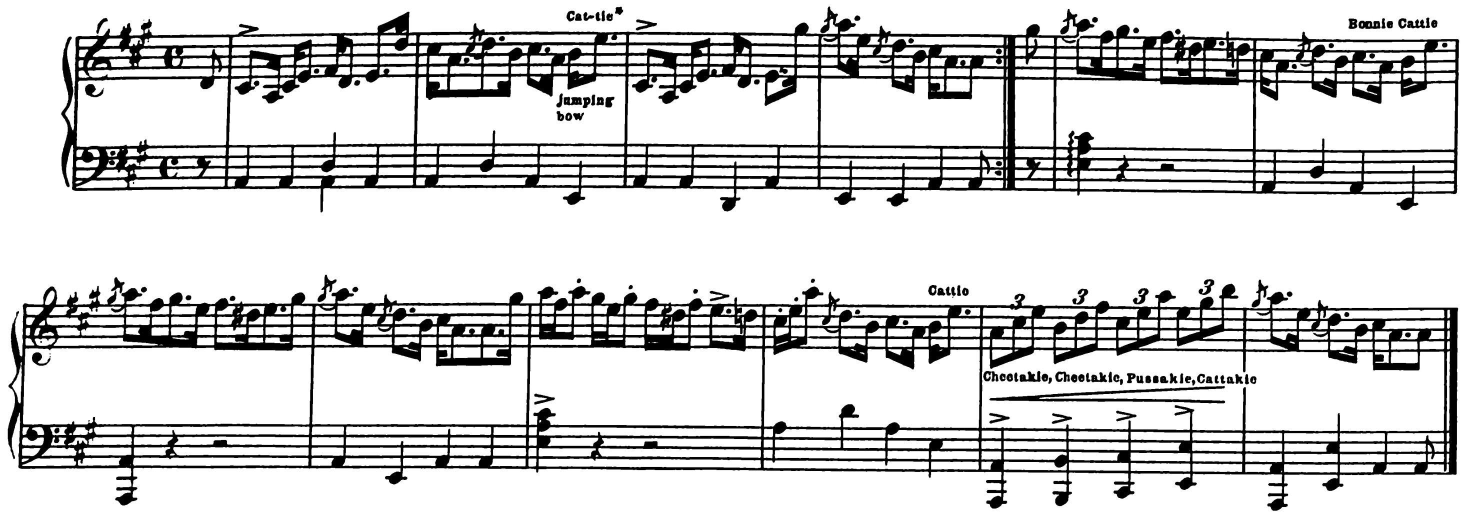
REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* A canine friend at Gairloch.

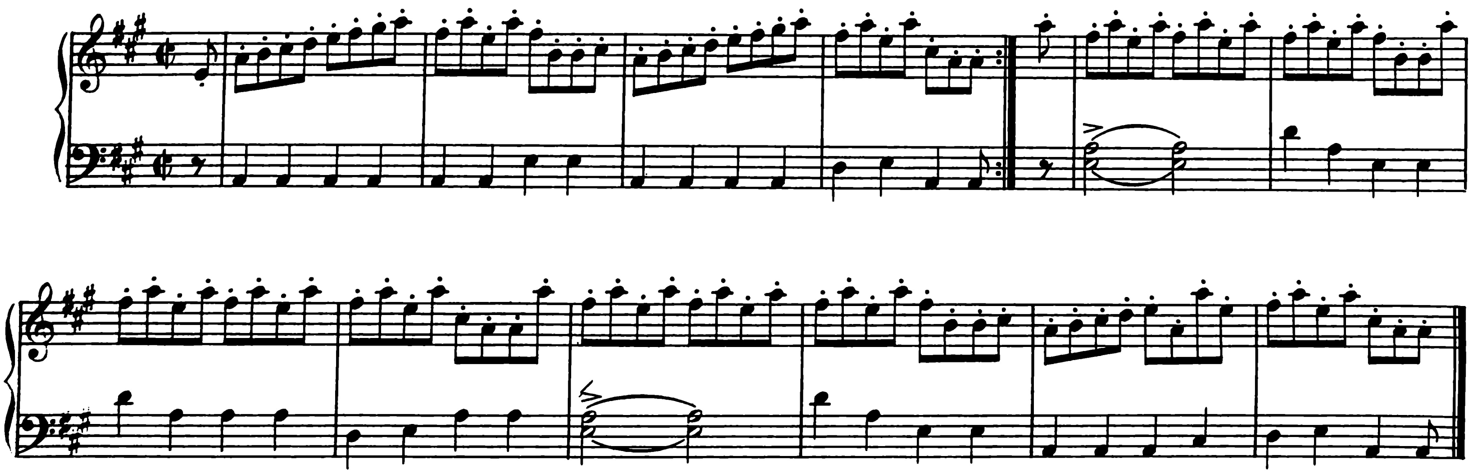
Peter Milne.

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Edge of the Evening.

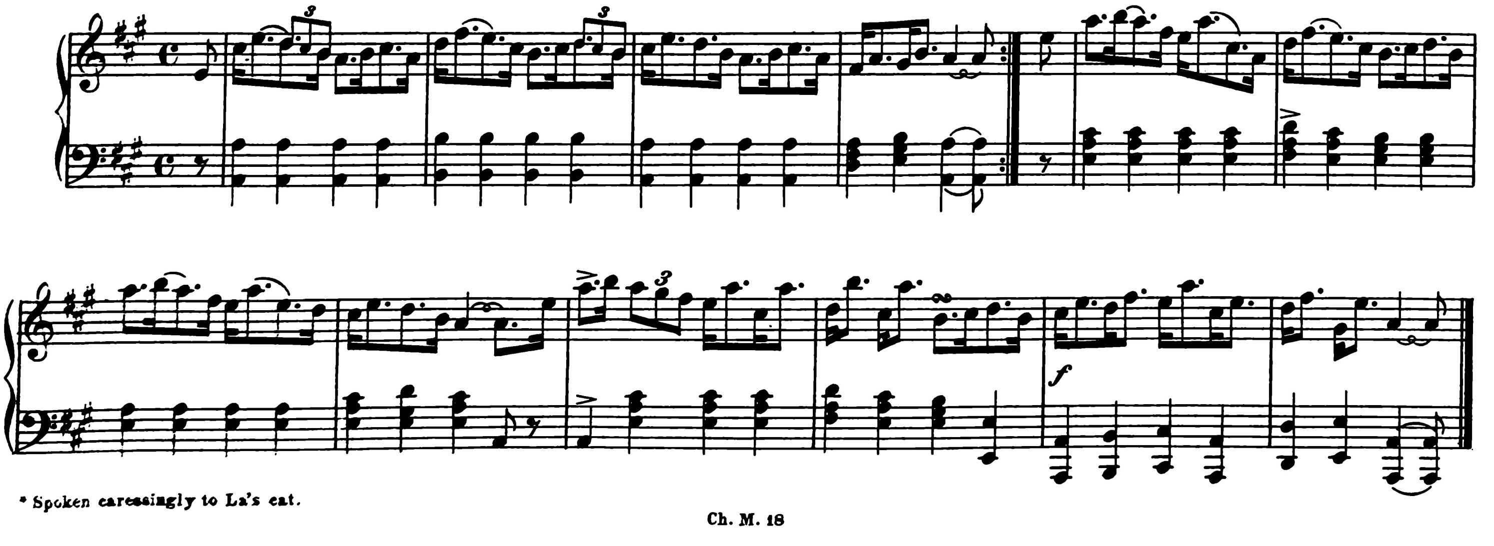
REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Mrs Matheson.

(Powis Place, Aberdeen.)

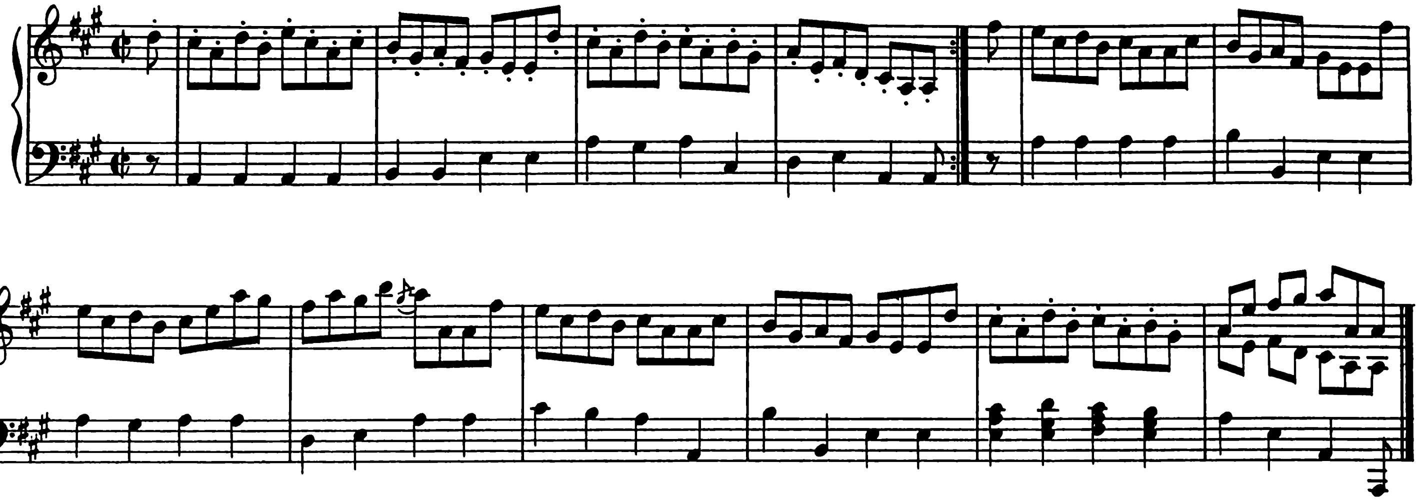
STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* Spoken caressingly to La's cat.

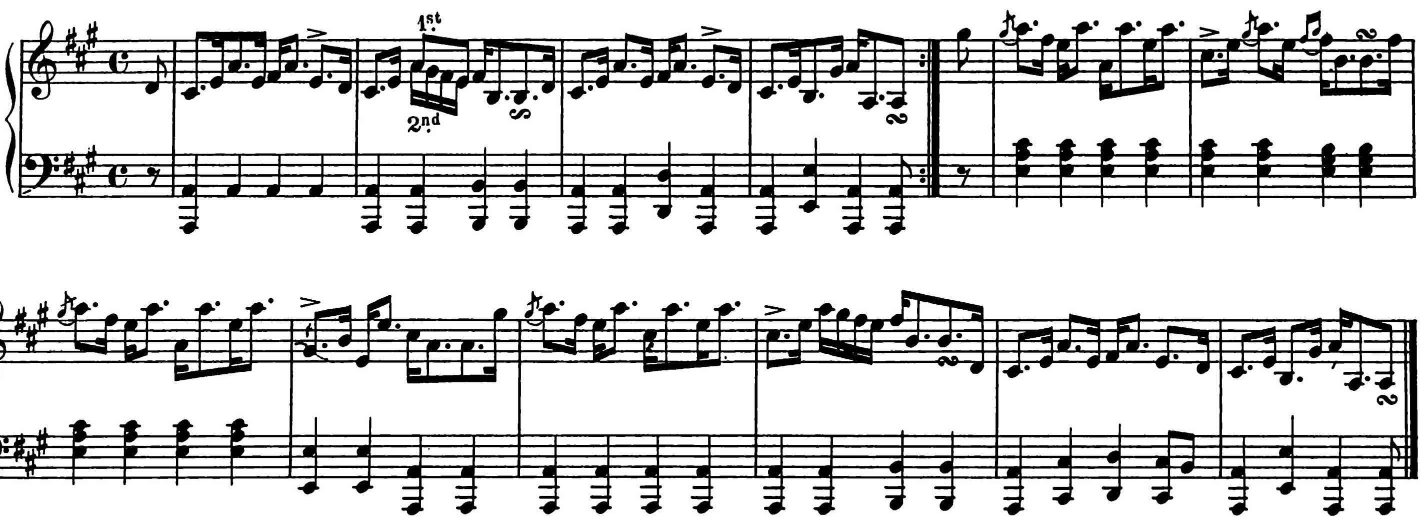
Skinner's "The 45".*

REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



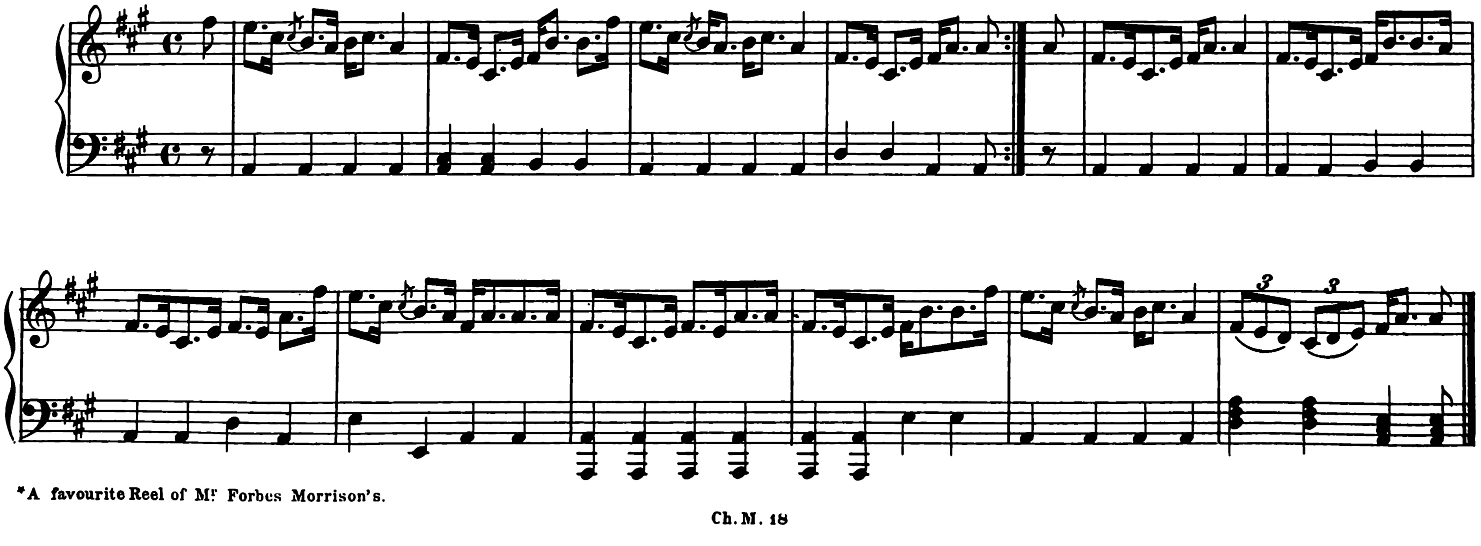
Mrs Captain Burgess.

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Kitty Stewart.

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

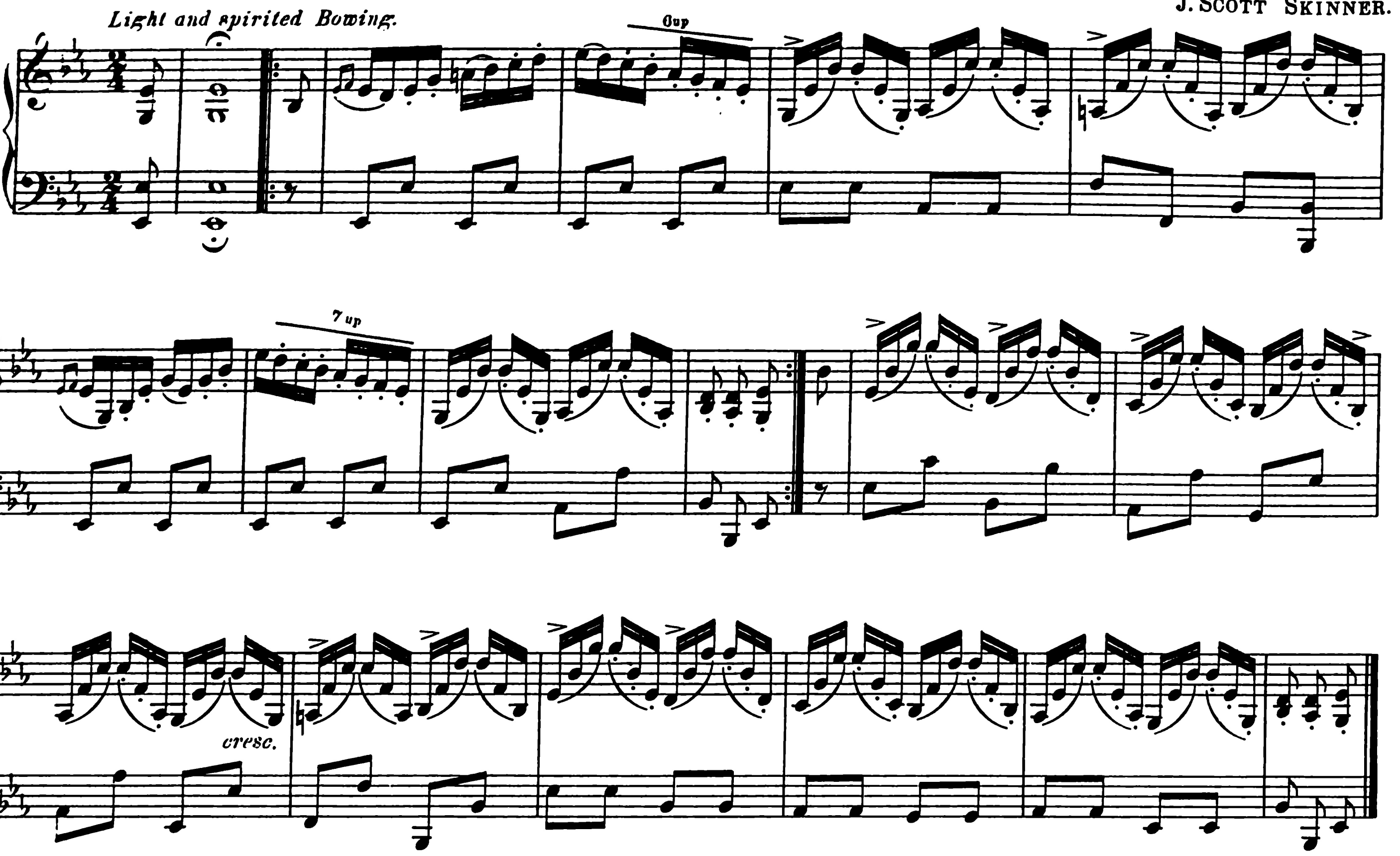


*A favourite Reel of Mr Forbes Morrison's.

Madam Neruda.

ARPEGGIO MOVEMENT in E♭.

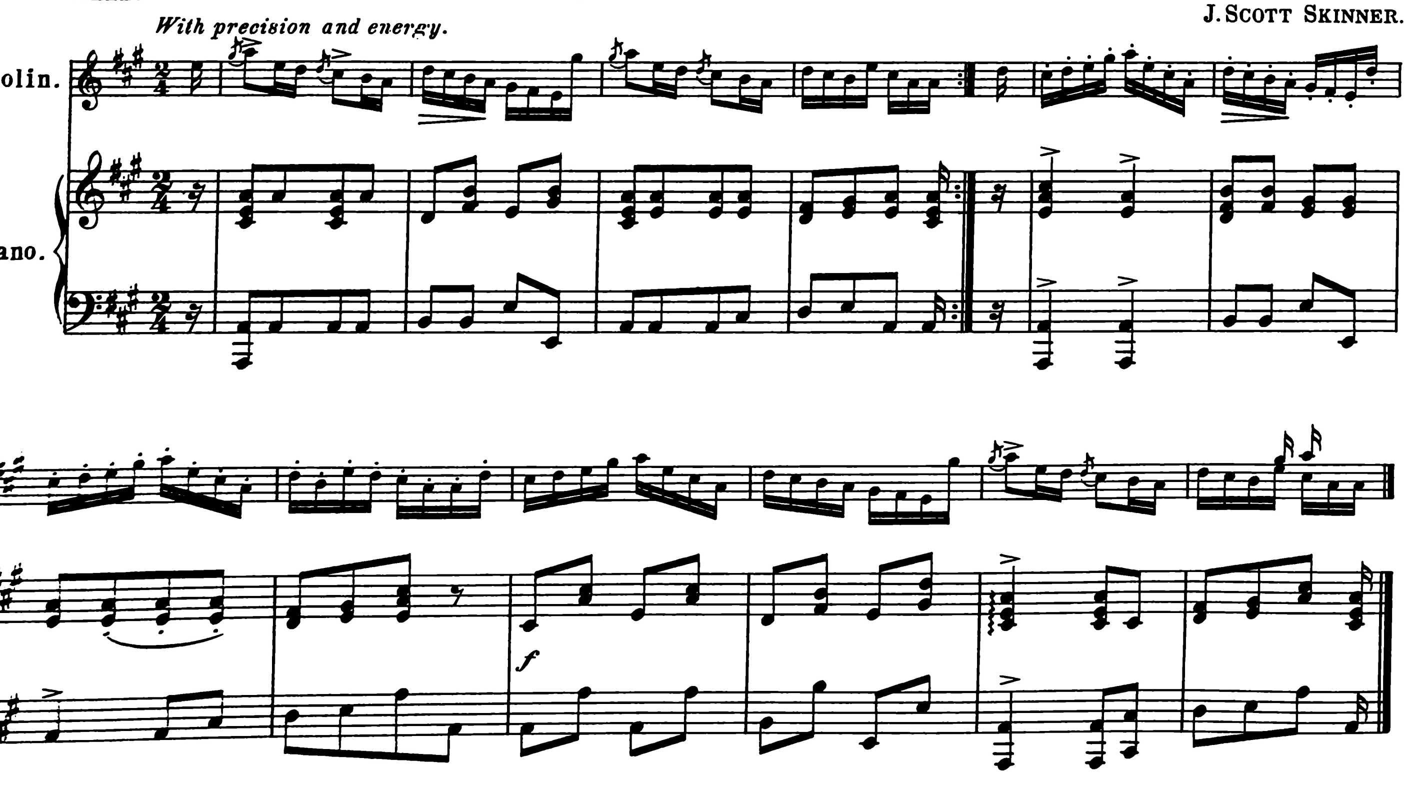
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Queen's Jubilee.

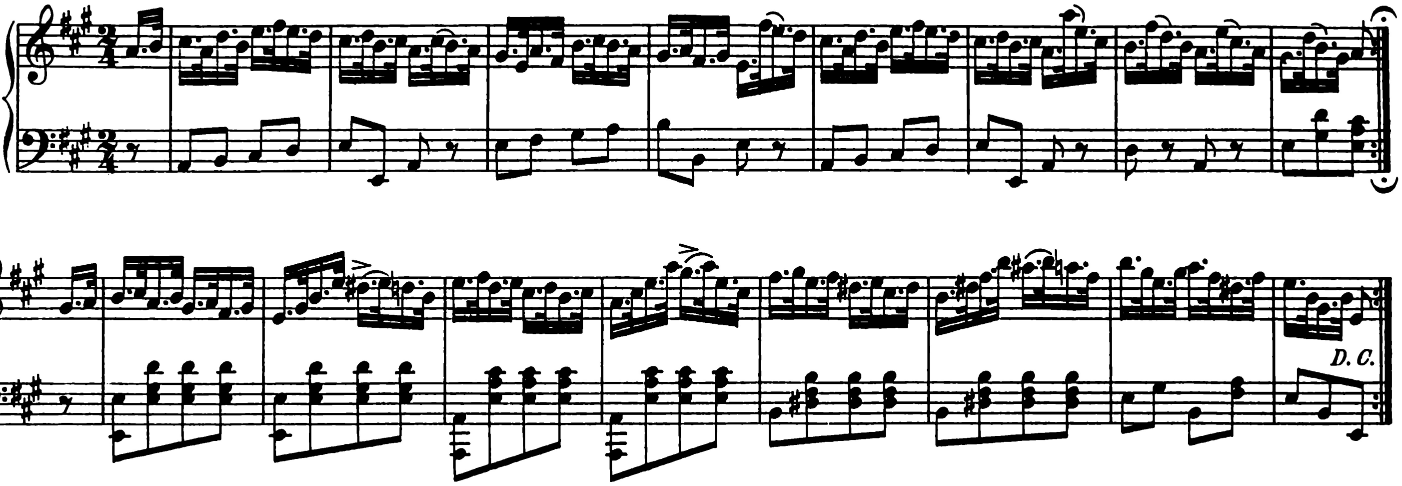
REEL.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



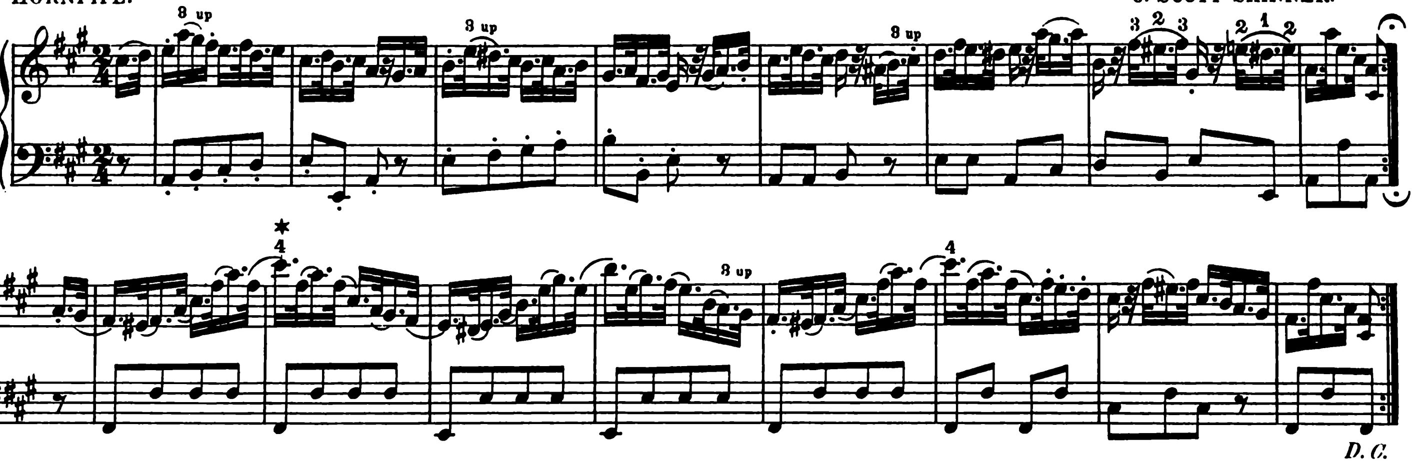
Cardownie.

HORNPIPE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



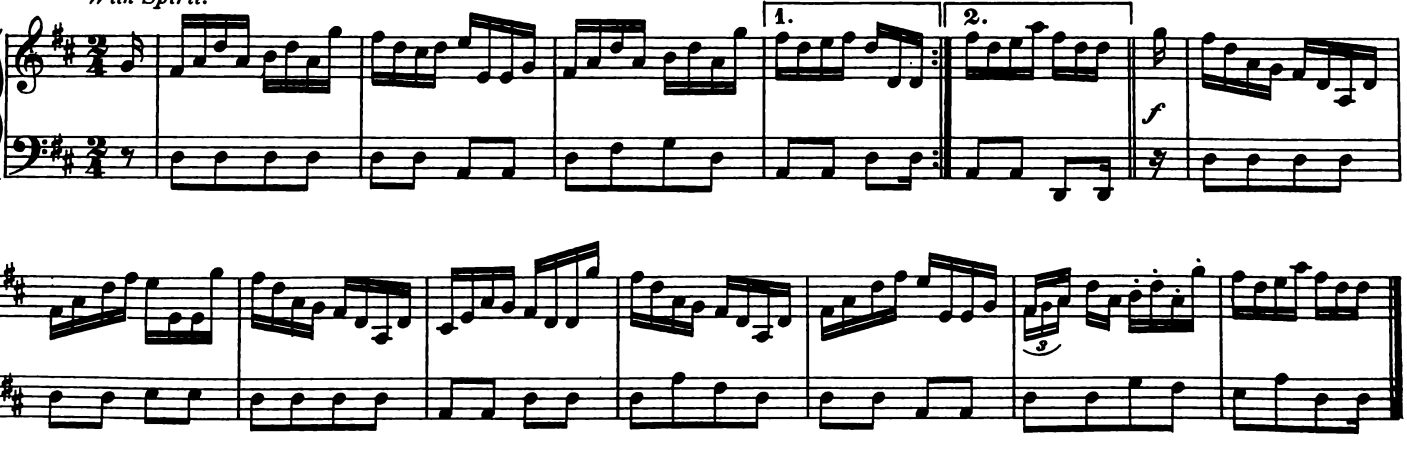
The Academy.

HORNPIPE. (To W. GRAHAM WALKER, 2 West Craibstone Street, Aberdeen.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Burn o' Bucket.

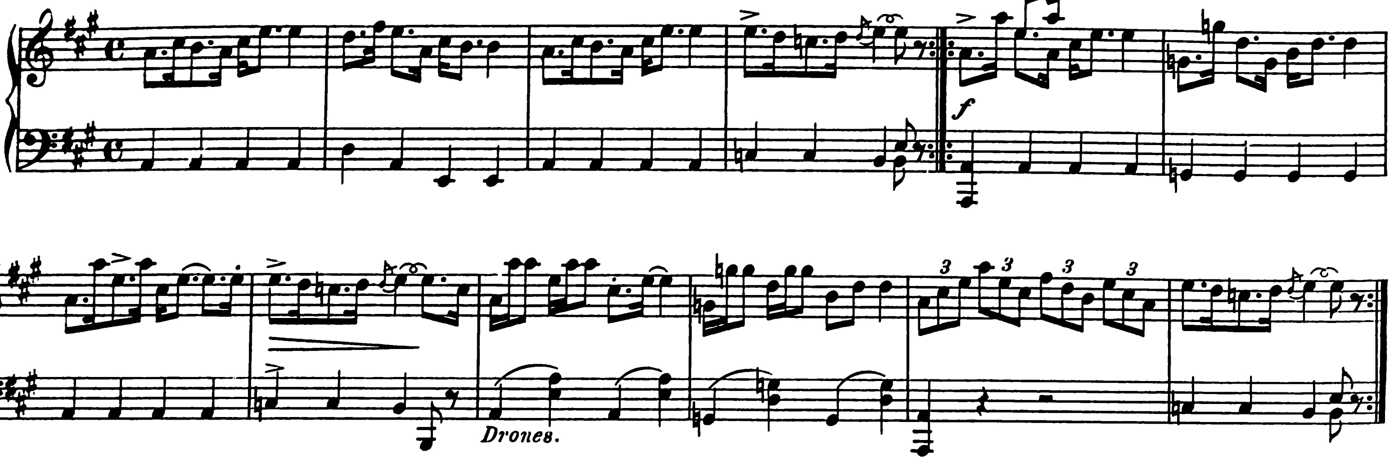
REEL. *With Spirit.* (To MARY GLENNIE.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* All *C*'s in 1st position.

Sandy Troup.

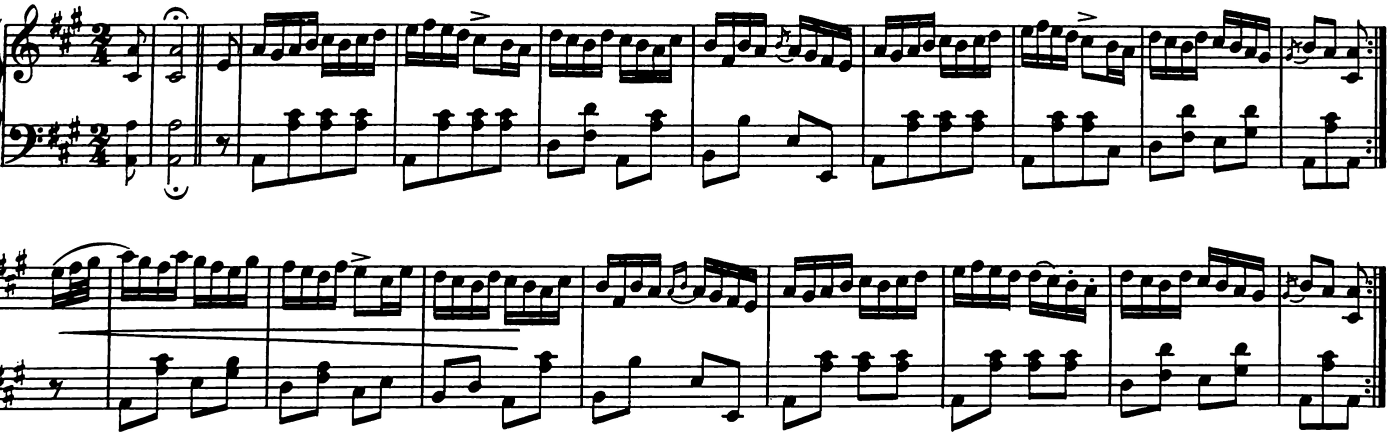
PRIMITIVE STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Miss Paul.

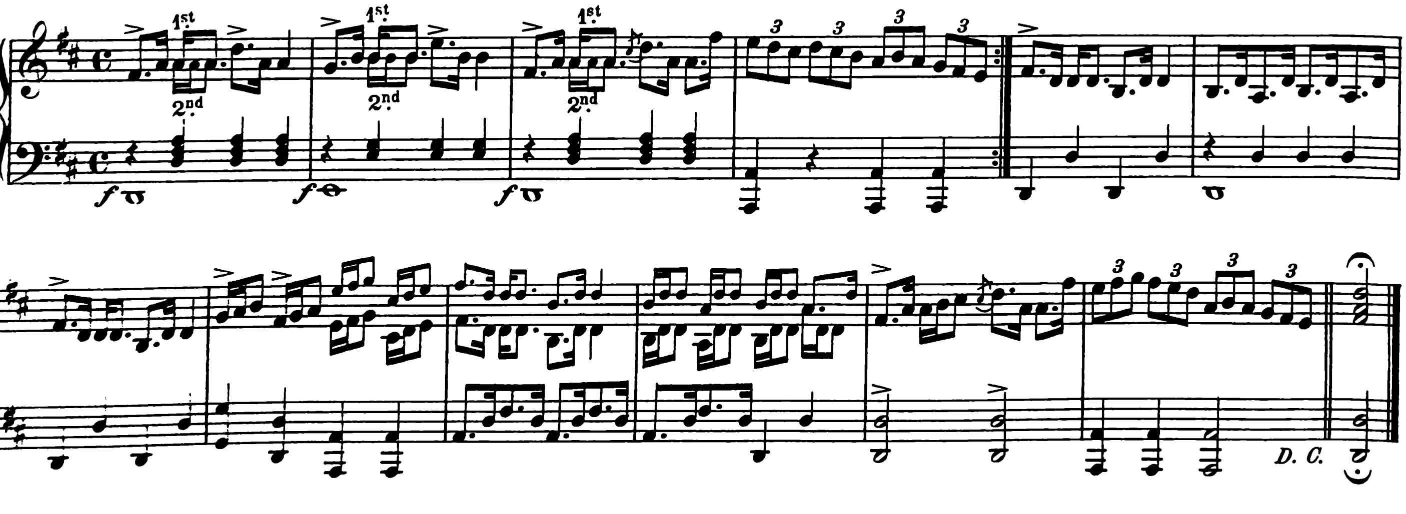
(Nairn.)

CIRCASSIAN CIRCLE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Charming Mrs. Davidson.*

HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.

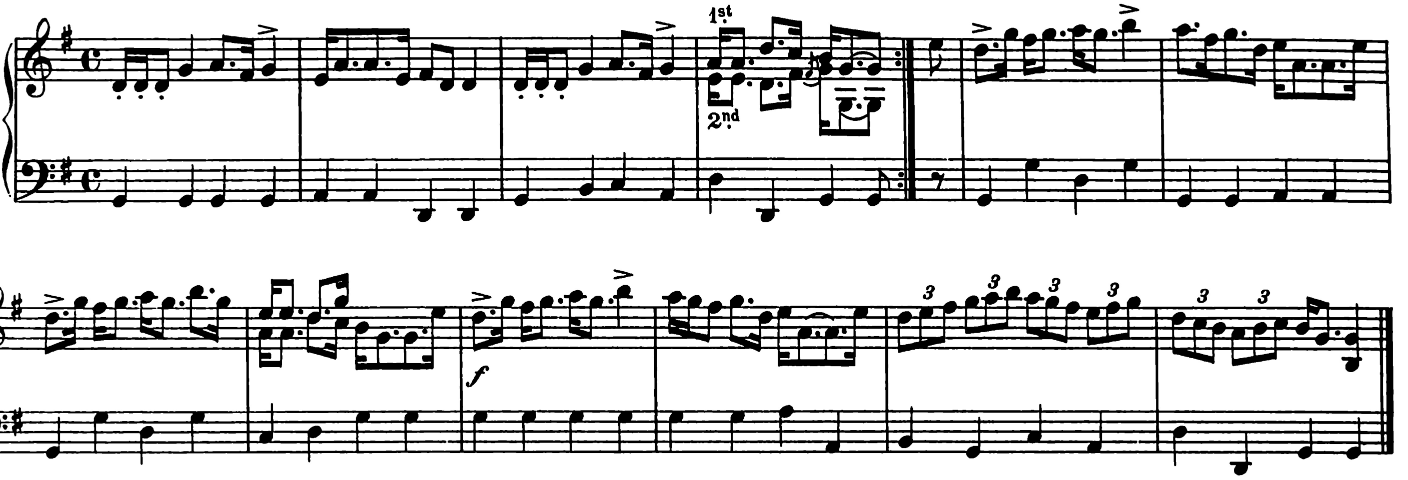


*) An excellent Pianiste and accompanist, Oldmeldrum.

Deveronside.

(To Dr SMITH. Kinnairdy.)

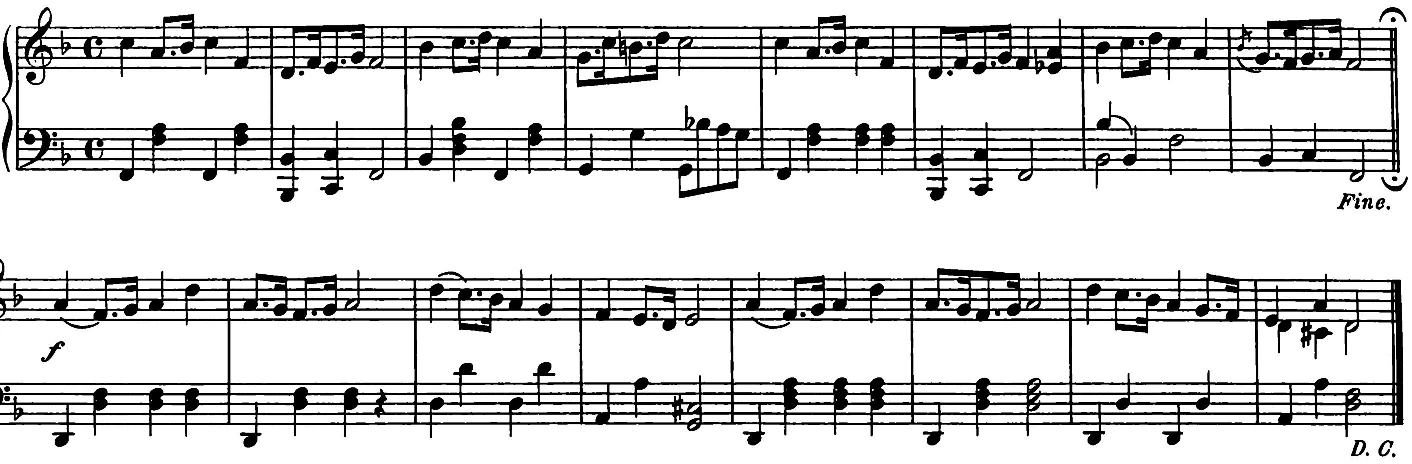
STRATHSPEY OR SCHOTTISCHE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Babie's Schottische.

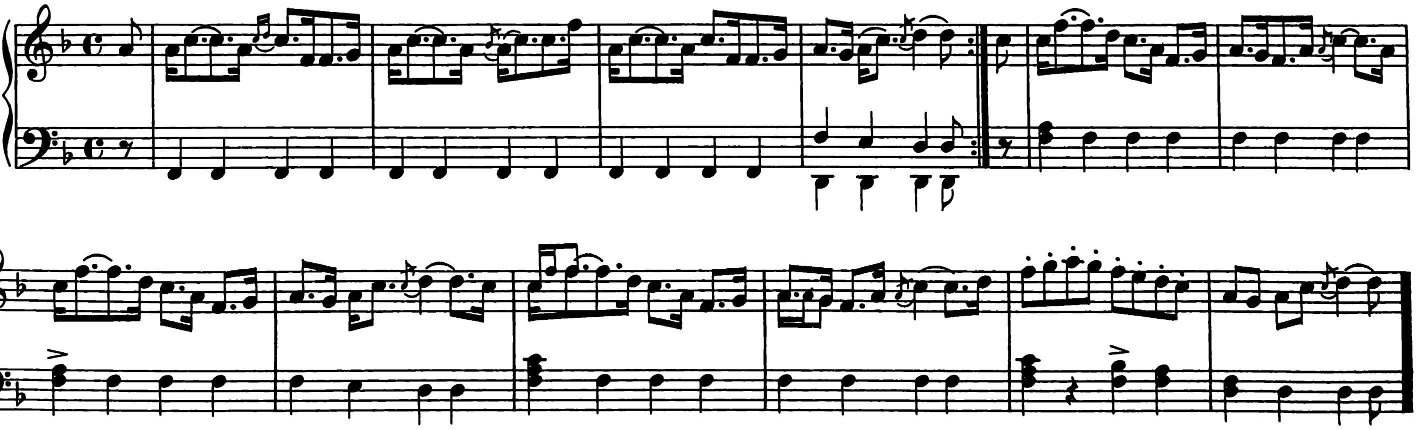
(To MADELINE MAY EMILINE. Marathon House. Cupar Fife.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Twa Tramps.

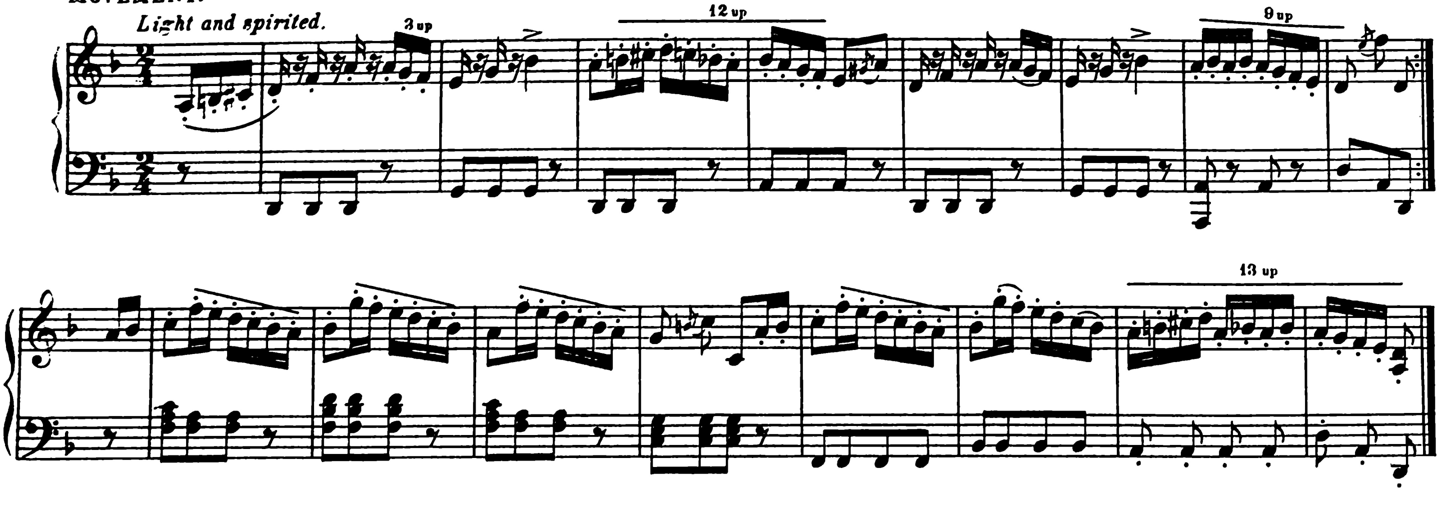
LILTING STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Staccato.

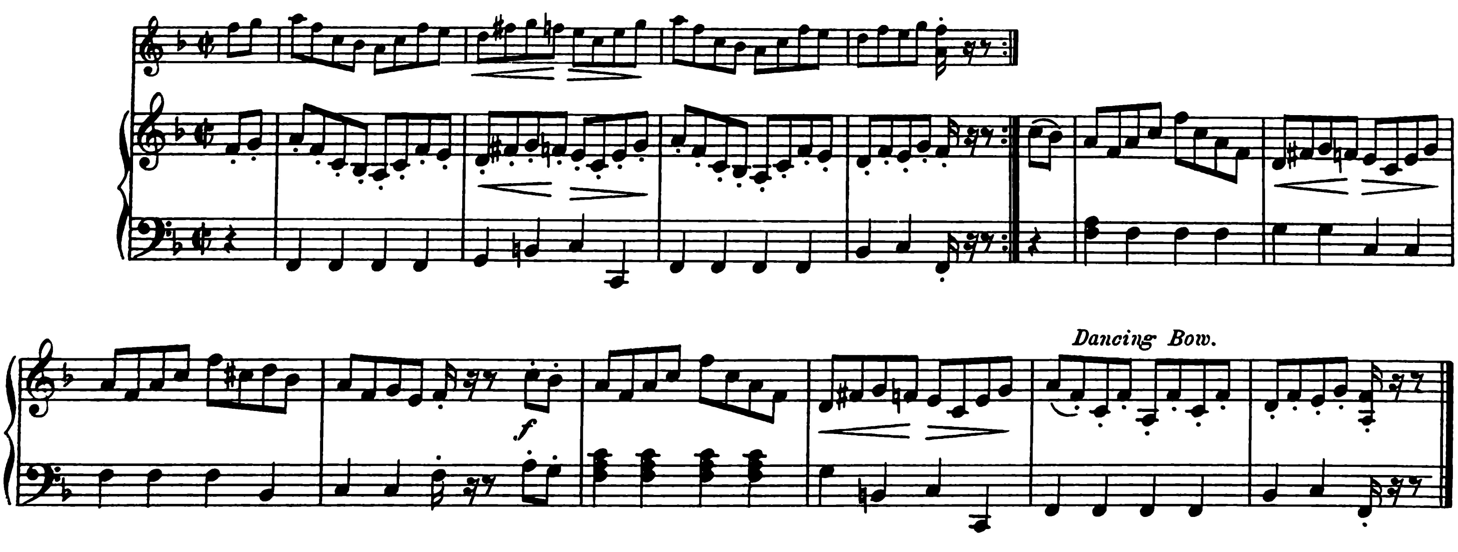
(To A. SMITH, Banff.)

MOVEMENT. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



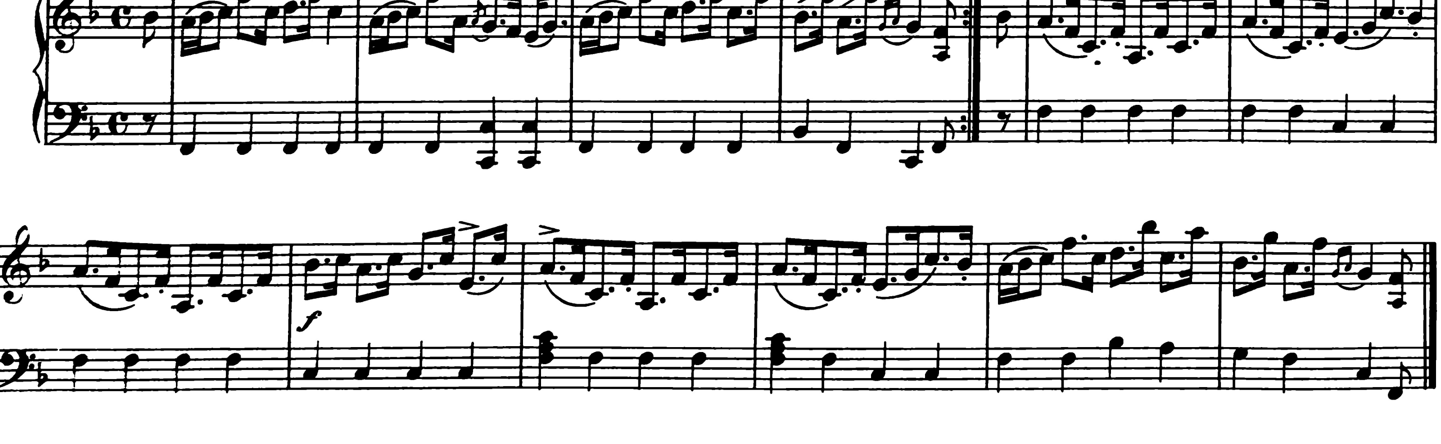
Ben Alligen.

REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Auld Man.

STRATHSPEY. (Elgin.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.

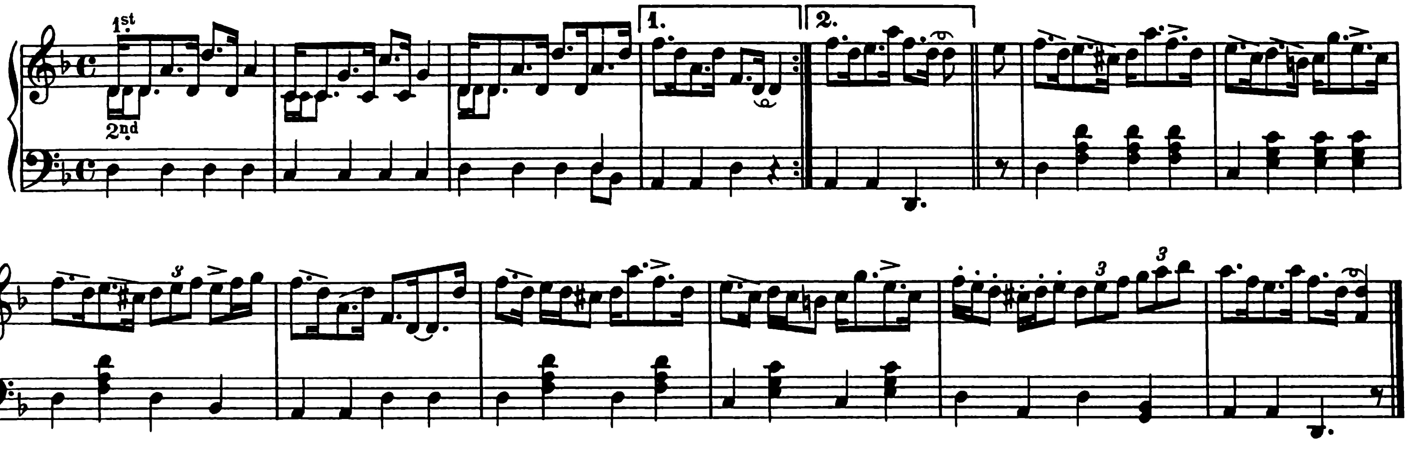


Milton-Duff.

(To Wm STUART.)

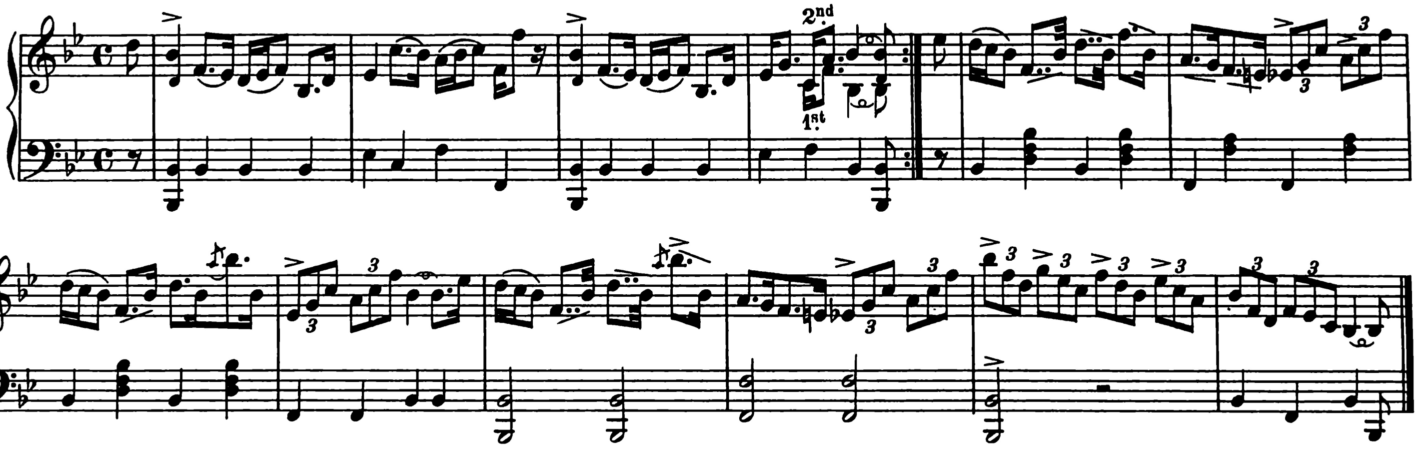
"Have e'er ye been in Pluscarden,
And seen the abbey i' the glen?
The bubblin' Blackburn do ye ken?
The burn that runs thro' Milton O."

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



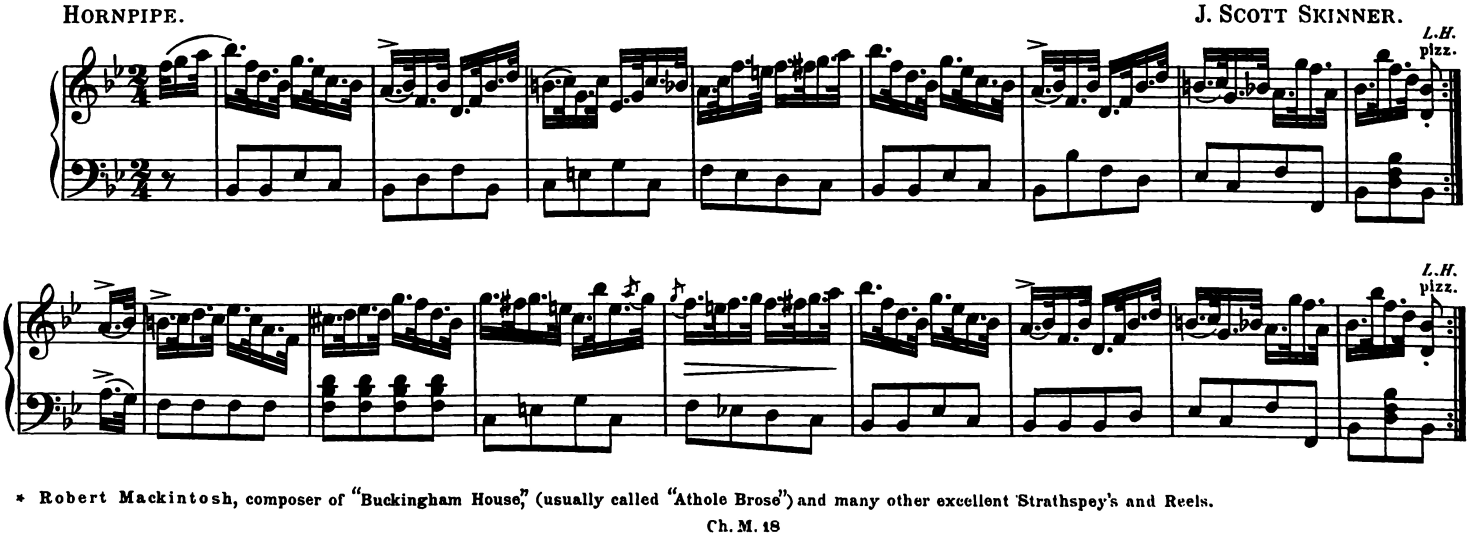
Red Rob.*

STRATHSPEY. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Gramin.

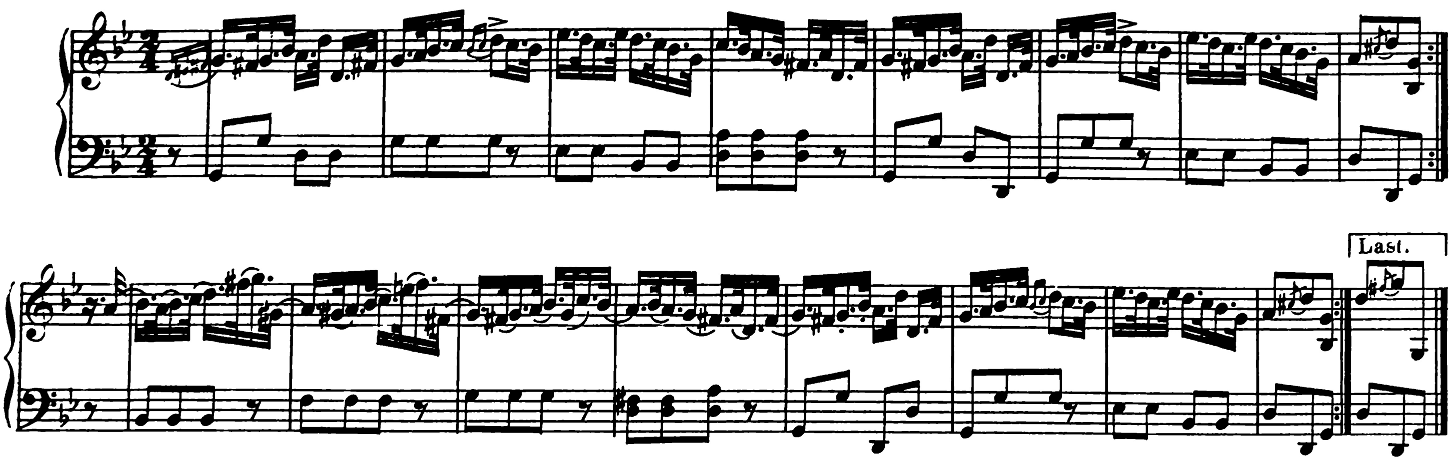
HORNPIPE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* Robert Mackintosh, composer of "Buckingham House," (usually called "Athole Brose") and many other excellent Strathspey's and Reels.

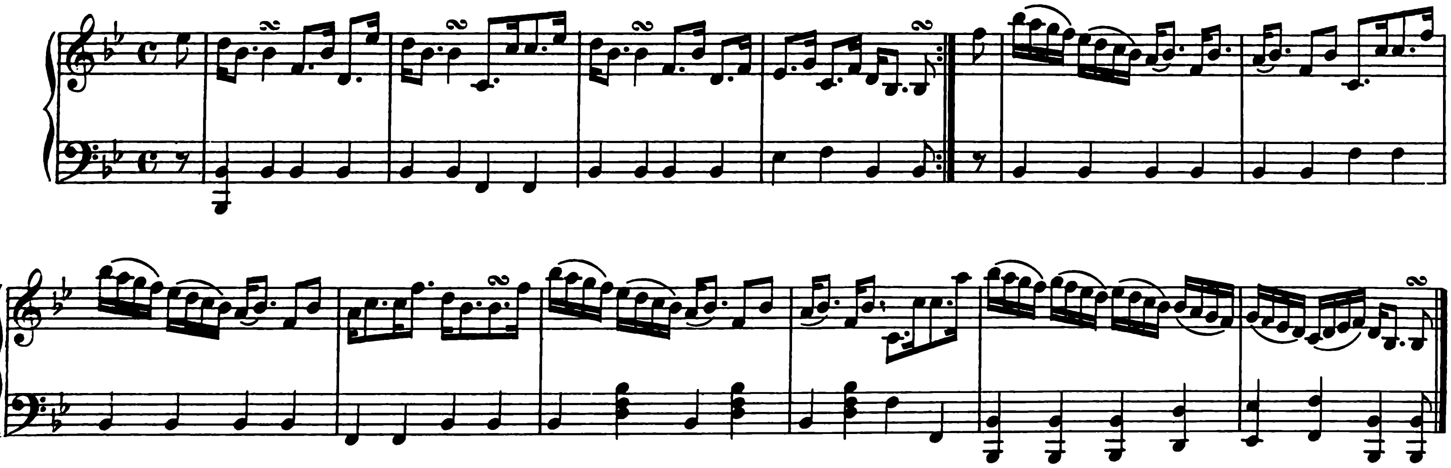
Thane's.

HORNPIPE. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



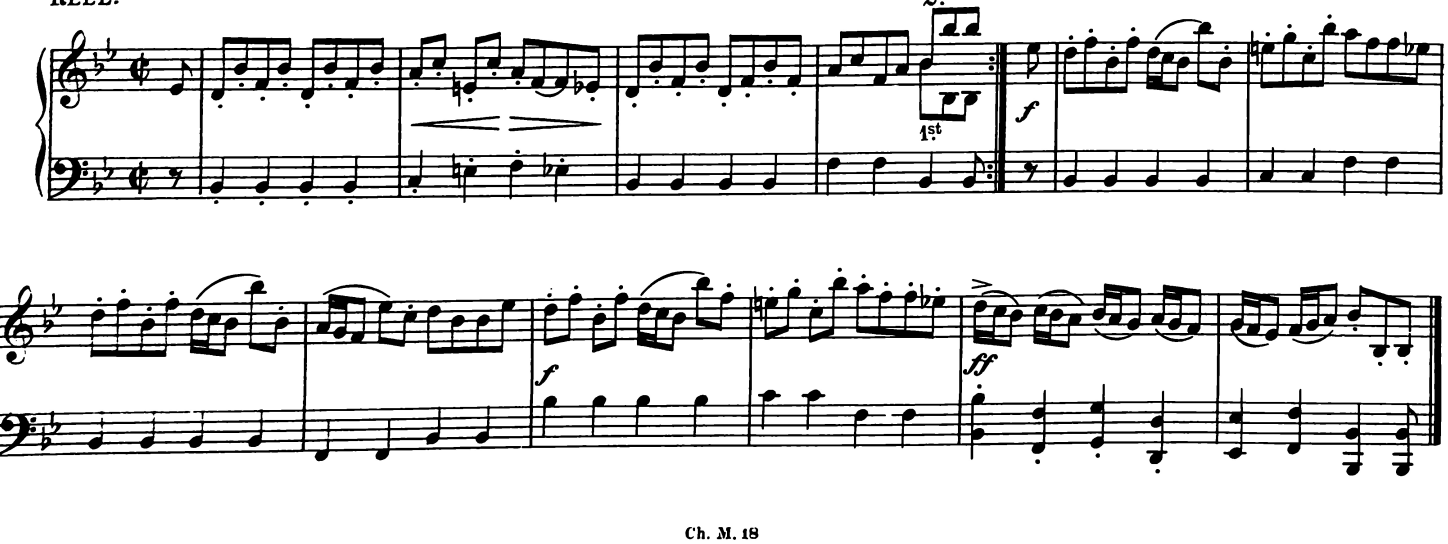
Mr. Martin.

STRATHSPEY. (Inverkeithnoy.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The Earl of Fife.

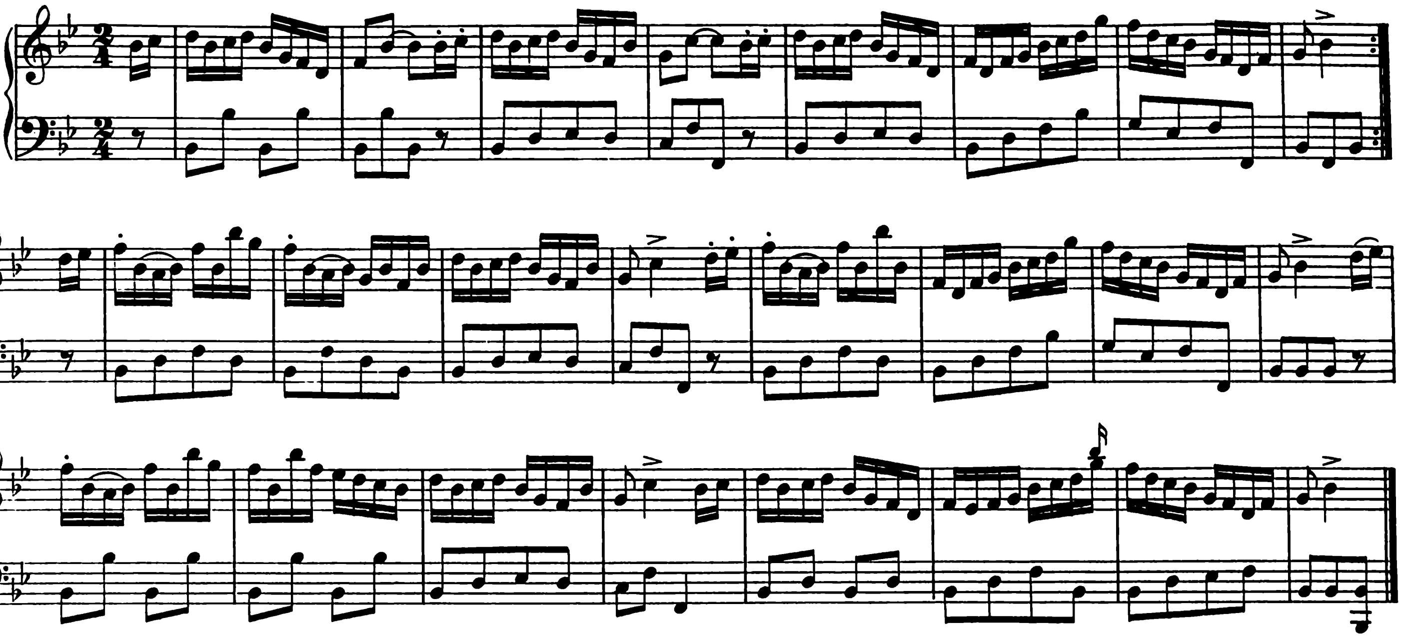
REEL. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Hoo Dinna ye Play Mair.

(To W. TAYLOR. Aberdeen.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

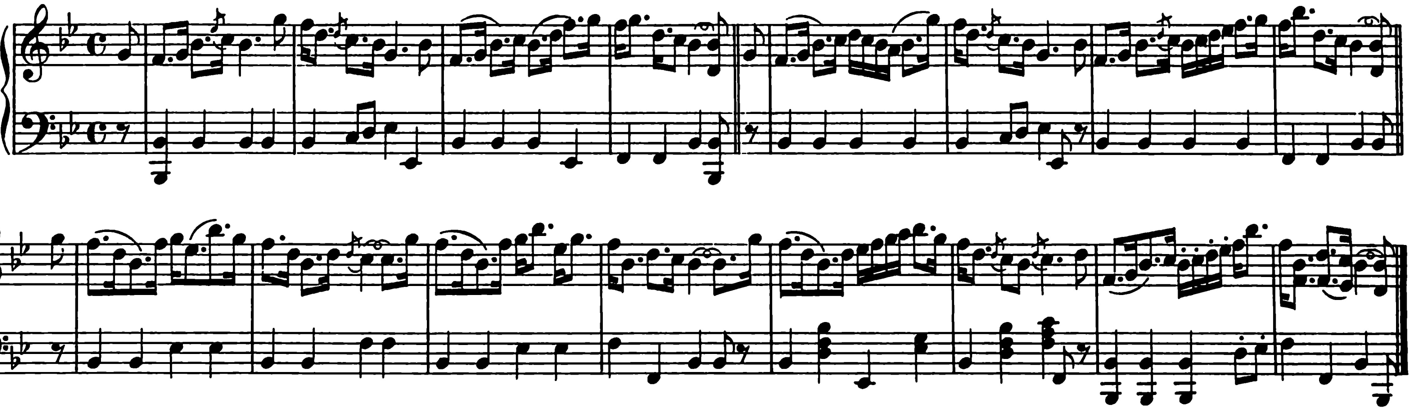


Glen Cottage.

(To DONALD MACKENZIE. Gairloch.)

SLOW OR DANCING STRATHSPEY.

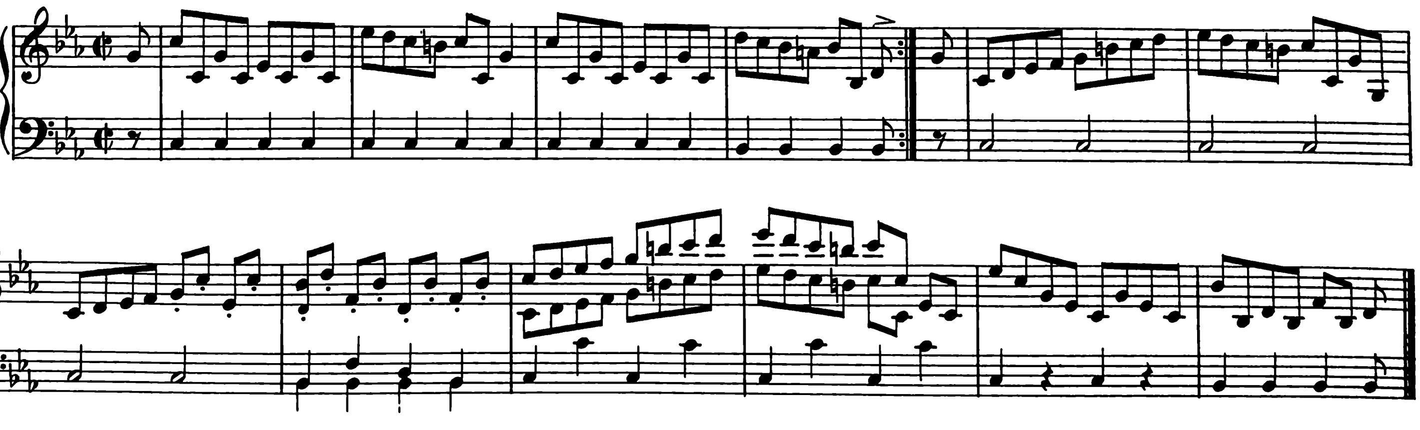
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Knockie.*

REEL.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



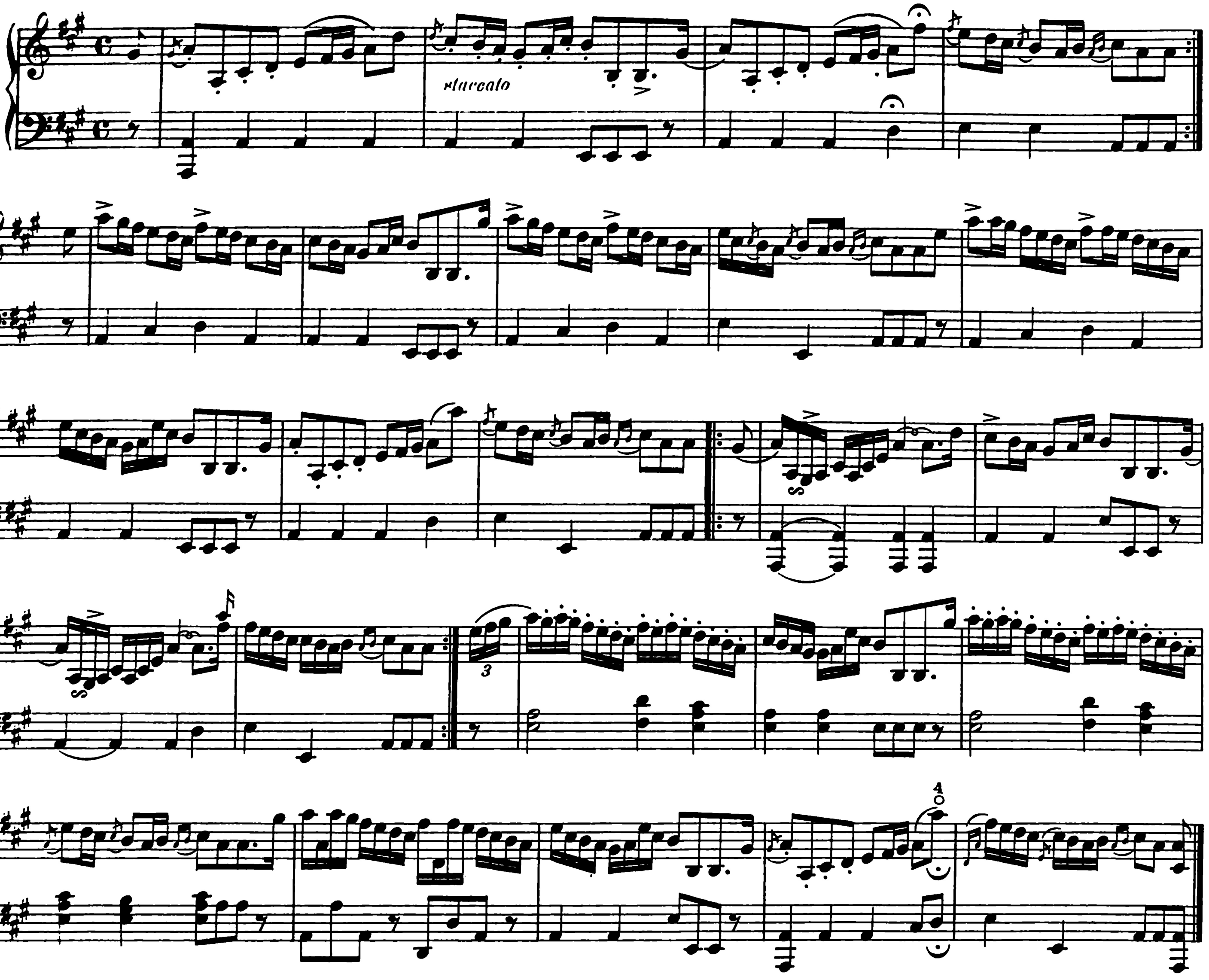
* In memory of the late Captain *Simon Fraser (Knockie)*, Composer and Collector of the Highland melodies of Scotland.

Welcome to the Highlands.*

(To C. MIDDLETON.)

MARCHING AIR.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

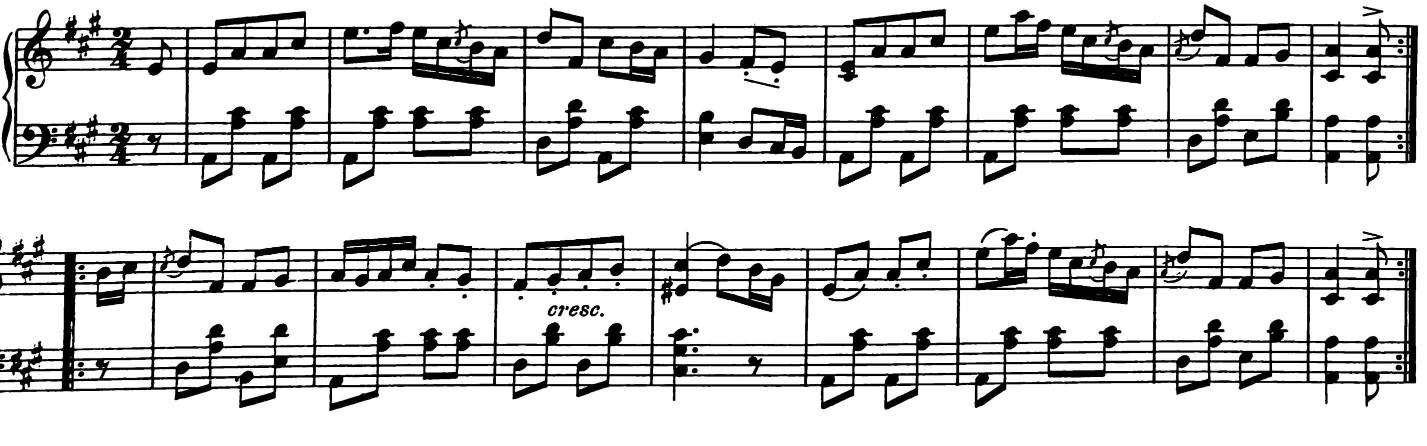


Colonel Jackson.

QUICKSTEP.

(Inverurie.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.

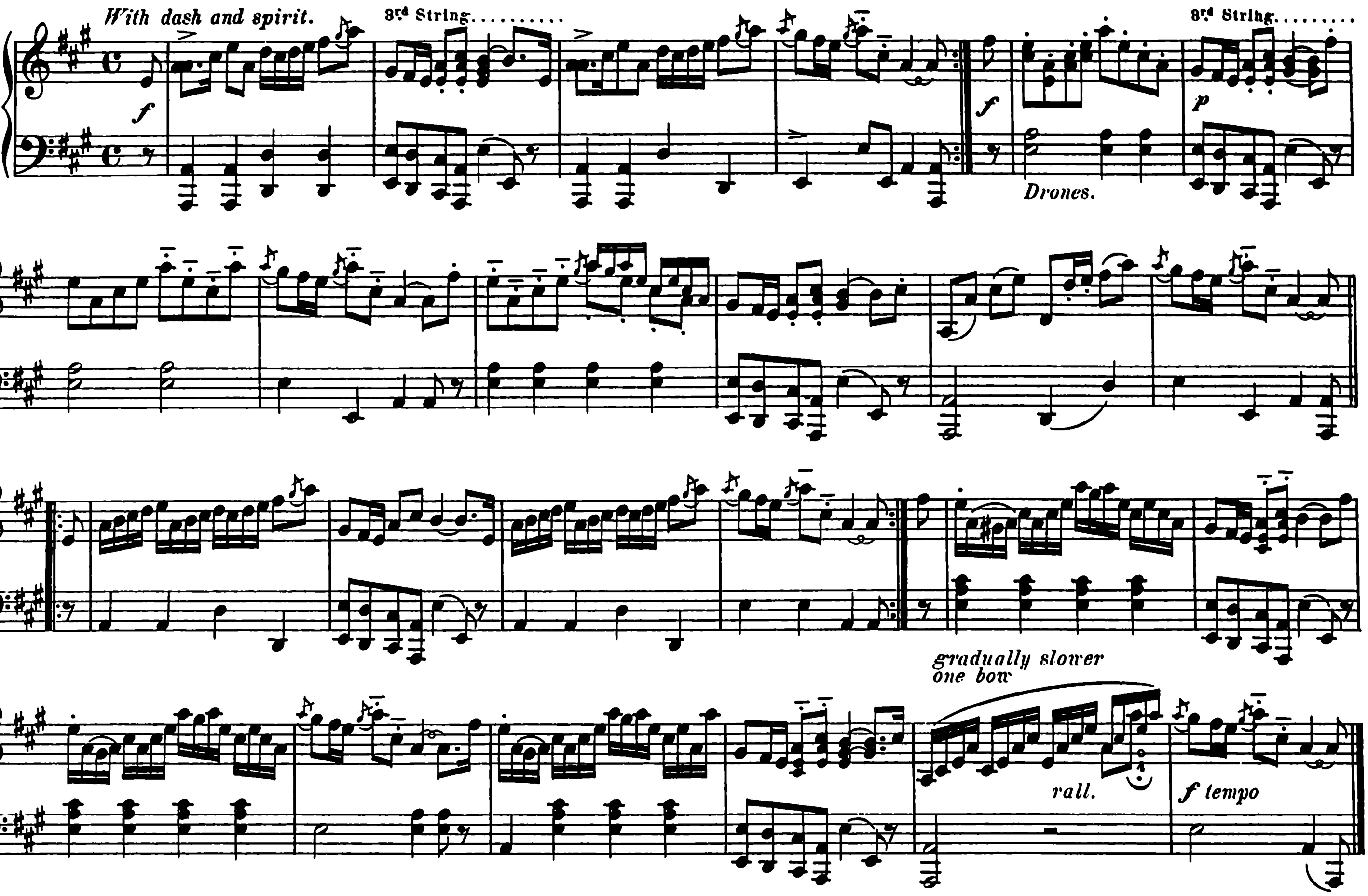


* Named *"Farewell to the Highlands"* in Elgin Collection.

Isla Bank.

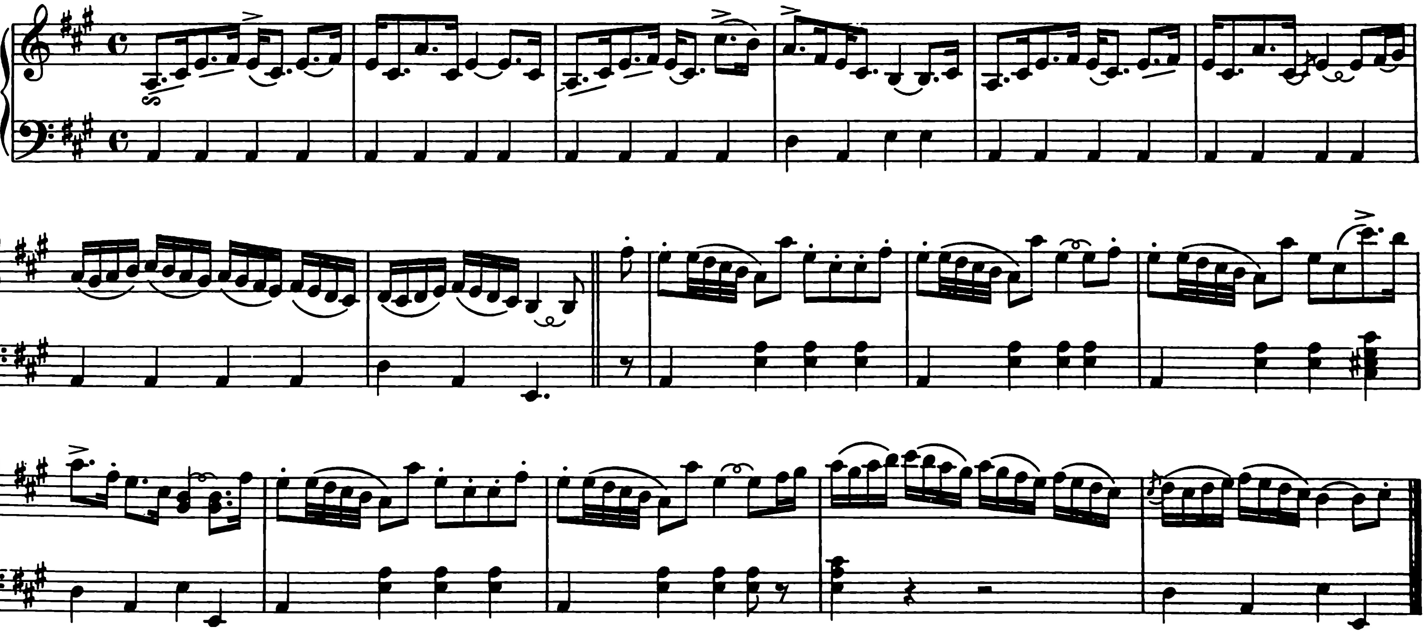
(To J. PLAYFAIR. Blairgowrie.)

MARCHING AIR. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Cluny's Golden Wedding.

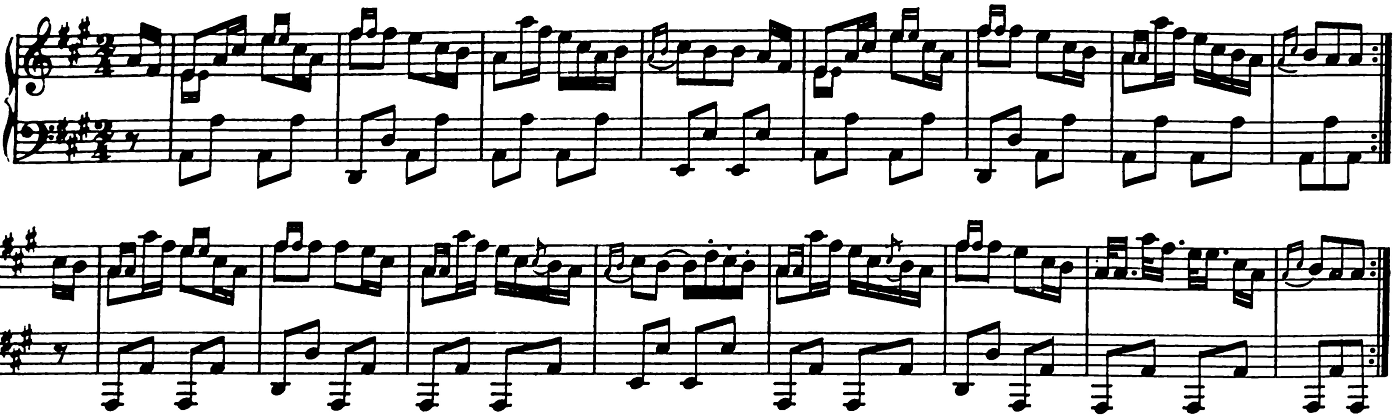
MARCH OR SLOW AIR. J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Jeffrey's Quickstep.

(To W. D. JEFFREY. Poet.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Adieu! ye blue hills,
And ye clear gushing rills,
Where wanton the breezes so free,
And ye deep sounding shores,
Where the wild ocean roars
Round the hame o' my infancy.

When far frae my hame
O'er the saut ocean faem,
My thochts will in fancy aft turn
To the green sunny braes
Where I spent my young days,
And our haunts by the clear woodland burn.

And aft will I mind
On her I left behind,
And our trysts in the birk-scented shaw;
Nor happy will I be
Till again I cross the sea
To mak' her my ain lassie braw.

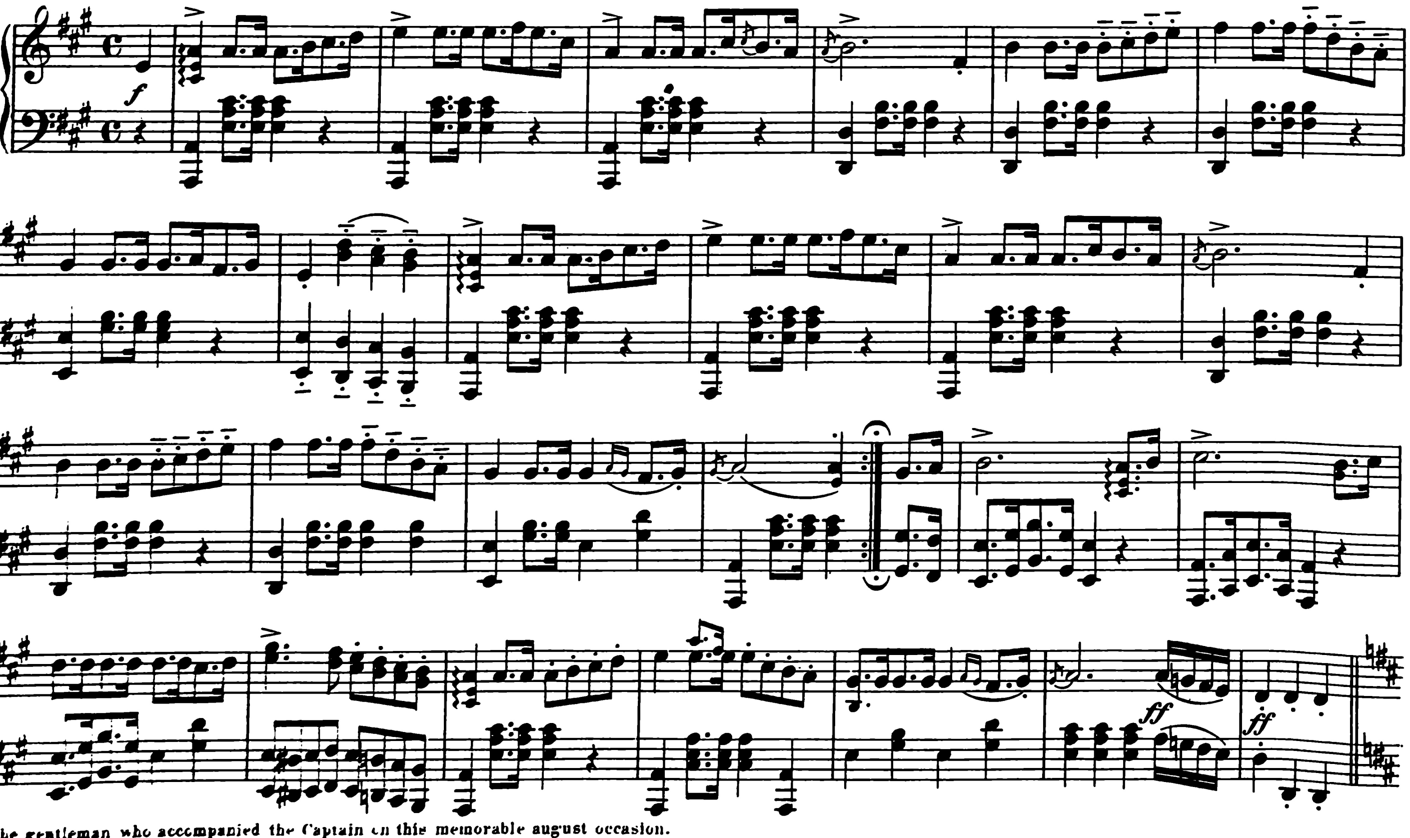
That blythe happy day
Will banish ilka wae,
And fill our fond bosoms anew
Wi' a pure lasting joy
Which nocht can e'er destroy;
Till then, bonnie Scotland, adieu!

W. D. J.

Captain Barclay.*

MARCH.

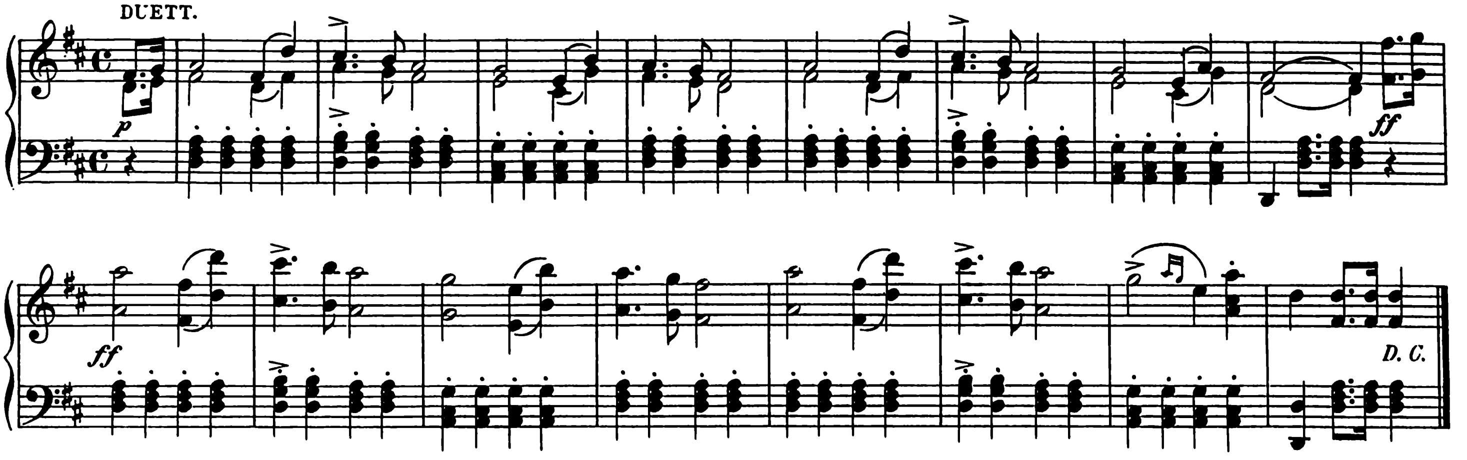
J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* To the gentleman who accompanied the Captain on this memorable august occasion.

Trio.

DUETT.

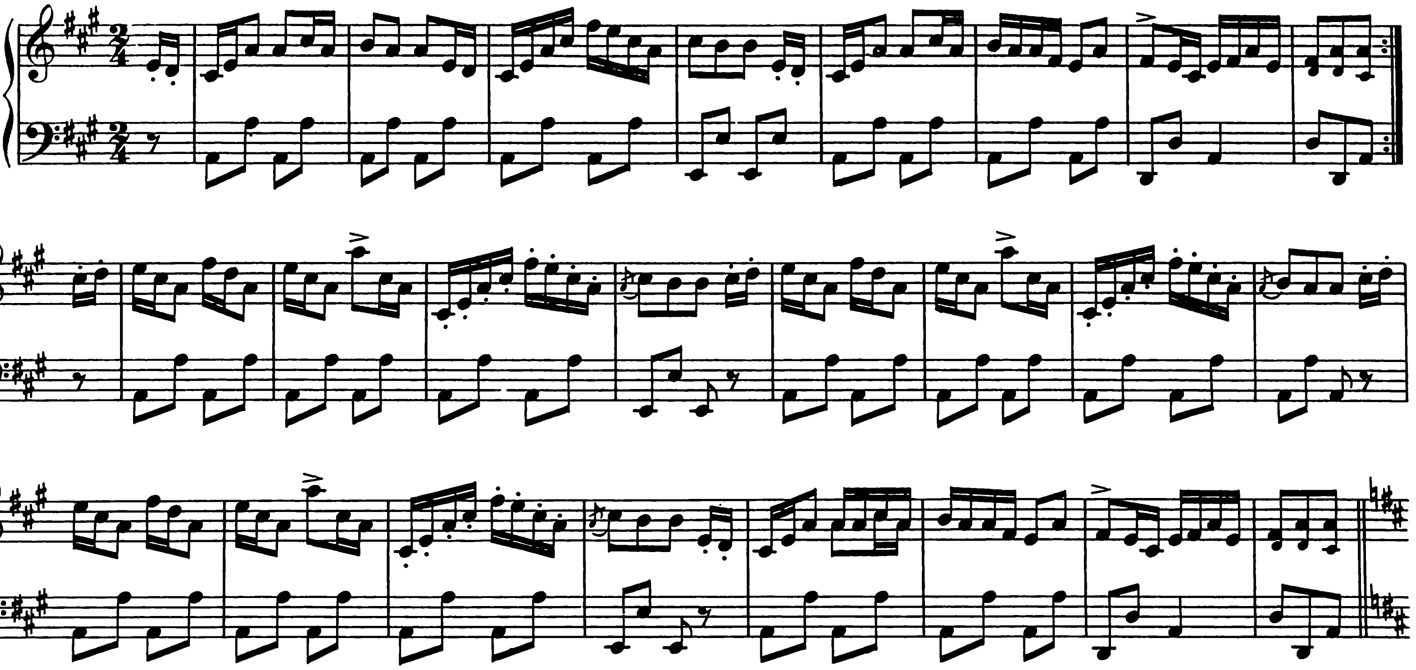


The Oddfellows.

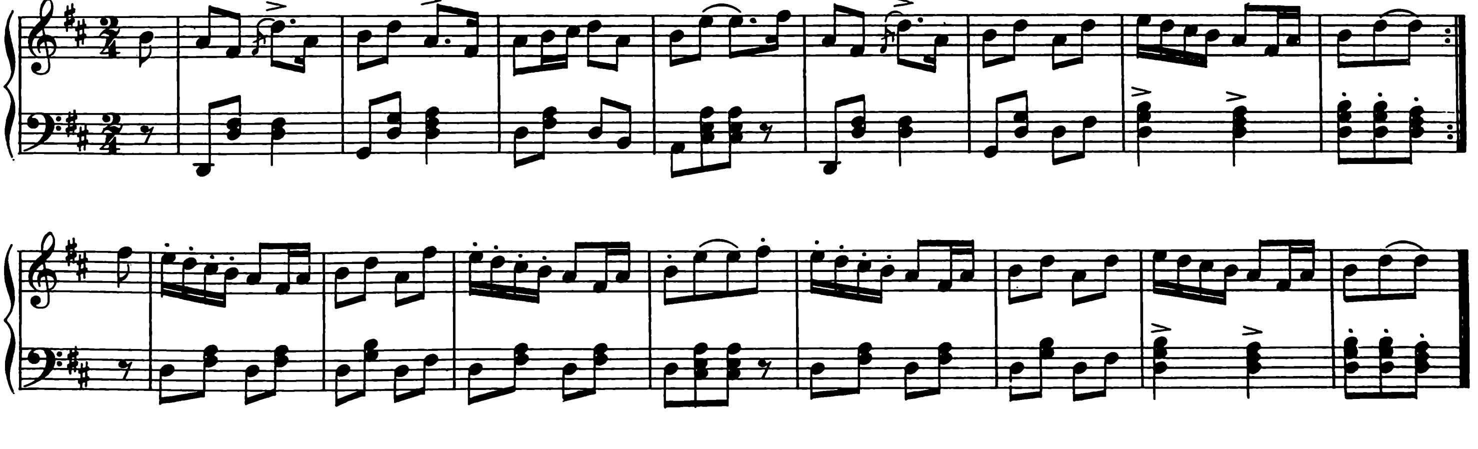
BAND QUICKSTEP.

(To JAMES NICHOLSON. Keith.)

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



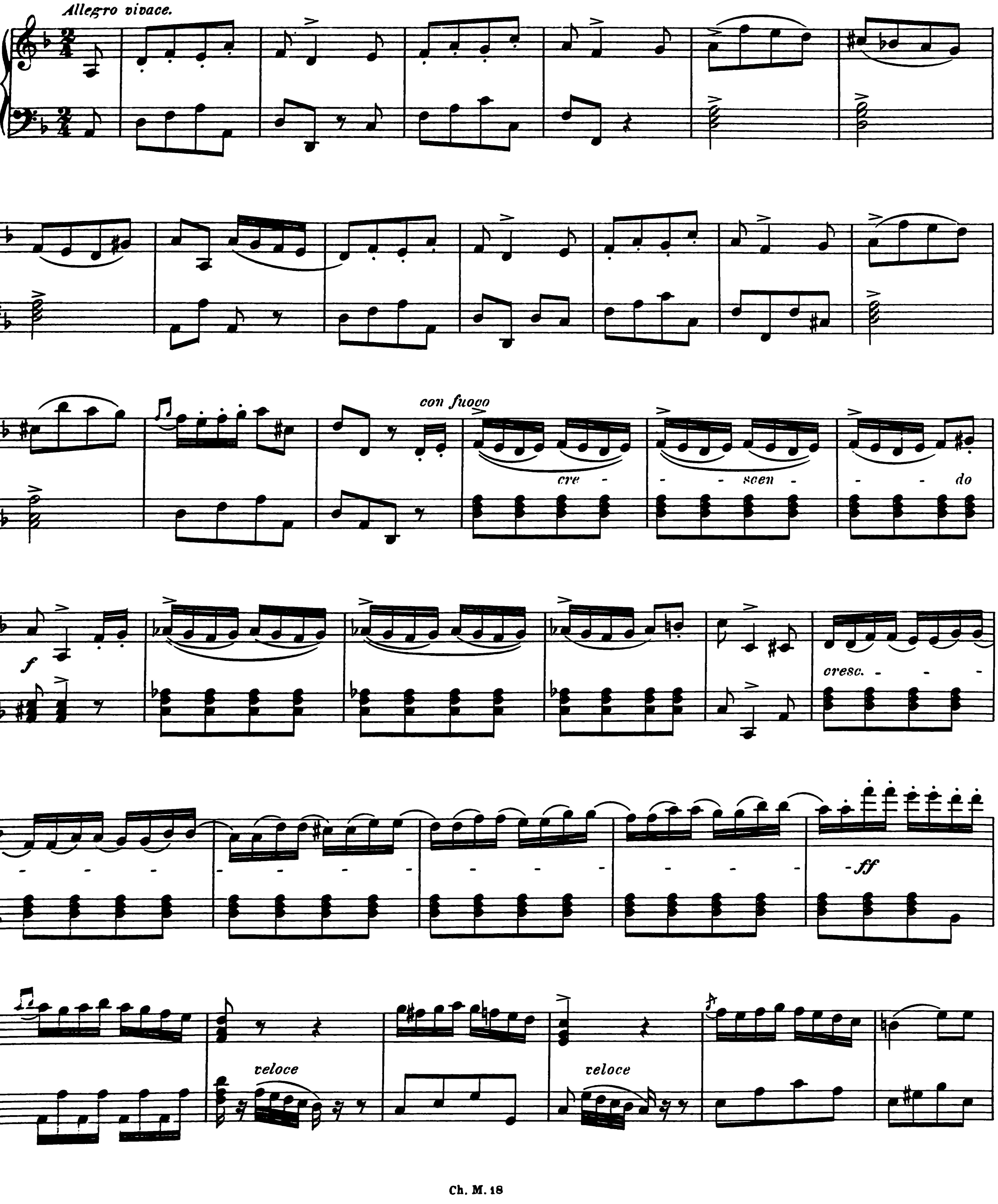
Trio.

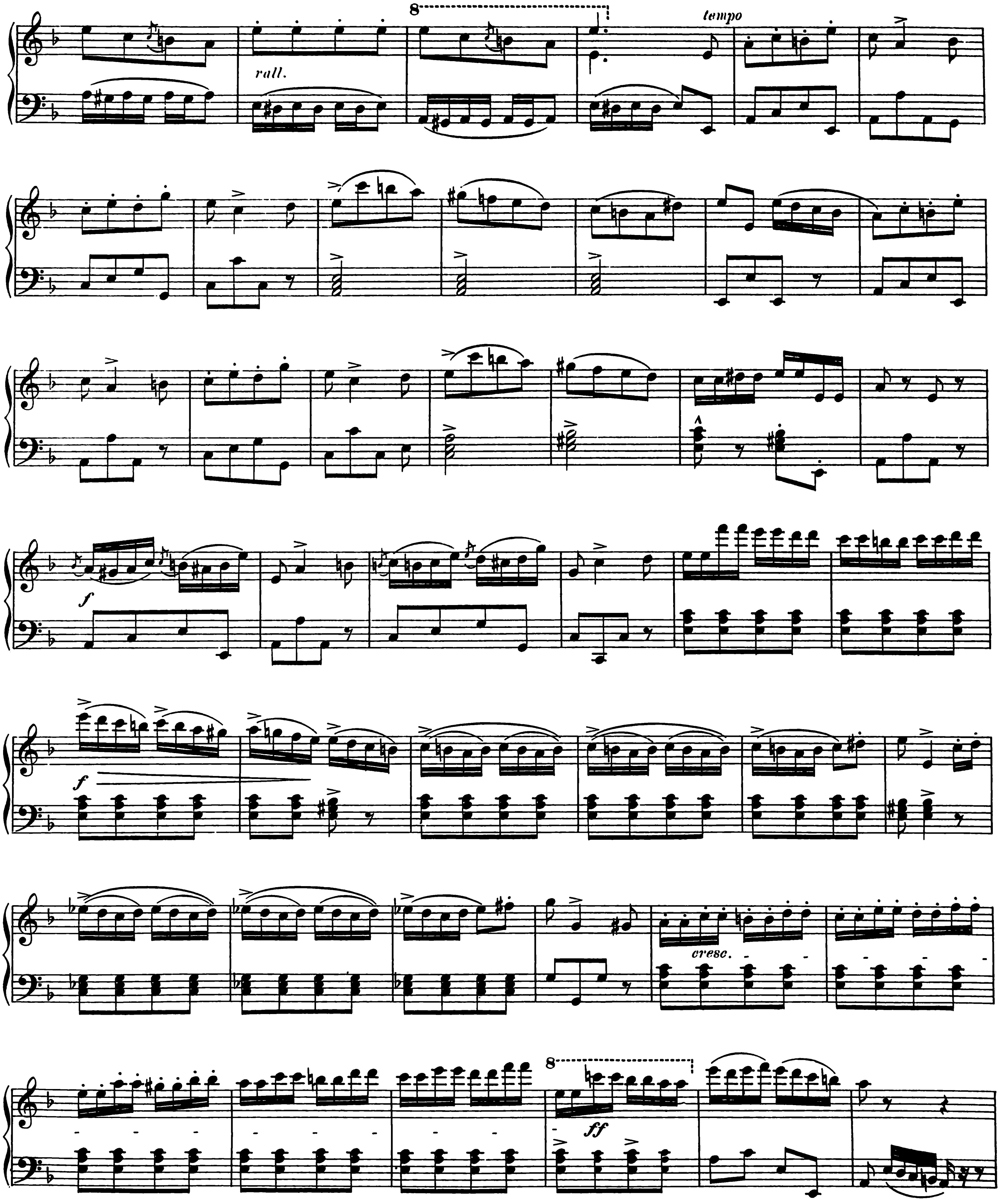


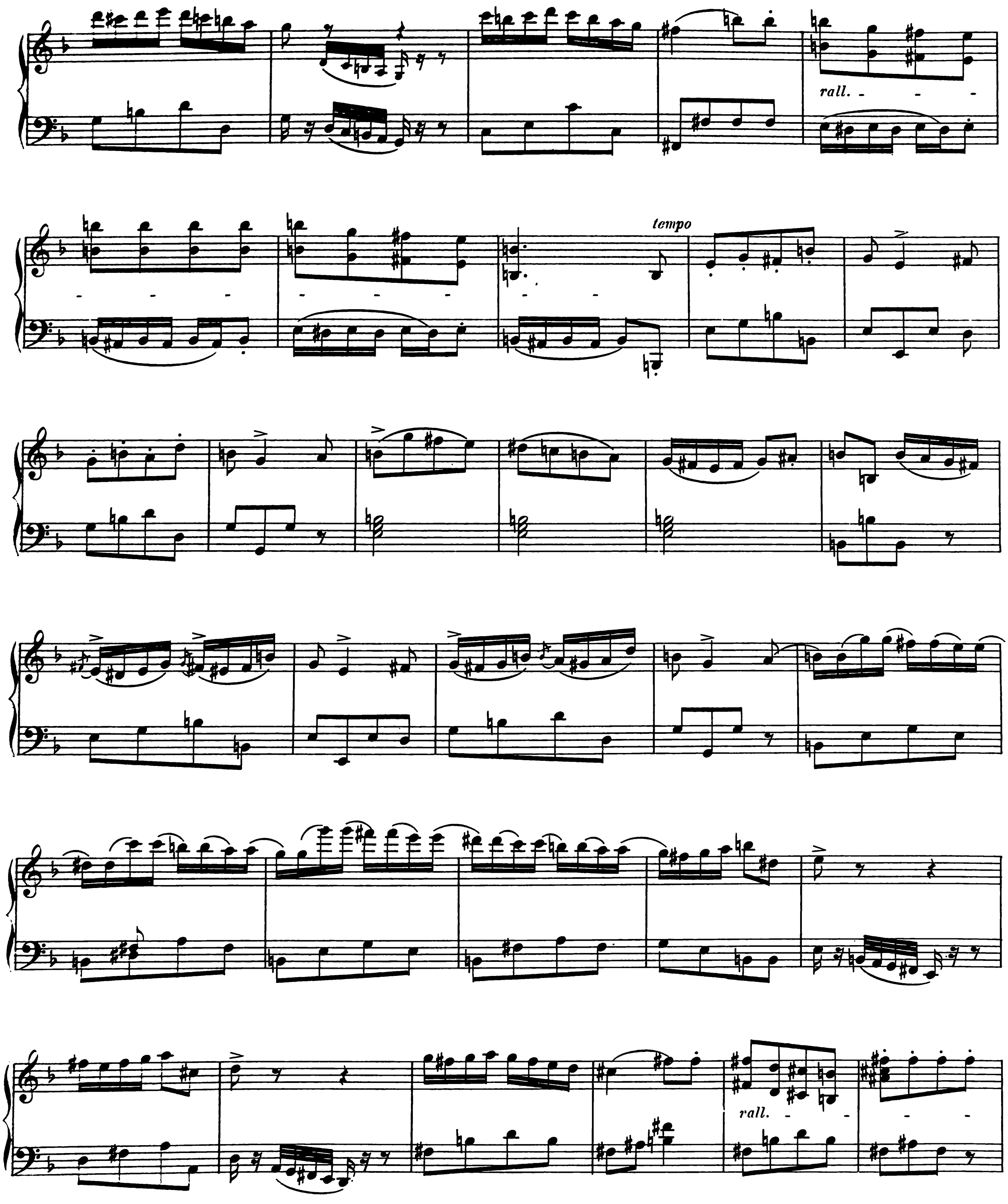
Mephistopheles.

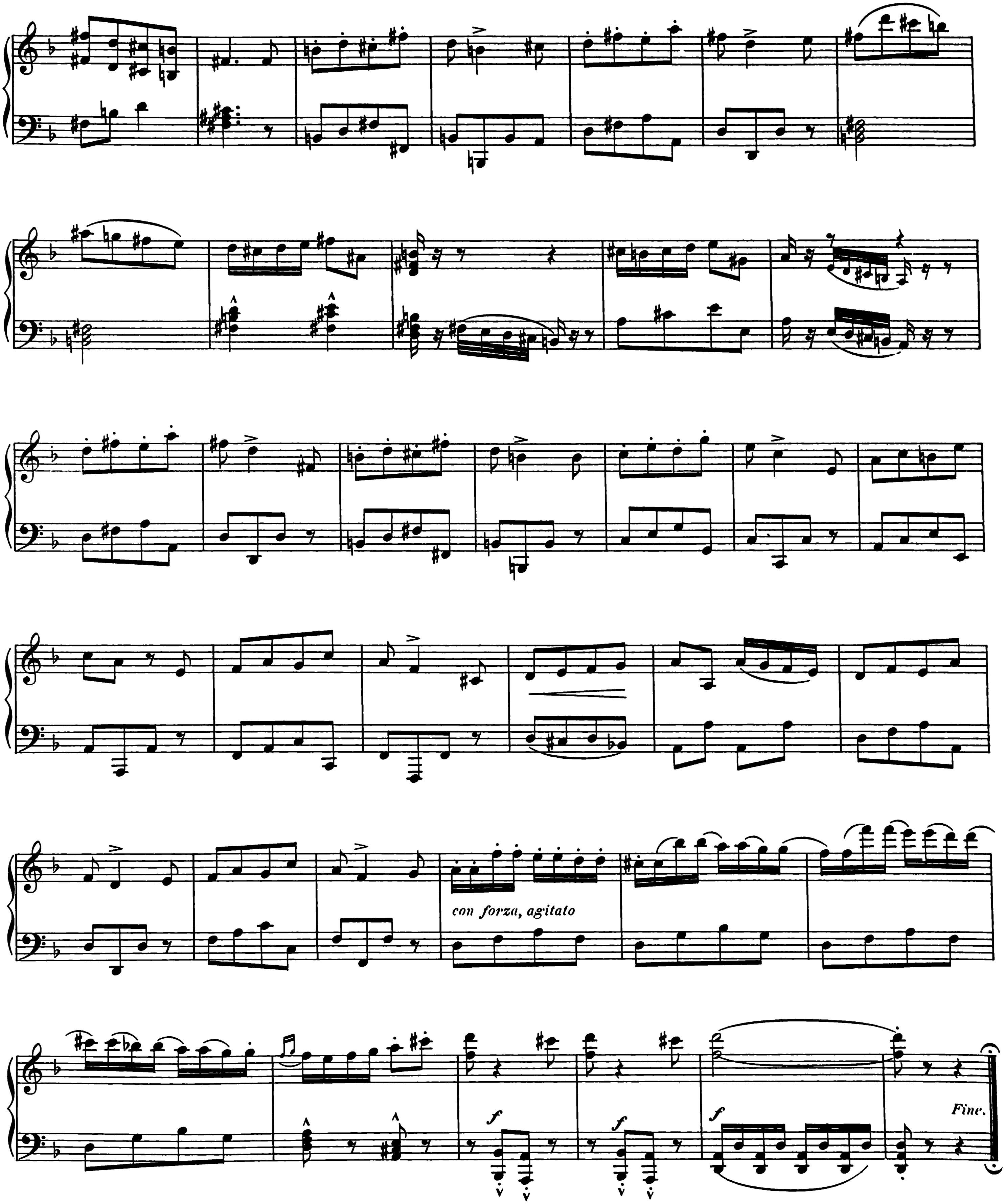
(To Mrs DUQUID. Ballater.)

RONDO. J. SCOTT SKINNER.




8
tempo
rall.
f
f
cresc.
8
ff

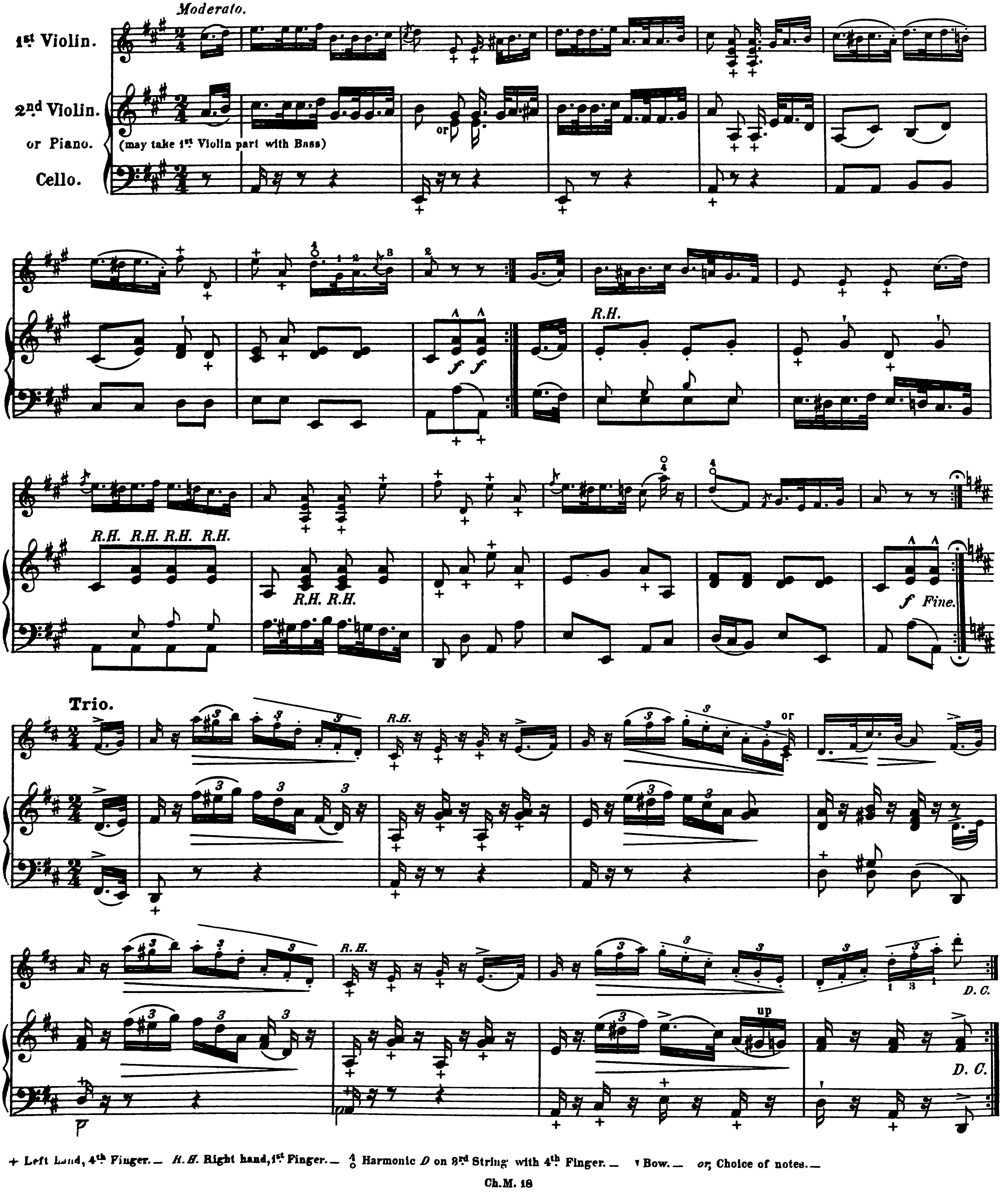

rall.
tempo
rall.


con forza, agitato
f
f
f
Fine.

The Poets Gavotte.

(To the Laird, W. M. and GRAMIN.)

TRIO (2 VIOLINS & CELLO.) J. SCOTT SKINNER.



+ Left hand, 4th Finger.— R.H. Right hand, 1st Finger.— 4/o Harmonic D on 3rd String with 4th Finger.— ˈ Bow.— or, Choice of notes.—

The Storm King

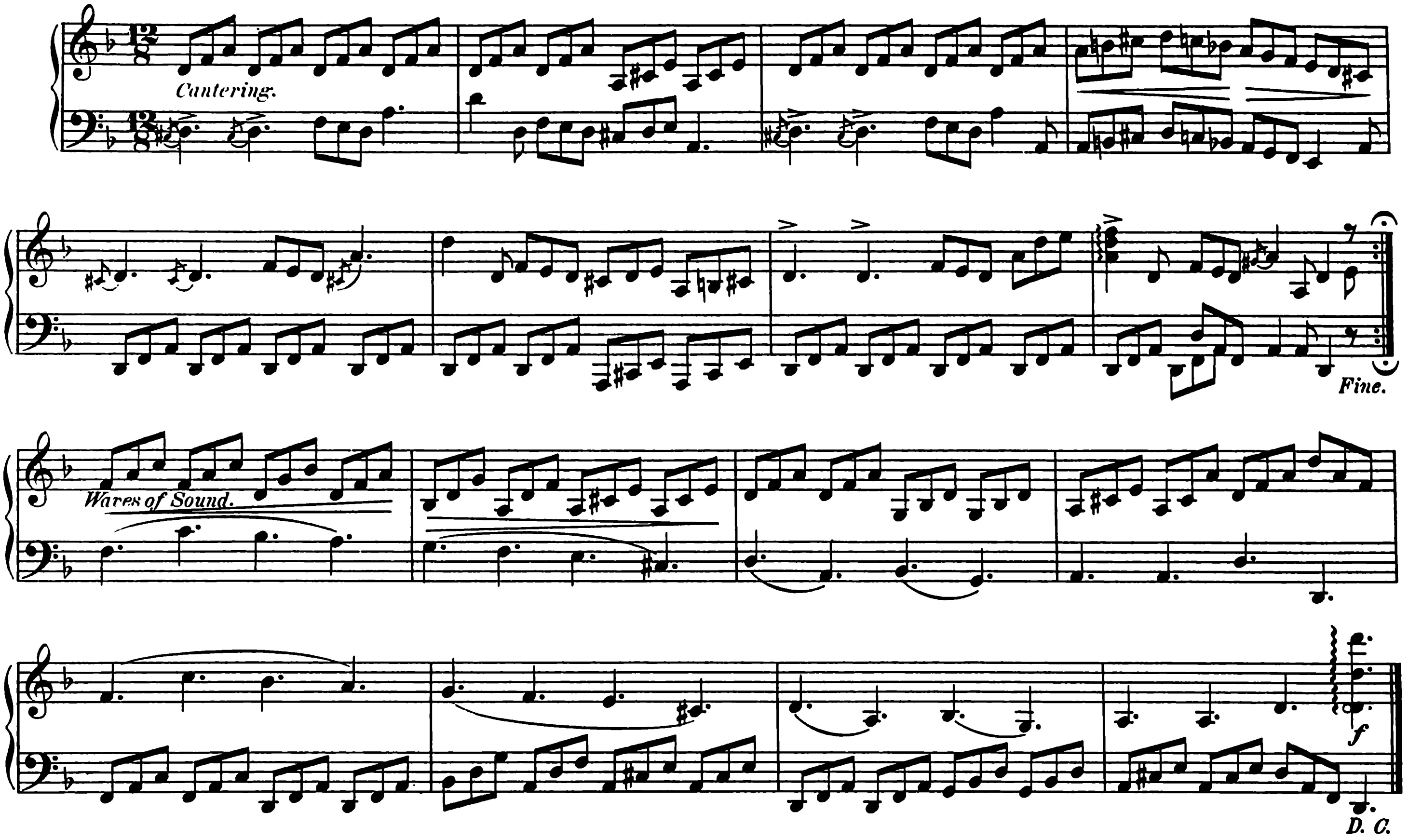
or "Tam o' Shanter."

(To JOHN HENRY COOKE.)

* "So Maggie rins, the witches follow
Wi' mony an eldrich screech and hollow."

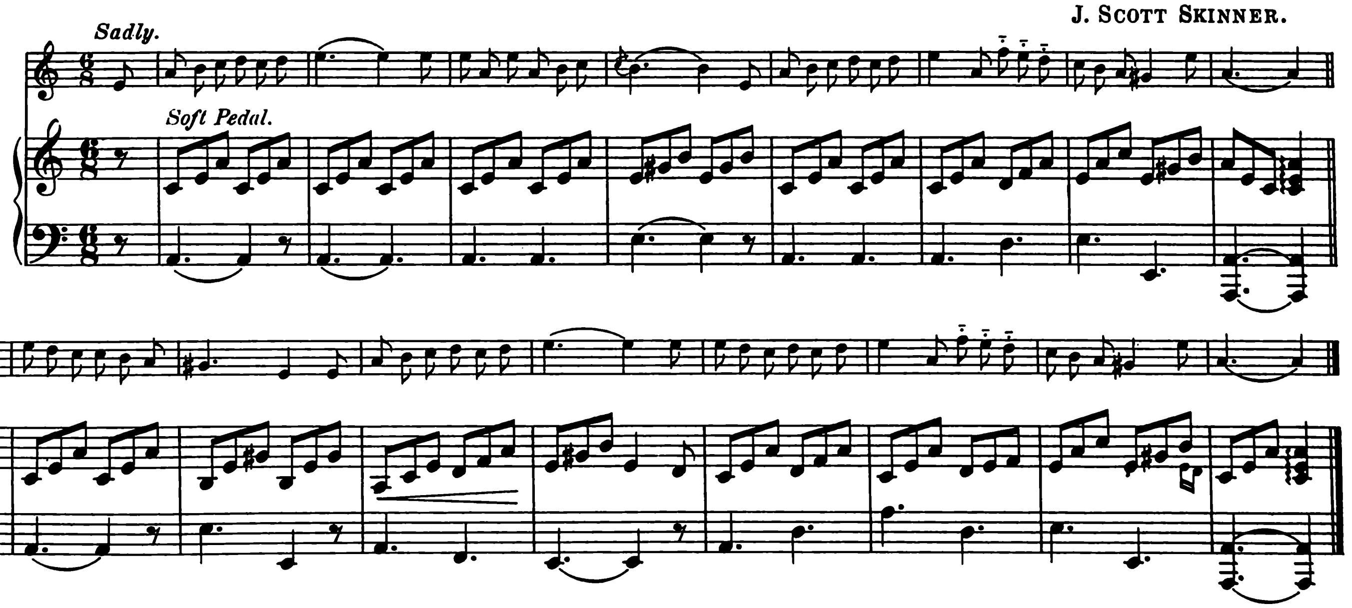
DESCRIPTIVE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



Charlotte's Reverie.**

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



The above is left entirely to the taste of the performer. *J.S.S.*

* See *Burns'* "Tam o' Shanter."

** A young lady alas! deaf and dumb!!! of musical family, dark, a lonely face, a life picture, exquisitely painful, and beautiful, misty "half gathered" never falling tears, glint, sunny like, alternately lighting up and vanishing in the dreamy expressive blue eyes.

Will o' The Wisp.

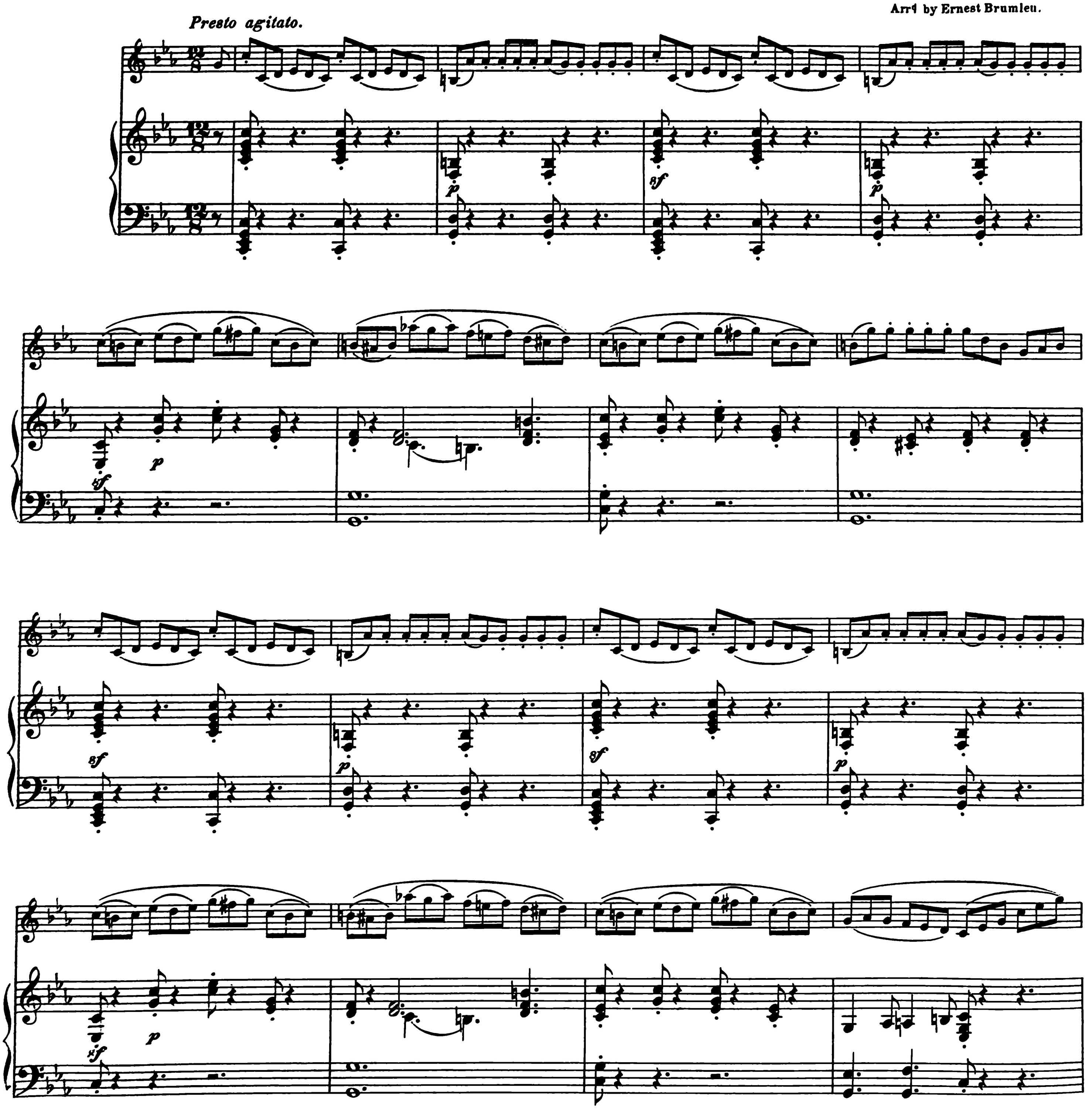
*(To M. SARASATE.)

"Gently, Eveleen, gently rest,
Softly on thy pillow sleep;
The fit is o'er, thy heaving breast,
Will calm itself in slumber deep,
Thou 'st danced, poor maid, the tarantelle,
Thou 'st danced it long and danced it well,
Thou 'st trod the maze, and traced the shore,
Thou shalt be healed for evermore."

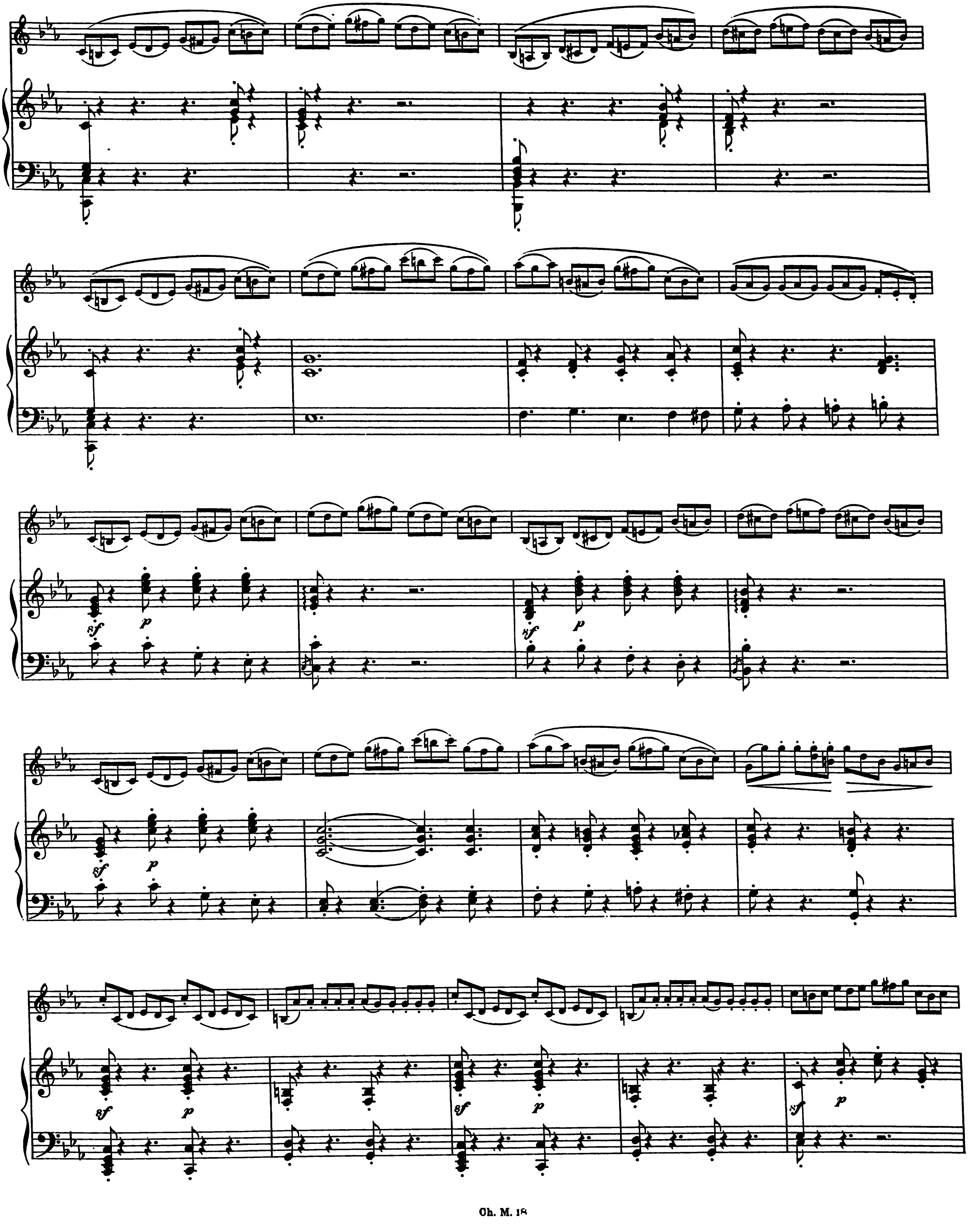
Dr MACKAY.

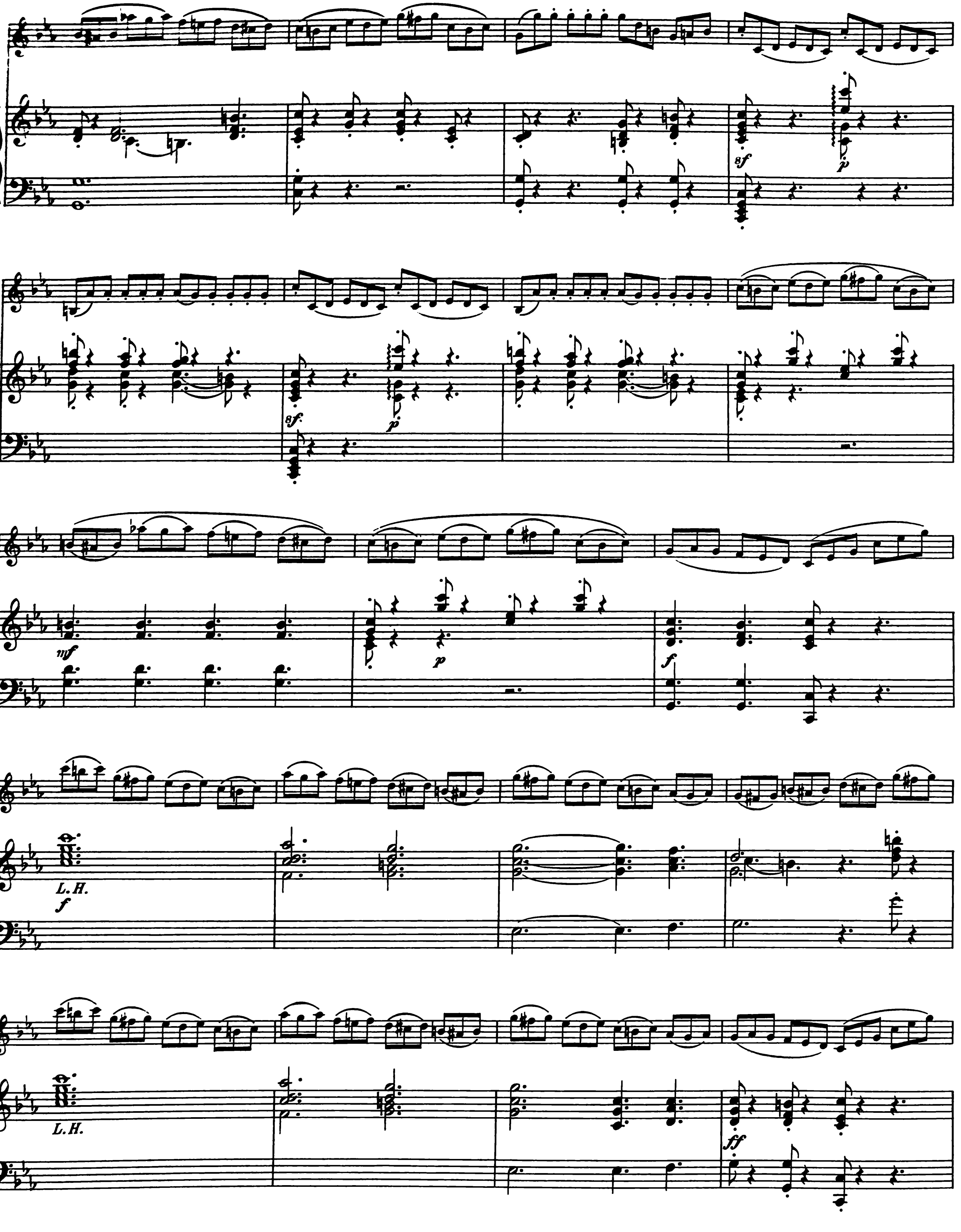
J. SCOTT SKINNER.

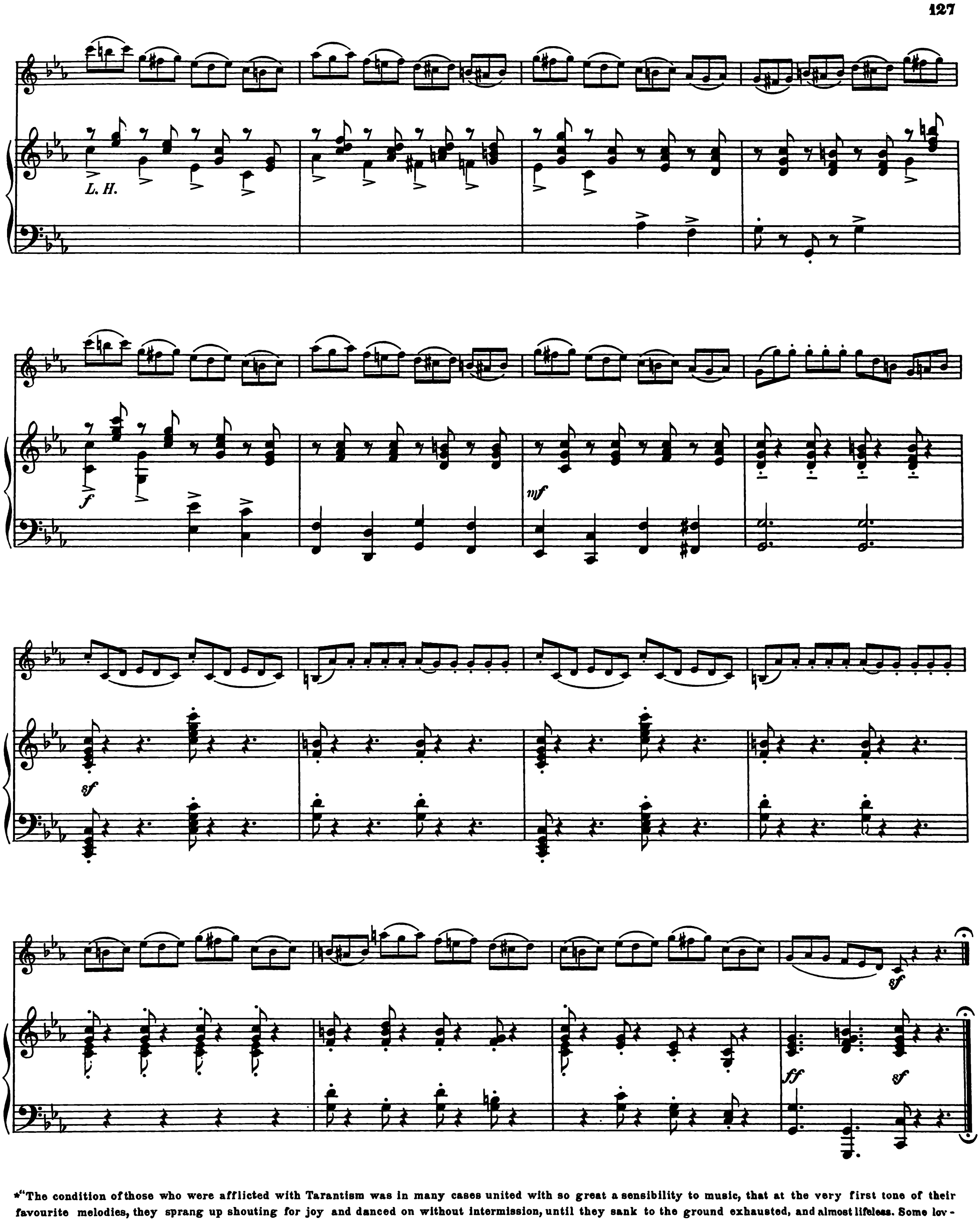
Arr^d by Ernest Brumleu.



*The Eminent Violinist.




L.H.
L.H.



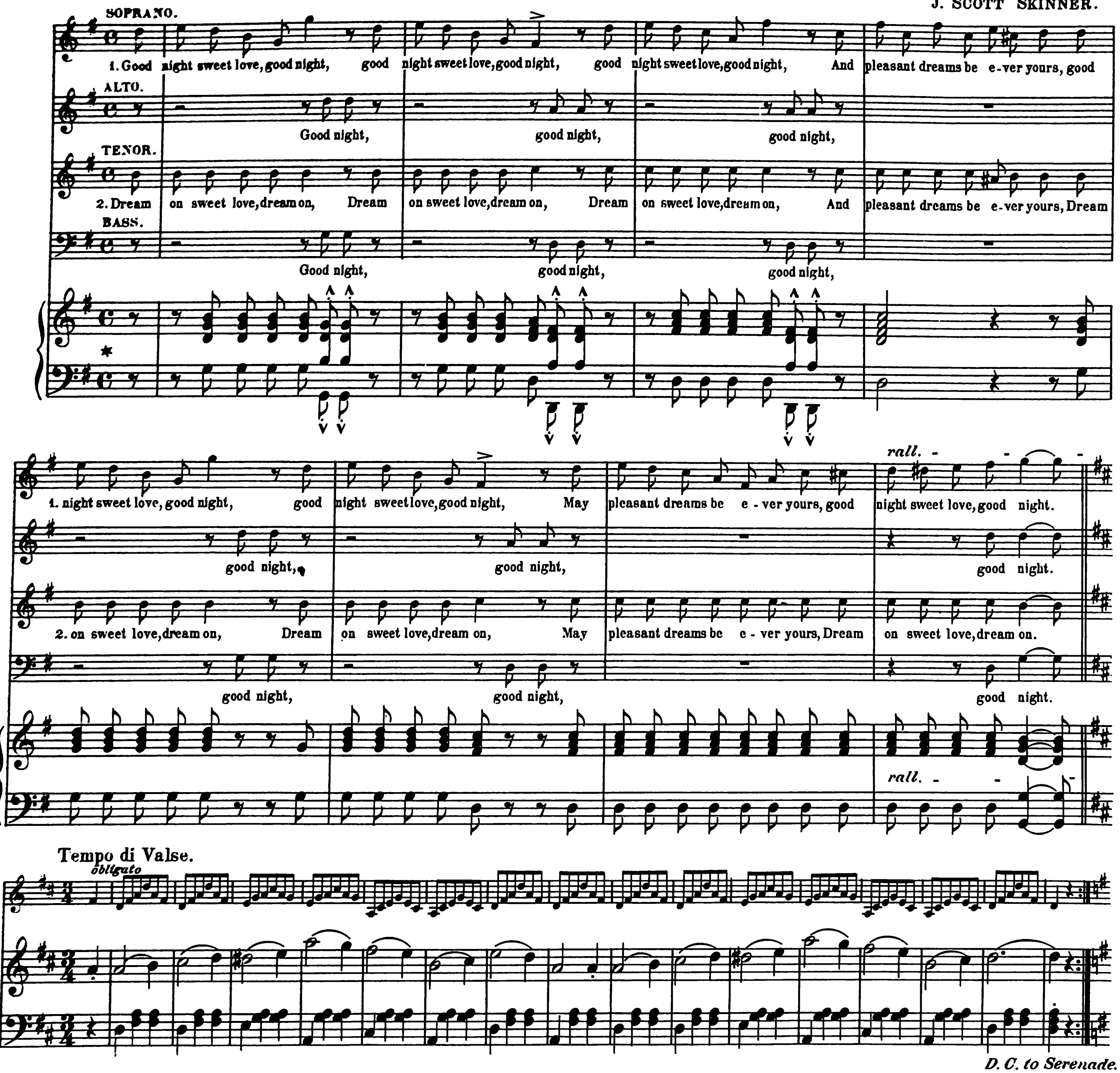
*"The condition of those who were afflicted with Tarantism was in many cases united with so great a sensibility to music, that at the very first tone of their favourite melodies, they sprang up shouting for joy and danced on without intermission, until they sank to the ground exhausted, and almost lifeless. Some loved to hear the sound of water, and delighted in hearing of gushing springs, and rushing cascades and streams".

Hecker's Epidemics of the Middle Ages. The Dancing Mania.

Good Night.

SERENADE.

J. SCOTT SKINNER.



* Violins play upper notes of accompt. pizz. to imitate guitar.

The Author in submitting "The Logie Collection" to the Public, takes this opportunity of thanking his many poetical friends for having so willingly placed their songs at his disposal for insertion in the present publication as also to Mr. Chas. Middleton, Publisher, Keith, and other kind friends who have tendered their professional aid and influence in the furtherance of this work. To all he hereby most cordially returns his grateful and heartfelt thanks.

The Editor regrets the omission of a few poems (several to one melody) kindly written for the Collection by his poetical friends; these will be retained until a new Edition is called for when other airs will be written for them. Apologies have also to be tendered to friends to whom airs were named and which are now *necessarily under different titles, the Poets having chosen their own themes;* the result of words being written to the Melody.

ABRIDGED CRITICISMS, &c.

LETTER FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Mr. J. Scott Skinner having forwarded to the Queen a copy of a poem welcoming Her Majesty again to Deeside, has received the following letter of acknowledgment:—

BALMORAL CASTLE, *May* 25, 1881.

Lieut.-General Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr. *Scott Skinner* for the verses and pieces of his composition which he has forwarded for Her Majesty's acceptance.

LETTER FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK, *Nov.* 30, 1882.

The Comptroller of the Household is directed to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. *J. S. Skinner's* letter of the 11th inst. to the address of the Prince of Wales, forwarding copy of Mr. Skinner's Overture "Rob Roy," and to thank him for the same.

LETTERS FROM H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

ELGIN, 18*th January*, 1882.

Mr. Rickard is desired by the Duke of Edinburgh to thank Mr. *James Scott Skinner* for the Souvenir of Scotch Music ("The Miller o' Hirn" Collection), which His Royal Highness is pleased to accept.

CLARENCE HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S, S.W., *Nov.* 14, 1882.

Sir,—I am desired by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to acknowledge the receipt of the copy of the Overture to "Rob Roy," which you have forwarded for his Royal Highness's acceptance, and to express to you his thanks for the same. I remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,

(Signed) G. F. BAMBRIDGE.

J. S. SKINNER, ESQ.

WAR OFFICE, 9*th November*, 1882.

Sir,—I beg to thank you for the copy of the Galop "The Assault at Tel-el-Kebir," which you have been so good as to dedicate to me. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) G. J. WOLSELEY.

J. S. SKINNER, ESQ.

FLORA COTTAGE, RENTON, NOTTINGHAM, *Nov.* 15, 1882.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your "Rob Roy." I shall have much pleasure in trying it. From the casual glance I have had, it appears to be cleverly put together, and I wish you every success with it.—I remain, yours very truly,

(Signed) HENRY FARMER.

J. SCOTT SKINNER, Esq.

The *Scotsman* says—"Mr. *Skinner*, who is well known in Elgin, has published 'The Miller o' Hirn' Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. The volume ought to have a place in every household where music is part of the domestic amusement. It is easy to conceive with what delight it will be welcomed in far away wintry districts, where the piano and the violin and the violoncello can on occasion be brought together to shorten and brighten the long winter evening. Mr. Skinner's book is excellent."

Copy of a letter from Professor Blackie.

9 DOUGLAS CRESCENT EDINBURGH, 13 *Dec.* 1888.

Dear Sir,

I have no doubt The Bonnie lass of Bon-accord will suit my taste to a T. I am proud to think that any word of mine may in however humble a way, have contributed to fan the noble flame of love to the fatherland in this disnatured and degenerate age.

Sincerely yours

J. S. BLACKIE.

Mr. SCOTT SKINNER.
Royal Hotel,
Keith,
Banffshire.

'We have here in collected form over a century of Strathspeys, Reels, Schottisches, Slow Airs, Songs, Hornpipes, &c., the composition of Mr. *James Scott Skinner*. Words by *R. Grant* and *'La Teste'* are pithily written to a dozen of the melodies, and for a frontispiece there is given an artistic and characteristic portrait of Mr. Skinner in the attitude of playing the violin, on which he is a complete master. The book is folio music size, of tasteful exterior, and suited to grace the drawingroom table. The music is a most favourable specimen of engraving and printing. It deserves a niche in the libraries of lovers of Scottish music, and ought to be at the command of all fiddlers at home; while it should likewise form a fitting and acceptable souvenir of his native land to the Scot abroad. Its very distinctive and catching title is derived from the Miller o' Hirn Strathspey—one of Mr. Skinner's best, and as it is first in his book it also has long occupied the most prominent position in public estimation. Mr. Skinner is a musician to the manner born, and his ideas are in loving sympathy with the very essence of purely Scotch dance melody. Being at same time a cultured musician, an adept at extemporaneous playing, and master of dance, we are not dissappointed to find this collection of Strathspeys and Reels far above average. Many of them are possessed of such high merit as to be deemed worthy of preservation side by side with the best surviving favourites of the past days. With the exception of two or three items by Mr. A. F. Skinner, a brother, and Mr. P. Milne, of Edinburgh (both clever and well-known exponents of Scotch music), all the numbers are composed by Mr. J. S. Skinner. Of the Songs, mention may be made of the melodic gem 'The Bonnie Banks o' Spey,' and also of the taking nursery melody (suggested by Mrs. Skinner). 'Johnnie Smith, my falla fine.' The structure of the melodies generally, although many of them are fine, afford little scope for harmonic treatment, but the arrangements are simple, natural, and effective. A few insignificant slips, overlooked in revision, can easily be rectified in a future print. Mr. Skinner deserves high commendation for this crowning effort of his musical skill and taste."—*Dundee Advertiser*, November 1, 1881.

"Mr. *James Scott Skinner*, well known in Inverness as an excellent violinist and teacher of dancing, has just published a collection of Scotch airs and dance music of his own composing that proves him to be a musician of no mean order. Mr. Scott Skinner was, in his youth, one of the famous Dr. Mark's 'Little Men,' and has evidently profited by that professor's tuition. In the past generation, reels were played slower than they are now, to suit the taste, perhaps, of a more phlegmatic race; but the tendency of the present age is to play them crisply and fluently, and Mr. Skinner, evidently noticing this, has arranged his pieces in a manner that will captivate every lover of our inspiring national airs. A number in the present collection have evidently been suggested by old familiar names, but there is sufficient originality left to make the work a valuable addition to our Scottish musical literature. The secret of good reel-playing consists in light and spirited bowing, and in the airs mentioned Mr. Skinner has skilfully contrived to give scope for this to the utmost limit. It may be said that too many of the Strathspeys end in triplets, and that the style of the whole is rather uniform; but the collection otherwise must undoubtedly be regarded as an able contribution to our Scotch minstrelsy. The work is creditably got up by the publishers, and a beautiful lithograph at the beginning shows the composer holding his violin very gracefully in the 'third position.' Several excellent Songs preface the music, one of two or which, and particularly 'The Miller o' Hirn,' by La Teste, would have done no discredit to the immortal Scottish bard."—*The Northern Chronicle.*

"This is a collection of spirited Strathspeys and lively Reels, composed by the well-known artist, Mr. *Scott Skinner*, and arranged for the piano, or violin and violoncello. They all have a true Scotch ring about them, and have evidently sprung from one who not only thoroughly understands but also loves the peculiar music of his native country. Amongst so much that is good and high-class, it is scarcely possible to mention any of the airs in particular without doing injustice to the others. They remind us of Madame de Sevigne's remarks when asked to choose the best of La Fontaine's fables. She answered that they resembled a basket of beautiful cherries: one commenced to pick out the finest and soon the basket was empty. However, the gem of the collection is undoubtedly the schottische or strathspey which gives it name to the work—'The Miller o' Hirn.' This schottische which has already gone through several editions, is so deservedly popular that very few readers can have failed to have heard and admired it. Its pleasingly striking theme and well marked movement are particularly suited to the Highland schottische, and well may it rank, as it does, as the prime favourite with young dancers. Even their elders must regret that their dancing days are over when this lively tune strikes up. 'Our Highland Queen' is an elaborate strathspey, with pleasing and uncommon melody and stately movement, and it makes a very effective violin solo. 'The Washing Day' is a characteristic reel, which easily brings up to the mind's eye the picture of buxom Scottish lasses, arms akimbo, washing blankets after the time-honoured manner of their country. Our other special favourites are—'Duncans Rant,' 'Silverwells,'' 'Willie Blair,' 'Mr. Thomson,' 'Annie Dalgarno,' 'JennyBowser,' 'Dr. Profeit,' 'Jenny's Doll is Dressed Again,' and 'Mrs. Scott Skinner.' The latter is an admirable strathspey, with easy flowing movement, suitable for committal to memory as a telling little solo for piano or violin. 'Frank's' and 'So I'm off with the good St. Nicholas Boat' are catching airs. The latter seems familiar to us from childhood, and the former calls vividly to mind the 'Rondo' in an old 'Concerto' by G. E. Griffin, dedicated to M. J. B. Cramer. In 'Miss Mary Campbell' an amateur violinist will find the fingering very difficult.

"The volume also contains several Songs, Jigs, and Hornpipes Among the hornpipes, 'Jumpers' is a lively air, characteristically named; and 'Excelsior' is a bright stacatto movement, suitable for the display of a light and graceful touch. 'Britannia,' a patriotic song, is a fine martial strain, with appropriate words by 'La Teste,' the Deeside poet. 'The Music o' Spey' is a sweet, unpretentious song, the words of which contain real heartfelt pathos, and charm us by their very simplicity. Miss J. Scott Skinner's two reels (Nos. 25 and 47) are creditable productions for so young a little lady, and they give proof of hereditary talent—talent that study, perseverance, and time may develop even to the point of rivalling her father in his wonderful facility for the composition of Scotch dance music.

"There are a few others throughout the work, notably 'Jenny Bowser,' which appear to have a close resemblance to some old Gaelic airs and pipe tunes which we used to hear since childhood; but such beautiful airs are so plentiful in the Highlands that we suppose it is scarcely possible to compose such a large number without unconsciously borrowing from or resembling some of them. Instead of this, however, being a defect, it is one of the strongest recommendations of the work. We congratulate Mr. Skinner on the result of his efforts, and trust the success of his excellent performance will fully recompense him for the great trouble and expense of producing such a work. Its general get-up is in all respects worthy of its contents, and no Scottish family, at home or abroad, should be without a copy of such an excellent and inspiring collection of national music.

"The whole collection is carefully arranged for violin players, with special, original marks, which, as they are carefully explained at the beginning of the work, will greatly facilitate the bowing of strathspeys. A life-like lithograph of the author forms an attractive frontispiece to the volume. We like this idea, and should be glad to see it imitated by other composers. The collection can be had handsomely bound, and in that form it will prove a most attractive and acceptable gift to any lover of Highland music."—*Celtic Magazine*, February, 1882.

"Mr. *Scott Skinner* has been long and very favourably known in the north as a most successful composer and performer of dance music, but it might be supposed that he had attempted a very bold thing in publishing such a large collection of works entirely the composition of himself or members of his family. It could not be expected that all the pieces in the collection would all be meritorious or equally successful, but we take it upon us to say, that Mr. Skinner's reputation is in no danger from the work before us. We have heard a large number of the pieces played, both upon the violin and piano, and have great pleasure in testifying to their beauty and effectiveness, with scarcely an exception. A few of the pieces are dedicated to local gentlemen, and are well worthy of being thus stereotyped. We are glad to learn that Mr. Skinner's work has been a commercial success, and to make it much more so all that is required is that the public should become acquainted with the collection on our table. It is very neatly got up, clearly and correctly printed, and reflects great credit on all concerned in its preparation."—*The Highlander*, January, 1882.

"This is a pretty got up cheap edition of Mr. *Skinner's* Reels, Strathspeys, Slow Airs, &c. Many of the pieces, if not strikingly original, are of a sprightly character, possessing the necessary features of rhythm and good melody, and the collection cannot fail to become popular. Both with his violin and pen, Mr. Skinner has done good service in these parts in keeping alive the taste for our national dance music, and the volume now before us is one of the most creditable of his efforts. The arrangements for the piano are simple and effective, and the score embraces hints for bowing which will be of use to the violinist."—*Aberdeen Journal*, November 3rd, 1881.

Hornpipes, &c., but it is with the ball-room music we have to deal. The get-up of the book is very superior. A fine portrait of Mr. Skinner is given as a frontispiece. Several of the songs composed by the Bard o' Ugie and La Teste are given, to which Mr. Scott Skinner has supplied the music. It has been well said that there never was an instrument that could touch the violin, nor yet would there ever be an instrument invented that would surpass it in tone or sweetness of expression. Here, in the present case, we have this fully brought before us. Who has not heard of the famous 'Miller o' Hirn,' and who can deny that it is one of the finest strathspeys we have? Over the whole length and breadth of Scotland it has run its course, and in the lowly cot as well as in the rich palaces its stirring strains can ever be heard. 'The Auld Wheel' reel too is its companion, and the tasteful manner to which it is set is a guarantee to the public of its genuineness. To those who devote their time to music, we would recommend Mr. Skinner's book. Scotch music has now taken a firm hold in England, and it is the delight of Metropolitan Societies to give a 'Scotch night' every other week.

"A smart well-timed strathspey, 'The Falls of Divach,' by Miss Jenny Scott Skinner, is introduced. This piece was composed by the little lady, when ten years of age, and shows remarkably good taste and harmony.

"Several of the reels, strathspeys, &c., are dedicated to well-known northern gentlemen and ladies, and others take their names from people in the north. Among the

ABRIDGED CRITICISMS, &c.—(Continued.)

local ones are 'Lochnabo' (strathspey), 'Frank's Hornpipe,' 'Dr. Whyte' (solo strathspey), 'Miss S. Gunn' (do.), 'Mr. Gibson' (Highland schottische), &c., &c. There is pleasure given to the mind in perusing this book of good old Scottish music. It draws us back to the days of old, when our forefathers were thoroughly embued with the spirit of 'Auld Scotch Sangs.' — *Elgin Courant and Courier*, October 18, 1881.

"*Talisker Schottische*" by *James Scott Skinner.*—"The musical world is indebted in no small measure to this gentleman for many very fine arrangements of Scotch music, and the Highland Schottische now before us will add to the already wide fame of the composer. Than Mr. Skinner, few are better qualified to judge what ought to be good dancing tunes, and hence in all his compositions in this department we have at once graceful and useful melody. 'Talisker' will soon be as much a household work as 'The Miller o' Hirn."

"Among the pieces performed by the band, and which were specially worthy of mention, were the overtures 'Roy Roy' and 'La Dame Blanche.' The first overture, which was composed by J. Scott Skinner, Elgin, and which was heard in Elgin for the first time as a concerted piece of music, was splendidly rendered, particularly the slow and pathetic passages. It was allowed by many who could judge impartially that the arrangement of this selection of tunes has at least, if not a more pleasing, effect on an audience than the famous overture to 'Guy Mannering,' and this was manifested on Tuesday by the breathless attention and the applause which greeted the performance at its conclusion."—*Free Press*, January, 1883.

"In these days when it is fashionable for people affecting 'taste' in art matters to decry Scotch music, the advent of such a volume as that before us, while doubtless calling to the face of the 'new light' musical disciple the inevitable smile of amused contempt, must be hailed with genuine pleasure by all true Scotchmen. Mr. Skinner has been long known to fame over the North of Scotland as a gifted composer and an accomplished violinist and exponent of our national music, and there is every reason for believing that the present venture will substantially increase his reputation, if, indeed, it does not entitle him to a place in future regard alongside such masters of melody as Gow, Fraser, Dow, Marshall, &c.

"The 122 pieces which go to make up the 'Miller o' Hirn' collection, consist, with a few exceptions, of strathspeys and reels, and it is proof of the composer's fecundity of musical invention that without falling into plagiarism or being guilty of a repeating himself,' he should have succeeded in giving a distinctive melodial character to each tune.

"Having had the privilige of hearing some of these pieces played by their composer, we were inclined to think that the many dainty effects obtained by peculiarities of bowing and fingering would, when the tunes were placed in ordinary form before the public, be lost through the inability of the average player to enter into sympathy with the composer's ideas, but we are pleased to find that Mr. Skinner's painstaking ingenuity has so far triumphed in this respect that, by the adoption of a system of original signs, he has made the required style of bowing clear to the meanest comprehension. This is a big step in the right direction, and the wonder seems that it should have been left to Mr. Skinner to make, since, we believe, in all ages of strathspey and reel playing on the violin, the proper manipulation of the bow has been *par excellence*, the difficulty with which learners, and even advanced players, have had to contend, for such trite rules as 'the down bow after the bar' do not apply where each particular tune demands a distinctive form of bowing.

"Time alone can adequately apply the test as to which of the tunes in this collection are most meritorious. In regard to this, as to some other thinks, 'one person's meat is another's poison,' therefore, the 'survival of the fittest' is the best proof of worth. Nevertheless, we may be pardoned for mentioning a few that have recommended themselves to our favourable regard. 'The Miller o' Hirn,' which gives name to the work, has already been accorded a very flattering reception and contains, we think, the elements of endurance; 'Mrs. Scott Skinner,' a showy piece for solo purposes, is well worth the attention of aspiring players on account of the excellent fingering and bowing practice it affords; the same may be said of 'Our Highland Queen,' a graceful effusion introducing some pretty effects not usually found in ordinary strathspeys; 'The Washing Day' is a pleasing melody; 'The Aberdeenshire Volunteers,' 'The Dominie' Delight,' 'Carron,' Mrs. Chree,' and 'The Brigg o' Feugh,' seem all to contain the quality that puts 'life and mettle' in the heels of dancers; A. G. Wilken's Favourite' is a tune somewhat after the style of 'Birnieboozle,' and will be found very pleasing for solo purposes; 'Johannie Smith, my falla fine,' is one of the gems of the collection, and can be used with equal propriety as a strathspey, schottische, or nursery melody; 'The Music o' Spey,' set as a song to words by R. Grant, cannot fail to find many admirers. There are in the collection several other song pieces of a pleasing, if not a very striking, character, the most pretentious of which is 'Britannia, the Pride of the Seas,' to a Poem by 'La Teste.' This melody is vigorous and catching, but it seems to us that the song would have been greatly improved by having the chorus harmonised for parts. The lithograph portrait of the composer at the beginning of the book is an excellent likeness, which, together with the letterpress and lithograph of the volume, has been executed by Messrs. Home & Macdonald, Edinburgh, in a tasteful and artistic style. Altogether, the 'Miller o' Hirn' collection is just such a volume as we could imagine would be highly acceptable as a new year's gift to Scotch friends across the water."—*Huntly Express.*

"The second part opened with a new 'Overture to Rob Roy,' by Mr. *James Scott Skinner*, pupil of the late Dr. Mark. This production has been already received with warm approval by musicians, and on this occasion delighted the audience, consisting of some of Scotland's bonniest airs, arranged as only Mr. Skinner can, the tunes are, as far as we could pick up from the orchestra, 'The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Spey' (if we mistake not one of Mr. Skinner's compositions), 'Bide ye yet,' 'M'Gregor's Gathering,' 'I Lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane,' 'The Birks of Invermay,' 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' 'Robin Adair,' 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be,' 'My Love is like the red, red rose,' and 'The Braes o' Gleniffer.' It was played well and intelligently by the band, the various airs being given with spirit."—*Elgin Courant*, January, 1883.

"*Musical Evening.*—Yesterday evening a musical recital was given in Silver Street Hall by Mr. *Scott Skinner*, violinist and professor of dancing. There was a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Skinner rendered a number of violin solos in a manner which reflected great credit on his talent as a musician. Several of the pieces were of a difficult nature, and were well calculated to bring forth the violinist's power over his instrument. Perhaps the *morceaux* in which Mr. Skinner was most successful were the overture 'Rob Roy,' specially adapted by himself for the violin and piano, and 'Duncan Gray.' Miss Skinner presided at the piano, and during the evening gave several solos in excellent style and taste. At the conclusion, on the motion of the chairman, Mr. Scott, Stoneywood, a very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Skinner."—*Free Press*, Feb. 1884.

"*Musical Recital.*—On Thursday evening Mr. *Scott Skinner*, violinist and professor of music, gave a recital in Silver Street Hall. The programme was very successfully carried through, all of the pieces being rendered in an excellent manner. Miss Skinner presided at the piano."—*People's Journal*, February, 1884.

"Mr. *J. Scott Skinner*, assisted by his accomplished wife and daughter, gave what may be termed a Dance-Music Recital in Silver Street Hall on Thursday evening. There was a good audience present by special invitation—and the performance, in brief, bore testimony to this that since the time—daily growing more distant—when 'Drumnagarrow,'—Geordie Donald—('jist a plain steen-mason,' as he used to say, but a matchless exponent of 'The Reel of Tulloch,' with a dozen variations), and Peter Milne (if, reader, you chance to meet him on the Burntisland-Edinburgh boat during your next summer's holiday, ask for James Young's 'Brig o' Dee,') since these departed joys—the recital under notice bore witness to this, that, as a player of our glorious reels and strathspeys—Mr. Scott Skinner has few, if any, equals in the north of Scotland. But, indeed, this is true as to the whole field of terpsichorean melody, and how much a gift is to be esteemed in the light of young folks learning to dance can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who think of the harmonious links connecting music and the poetry of motion."—*Free Press*, February, 1884.

"A NICHT WI' THE SCOTCH PAGANINIS."

[To the Editor of the Evening Express.]

Sir,—Being a stranger in Aberdeen, and of a musical turn, I was attracted to St Katharine's Hall on Saturday night to hear the Scotch Paganinis perform what I considered a too pretentious programme of classical music. I had heard of Scott Skinner when in the south as a superior violinist, but imagined he stood prominent merely as one of the Neil Gow school; and, although prepared to have a good Strathspey and reel, I thought the high-flown pieces would be somewhat tame. However, after a few strokes of the bow, Mr. Skinner caused my foregone conclusion to turn to the right about. I found myself a listener to a master of the violin of no mean stamp, and wondered I had not during a four months' stay in town had several opportunities of hearing him. From my own experience of violin-playing, I will say, without fear of contradiction, that as a classical player his execution in bowing and fingering is excellent, and that he produced a superior tone. His dexterous staccato upbow gives a telling effect in rapid scale and other runs. The ease and grace with which he glides from the nut to the top of the finger-board, and *vice versa*, on all strings, seems, to the mind of the ordinary listener unsurpassable. His double-stopping in some very intricate passages was truthfully executed. He did not even descend in my estimation in his trick performance *a la* Paganini. He has evidently made the left hand pizzicato and harmonic playing a study, which enables him to give an effective rendering of the bird-like sounds, blended with the wilder noises which so astonished Paganini's listeners. An operatic duet by Messrs. Skinner and Hardy was gone through in a praiseworth style Mr. Skinner's violin, from the quality of tone, seemed to be a superior new one. For an encore piece he performed a rondo in the minor mode (his own composition) on the old violin used by Mr. Hardy. In conclusion, I would simply say that so long as Mr. Scott Skinner is with you there is no good reason why you should bring dons from London and elsewhere, for he is quite able to satisfy a taste for the classical, and give a good Strathspey and reel to boot, which latter will puzzle the best who are not Scotchmen.—Yours, &c.,

A FIDDLER.

From the Aberdeen Evening Express, of January 18, 1886.

"We are indebted to 'An Old Deeside Man' for the following graphic and interesting particulars, which vividly recall phases of old country life of a very pleasing character:—

On the 27th ult., there was an intimation in your paper of a wedding in a rural district on Deeside. This, considered by itself, is not at all an uncommon event, but there was something in connection with the happy occasion which is not of everyday occurrence, and that was that there was no less than four generations, relatives of the bride, present at the ceremony. It may interest some of your musical friends to know that the oldest representative was the 'Miller o' Hirn,' to whom some years ago a schottische was dedicated by Mr. J. Skinner, the accomplished teacher of music, dancing, and calisthenic exercises, and now published by the same author in the 'Miller o' Hirn Reels,' &c., which I am informed are well worth patronising. This composition was dedicated by Mr. Skinner, I believe, out of respect to the great friendship which so long existed between his father and the miller. 'Dancie Skinner' — as he was familiarly called — was well known and much respected in the counties of Aberdeen and Kincardine, and wherever he opened a class, in hall or barn, the young generation and his older friends always largely patronised him. 'Dancie' was not only a first-class teacher of dancing, he was a first-class performer when dancing *was dancing!* Highland flings, hornpipes, and country dances were really exercises. To go over twenty couples in 'The Merry Lads o' Ayr' without stop made one feel very comfortable. His profession was more the result of accident than choice. In his younger days shooting at marriages was considered an indispensable accomplishment. Mr. Skinner, ever cheerful, active, and sociable, and quite alive to this conventional usuage, was blazing away in honour of a wedding party, when the bursting of his firelock deprived him of two or three of the fingers on his left hand. Nothing daunted, his independent spirit and love of music made him endeavour to *bow* with the *left* and *finger* with the right hand — his left hand being assisted by a loop attached to the bow to enable him to hold it firm. Those who had the pleasure of hearing his performance after this transposition would not readily admit that his accident was a misfortune: and many a merry wedding, and other happy gatherings were privileged in his after years to have more pleasant and less dangerous accompaniments from him than firing guns and pistols. My object in communicating these little incidents is to excite if possible a little more interest in Mr. J. Skinner's Collection of Reels — 'The Miller o' Hirn Reels.' I may also state *en passant* that the Miller is no myth — he having for more than *three* nineteens occupied, as tenant, the mill and farm of Hirn, where he is still a hale, happy, hearty old man — old, indeed, for he and his worthy partner have both *rounded* the fourscore and three. The miller, though never considered an accomplished fiddler, was considered a 'first-rate *ball player*,' and he was 'aye ready an' willin'' to give his services with his fiddle at Yule and Paiseh, and other high times and festive occasions, to his friends and neighbours. The Dowager Lady Ramsay Burnett of Crathes did not think their harvest homes and social gatherings complete without the presence of the 'Miller' and his fiddle. He often speaks with a sort of half sorrow and thankfulness of his having been a tenant under five lairds of the much respected Crathes family. The Miller o' Drone has long ago passed away, but the Miller o' Hirn, we are happy to say, gives promise of seeing the fifth generation." — *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press. 3rd Sept., 1881.*

Scott Skinner's Musical Recital.—Last Friday evening Mr. Scott Skinner entertained his pupils and their friends to a musical recital in the Supper Room of the Northern Meeting Rooms. There was a large audience, and the entertainment was very enjoyable. Mr. Skinner was assisted by Mr. Hugh Dunlop, an eminent London flautist, and Miss Scott Skinner. The programme was made up of classical pieces, solos, and popular airs, and the opening number, Mozart's overture "Figaro," at once showed the audience that the performers were specially fitted to accomplish their undertaking throughout the various parts. Miss Scott Skinner's rendering of the pianoforte solo Beethoven, as were the others during the evening, was remarkably accurate. Mr. Scott Skinner played two Scotch selections arranged by himself, and several adagio and allegro movements with much taste and skill, while Mr. Dunlop's solos on the flute were given in a manner that could scarcely be surpassed. The singing of two patriotic songs by Mr. A. Paterson added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Overture to Rob Roy.—Leaving for a while what may be termed the arena of dance music, Mr. Skinner has devoted his attention to composing a fantasia or overture. The result is a most successful one. On looking over the piece hurriedly we surmised that some of the connecting passages were remarkably like those to be met with in other overtures of a similar nature, but more careful examination has dispelled that idea. Not only is there an originality in Mr. Skinner's manner of linking one air into another, but there is here and there chords and breaks which have the same effect in music, as light and shade in a picture. In the perusal of this piece we have experienced great pleasure, which has only been enhanced by increased familiarity.

ABRIDGED CRITICISMS, &c.—(Continued.)

Among the pieces performed by the band, and which were specially worth of mention, were the overtures "Rob Roy" and "La Dame Blanche." The first overture, which was composed by J. Scott Skinner, Elgin, and which was heard in Elgin for the first time as a concerted piece of music, was splendidly rendered, particularly the slow and pathetic passages. It was allowed by many who could judge impartially that the arrangement of this selection of tunes has at least an equal, if not a more pleasing, effect on an audience than the famous overture to "Guy Mannering," and this was manifested on Tuesday by the breathless attention and the applause which greeted the performance at its conclusion.—*Free Press*, January, 1883.

The *Scotsman* says—Mr. Skinner, who is well known in Elgin, has published 'The Miller o' Hirn Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. The volume ought to have a place in every household where music is part of the domestic amusement. It is easy to conceive with what delight it will be welcomed in far away wintry districts, where the piano and the violin and the violoncello can on occasion be brought together to shorten and brighten the long winter evening. Mr. Skinner's book is excellent."

The *People's Journal* says—"Words by R. Grant and La Teste are pithily written to a dozen of the melodies. Of the songs, mention may be made of the melodic gem "The Bonnie Banks o' Spey," and also of the taking nursery melody (suggested by Mr. Skinner) "Johannie Smith, my falla fine."

The *Huntly Express* says—"We are pleased to find that Mr. Skinner's painstaking ingenuity has so far triumphed in this respect (bowing) that, by the adoption of a system of original signs, he has made the required style of bowing clear to the meanest comprehension. This is a big step in the right direction."

The second part opened with a new "Overture to Rob Roy," by Mr. James Scott Skinner, pupil of the late Dr. Marks. This production has been already received with warm approval by musicians, and on this occasion delighted the audience, consisting of some of Scotland's bonniest airs, arranged as only Mr. Skinner can. The tunes are, as far as we could pick up from the orchestra, "The Bonny Bonny Banks o' Spey" (if we mistake not one of Mr. Skinner's compositions), "Bide ye yet," "M'Gregor's Gathering," "I Lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane," "The Birks of Invermay" "The Laird o' Cockpen," „Robin Adair," "Oh, dear, what can the matter be," "My Love is like the red, red rose," and "The Braes o' Gleniffer." It was played well and intelligently by the band, the various airs being given with spirit.—*Elgin Courant*, January, 1883.

The *Peterhead Sentinel* says—"The tunes themselves will put metal into the heaviest heels, stir the blood to warmth, and the hearts to mirth and jollity."

The *Northern Chronicle*, Inverness, says—"Mr. Scott Skinner was, in his youth, one of the famous Dr. Mark's 'Little Men,' and has evidently profited by that Professor's tuition. Although many of Mr. Scott Skinner's tunes lack the fire of some of the best compositions of Neil Gow, Marshall, and Donald Dow, not a few of them are infinitely superior to many of the older strathspeys and reels."

Concert.—On the evening of Wednesday the musical population of Alyth and surrounding district were the recipients of a rich and rare treat in the shape of a violin and pianoforte recital of a very high order. The performance was held in the Commercial Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. The talented violinist and composer, Mr. J. Scott Skinner, Elgin, fairly electrified his hearers by his wonderful and masterly violin-playing, while Mr. James Watson, organist, Blairgowrie, fully sustained his already high reputation as a pianist. The programme was of a varied character, the first part consisting chiefly of the classical element, conspicuous among which were De Beriôt's 1st Concerto, op. 16, and 7th air, the severely exacting music of which brought out Mr. Skinner's extraordinary technique, richness, and roundness of tone, and breadth of expression, and unerring staccato, in a manner calculated to please the most fastidious. The second part was made up to a considerable extent of Scotch music, and as Mr. Skinner had in the first part appealed to the heads, he in this appealed to the hearts of his hearers—fairly rousing them to a state of genuine enthusiasm. If signs can be relied on with any degree of certainty, we can safely predict a bumper house to the same performers on a second visit. Mr. Skinner expressed his intention of visiting Alyth again when the Town Hall is opened.—*Alyth Guardian*, Dec. 10th 1886.

In these days when all the great men of the old country are taking trips over to America it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Scott Skinner is going to Canada. I'll probably be going myself before very long—but that is by the way. Prior to Mr. Scott Skinner's departure, I understand there is to be a farewell carnival in the Music Hall. I have no doubt it will be a success, for Mr. S. S. is a man who, in Aberdeen at least, has been appreciated. *Northern Figaro*, 30th Sep. 1886. RAMBLER.

Don't forget, please, that on Friday evening of this week Mr. Scott Skinner holds his Musical Carnival in the Music Hall. An array of artistes, enough to take one's breath away, are put down on the programme to assist. Be early in your seats, Mr. Skinner says, and don't go out except *between* the pieces. The house is, I am glad to know, likely to be well filled, and the *beneficiare* has distributed free tickets to the inmates of several of our local charitable institutions, who will be provided with seats in the Eastend gallery.—*Northern Figaro. Aberdeen.*

Aberdeen—Mr. Scott Skinner's Farewell Entertainment.—A large audience, it is gratifying to state, patronised Mr. Scott Skinner's farewell entertainment in the Music Hall last night. As a composer and exponent of Scotch music, Mr. Scott Skinner is known and appreciated over a wide area, and some of his fascinating strains will long be treasured by all lovers of our national melodies. Last night's programme was a long one, embracing wellnigh thirty numbers. Miss Porter, Miss Rosabell St. Clair, and Miss Clarina were the lady vocalists, and they gave their songs with fine effect, while Mr. Weston and Mr. W. B. Osler were not less successful in their vocal efforts. Mr. R. Mozart Atkins gave an acceptable organ performance, as did also Mr. Watson, who, in addition, skilfully played most of the piano accompaniments. The Scotch airs on the violin by Miss Louie Taylor—Miss Taylor acting as accompanist—was a charming performance, and elicited hearty recognition. Mr. Dove Paterson recited, in costume, and with distinct elocutionary power, "Kissing Cup Race"; while Mr. Skinner's little son—Master Manson Skinner—quite delighted the audience by singing "The Maid of Logie." Mr. Skinner's violin performances formed, of course, the attraction in the programme. In his best style he played selections from the Elgin, Hirn, and Logie collections, and the prolonged applause which in each case rewarded his efforts was but deserved recognition of his superb manipulation. A string band was present, and added to the pleasure of the entertainment; while the Artillery Band, conducted in person by Mr. Wood, opened the programme with an appropriate selection. The entertainment—a large part of which consisted of pieces from Mr. Skinner's "Logie Collection," was a rich musical treat. It was a success in every way, and everybody enjoyed it. The platform was adorned with shrubbery; and lighted as it was with variegated globes, presented a pretty and picturesque appearance.—*Aberdeen Free Press*, 30th Oct. 1886.

Mr. Scott Skinner's Farewell Carnival.—Last night Mr. J. Scott Skinner, prior to his departure from this country to America, held a "farewell carnival and reunion of friends and pupils," in the Music Hall, which was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyable. The platform was very prettily decorated with a profusion of fir trees studded with varicoloured lamps. The programme submitted was rich in classical and national music, and the only fault to be found with it—if fault it could be called—was the unusual number of the selections and the length of time required for their rendition. The Artillery Band, under Mr. Wood, were present, and gave a selection, and the soloists, many of whom were Mr. Skinner's pupils, included Miss Porter, Miss Rosabell St. Clair, Miss Clarina, and Messrs. Meston, W. B. Osler, and Master Manson Skinner. The Misses Taylor, Miss Skinner, and Messrs. R. Mozart Atkins, Watson, Hardie, Knowles, Cassie, and Watson also contributed to the programme with selections on the organ, pianoforte, and violin, which were warmly appreciated. Mr. Dove Paterson gave, in the costume of a jockey, a recital of the well-known "Kissing Cup's Race" with good elocutionary effect, being enthusiastically recalled. A cradle song for strings and the trio "Ave Maria," the latter taken part in by Mrs. Playfair and the Messrs. Watson and Skinner, proved a very acceptable performance, as also were the Scotch selections by the admirably trained string band. Mr. Scott Skinner himself, as was to be expected, met with a cordial reception. His ability as a violionist is unquestioned, and last night he may be said to have almost surpassed any previous efforts. In "Duncan Gray" and "The Miller o' Hirn" Mr. Skinner was seen at his best, as was testified by the enthusiasm of the audience, who eagerly demanded an encore. The concert fittingly concluded with the Reel o' Thuilleachan."—*Aberdeen Journal and Evening Express*, 30th Oct. 1886.

Our local Paganini, Scott Skinner, takes his farewell at a concert in the Music Hall to-night before departing for other climes. I hope the musical public who admire his talent will conspire to give him a good shove off.—*"Bonaccord,"* 30th Oct. 1886.

Mr. Scott Skinner is to give a farewell "Musical Carnival and friendly gathering of his musical friends in Aberdeen," previous to his departure for Canada, in the Music Hall, on Friday, 29th October. Mr. Skinner has long been known, in Aberdeen and the north, as a first-rate violin player—his playing of Strathspeys being unequalled—but in addition to that he is also a well-known composer and arranger of Scotch music, which of itself is sufficient to interest his many friends in and around our quarter to turn out to bid him *Au Revoir*, and wish him luck in his new home. I have no doubt, therefore, but that a bumper house will be the result of his "Carnival." I shall let you know the "order of events" as soon as they have been arranged. Meantime, this by way of preliminary.

Musical Review.—Mr. Middleton, the enterprising music publisher of Keith, has, by some private arrangement with the composer, just now published in book form for the violin, the whole of Mr. Scott Skinner's first-class and copyright dance compositions. The selection includes the celebrated "Ettrick Vale Quadrilles," "Northern Meeting Quadrilles," "Guy Mannering Lancers," "Autumn Leaves Valse," "Echoes of Night Valse," Election Galop," "Victory Galop," "Devastation Galop," "Warbler's Polka," "Bella Polka," "Miller o' Hirn Schottische," "Glenlivet Whisky," and all his other compositions, which have already gained him a name. Also the whole of his newest compositions, including his "Mountain Dew Quadrille," "Flower of Moray Valse," "Jumbo's Farewell Valse," "The Assault Galop," "Convivial Galop," and other pieces which will yet gain fame. This collection occupies sixty-five pages of music, and is priced at the low sum of eighteen pence, being, we believe, the largest collection of 1first-class music published at the money. Violinists wil do well to secure a copy. Notwithstanding that Keith is the opposite of a good publishing centre, Mr. Middleton's musical publications seem to be thoroughly appreciated by the public, and are having a rapid sale. The fifteenth thousand of his strathspey and reel selection is already selling, while his other works are going equally rapid.—*Huntly Express.*

"Talisker Whisky" by James Scott Skinner.—The musical world is indebted in no small measure to this gentleman for many very fine arrangements of Scotch music, and the Highland Schottische now before us will add to the already wide fame of the composer. Than Mr. Skinner, few are better qualified to judge what ought to be good dancing tunes, and hence in all his compositions in this department we have at once graceful and useful melody. "Talisker" will soon be as much a household work as "The Miller o' Hirn." La Teste's poem "Talisker" is also published along with this piece.

Among the last of the Jubilee numbers, I hope, is "Scott Skinner's Jubilee Musical Number," which consists of a Reel and a couple of Schottisches each of the three being dedicated to—the first, J. Walker Esq., and the last two to Dr. Macdonald and W. Barclay Esq., of Logie Muir respectively. The *title page* is dedicated to Dr. F. Maitland Moir of Tarnash.

The music is breezy, springy, and quite Scott Skinner like in its Scotch ruggedness. The sheet ought to be popular among fiddlers and I have no doubt it will prove so. *Northern Figaro*, Juli 2, 1887.

Scott Skinner's "Beauties of the Ballroom." Keith: Charles Middleton.—We have submitted this excellent collection of violin dance music to a crucial test, and are bound to say it is one of the best works of its kind we have met with. Mr. Scott Skinner has, by judicious and skilful arrangement, produced a publication which is sure to commend itself to all lovers of Scoth music, and that is more than can be said of most attempts in the same direction. From beginning to end, there is a current of smooth flowing melody, which never grates upon the ear, and which, with one or two exceptions which are not in Mr. Scott Skinner's best style, quite qualifies the collection to appear in any public ball-room. The quadrilles and lancers have been particularly well arranged, and it indicates no small taste and research on the part of the author that he has brought together, in this convenient form, so much of the flower of Scottish melody. "The Ettrick Vale," "The Thistle," The Military," and "The Mountain Dew Quadrilles," deserve special mention, while to those who have got any Jacobite inclinations, "The Prince Charlie Lancers," and his "Welcome to the Isle of Skye," or the "1877" quadrille, must prove attractive beyond all others. The work is quite within the range of ordinary amateurs, and being well got up, in excellent type and of moderate price, it ought to commend itself to all lovers of Scotch music, and especially to those living amid Scotia's historic scenery north of the Grampians.—*Northern Chronicle*, 18th April, 1883.

"Talisker Whisky."—This is the title given to a new Highland Schottische by Mr. James Scott Skinner, a well-known local composer, eulogistic of the famed Talisker Whisky. The composition is sprightly and inspiriting, in keeping with the subject by which it is inspired, and is arranged for pianoforte and violin, besides a strathspey for the pipes. The frontispiece of the new Schottische offers a firstrate illustration of the saying, "It's a fine speerit the Talisker," representing as it does two sturdy Highlanders, one of whom is quaffing the genuine article with an evident relish, while the other looks on with open, expectant mouth, ready to console himself in the meantime with a pinch from the "sneechan mull." To the musical composition are appended some racy verses by the versatile "La Teste," dedicated to the proprietor o the Talisker distillery, Roderick Kemp, Esq., Elgin. The first verse runs thus—

ABRIDGED CRITICISMS, &c.—(Continued.)

Nae dost her nainsel's peen in Skye,
Tat Paradise for sheep an' kye,
Ta pest o' parley, corn, and rye,
An' boch her glorious Talisker.

Her nainsel wadna grudge a groat
For somesin like a tonal o't,
It's jist like cream gawn doon her sroat,
Ta fine, ta famous Talisker.

Inverness Advertiser.

Jubilee Music.—The bow hand of the diligent Mr. Scott Skinner cannot rest, so here we have that brilliant violinist again with a "Jubilee Musical Number," containing a lively reel and a couple of lightsome schottische strains, inviting to dancers and by no means difficult for players, either on fiddle or piano. The little sheet—dedicated to the popular Laird of Tarnash—is neatly got up.—*Journal*, July 2, 1887.

Mr. *James Scott Skinner* plys a busy pen and an effective fiddle bow. Perhaps, indeed, he is a trifle too industrious, for "jigs, strathspeys, and reels" flow into being from his brain with a rapidity to be scarcely marked by any musical bartime known to the profession. However, never cast your line and you cast no fish, and while it would be wrong to say that Mr. Skinner's productions are all of a kind likely to live, there comes gratifying testimony every now and then that he has struck the proper keynote, and so the result is something not only worth knowing, but remembering. We get proof of this at present, the popular Elgin Teacher of Dancing having just sent us the three latest efforts of his creative talent and musical skill—namely, (1) "The Assault at Tel-el-Kebir;" (2) Highland Schottische, "Glenlivet Whisky;" and (3) Overture to "Rob Roy"—all arranged for pianoforte and violin. These compositions, tried by the piano, are of various degrees of merit, but then James Scott Skinner plays dance music so sweetly, neatly, and inspiringly, that possibly the power of his firm bow hand and clever fingering might entirely change our opinion regarding his work. At any rate, present impressions lead us to say that his Galop "The Assault," is a feeble, futile affair—unmeaning and unmusical. The Schottische, "Glenlivet Whisky," however, comes from a different bin. There is genuine Highland stuff here—a clear, distinct, catching melody, with appropriate easy filling in for the left hand. When we say that this little composition is worthy of "The Miller o' Hirn," it will be understood that Mr. Skinner is at his very best. Lovers—lady lovers more particularly—of our native music, who desire something fresh and dainty in the dance way, should order "Glenlivet Whisky." 'Tis a cheap sixpenny worth, and alas! how seldom now-a-days do you hear a really good pianoforte player of reels and strathspeys! The touch, mayhap we should say the "knack," seems to be dying out with the wearin' awa' of the cultured old Scottish dames of the Dean Ramsay stamp. The other piece before us by Mr. Skinner, the overture to "Rob Roy," is perhaps the most ambitious production he has yet put forth. It is fairly well done as a whole, and in the hands of a capable orchestra should prove effective. The various movements are judiciously managed, being composed of some of the finest of our old Scottish airs, with several of the choice new things in the author's "Miller o' Hirn" collection. The overture is dedicated to Her Majesty the Queen, before whom Mr. Skinner has had the honour, on more than one occasion of performing.—The *Northern Advertiser*, Aberdeen, 21st November, 1882.

THE ELGIN COLLECTION OF SCOTCH MUSIC.

By James Scott Skinner. London: Cramer & Co.

This is a worthy sequel and addition to Mr. Scott Skinner's "Miller o' Hirn Collection." It is also a cheap publication, the price being only half-a-crown. It contains 41 compositions, almost all original, comprising schottisches, Strathspeys, reels, hornpipes, &c., arranged for the violin and pianoforte. A fine airy, enthusiastic spirit pervades the whole collection, which suggests mountain breezes playing with the blooming heather, and murmuring waves making soft music on a pebbly beach. — *"Northern Chronicle," 9th September, 1884.*

REVIEWS OF LOGIE SINGING QUADRILLE.

"The Logie Singing Quadrille." — This is a very spirited and characteristic piece of music by Mr. James Scott Skinner, whose own deftness and skill as a violin player are well-known. The sentiment and movement are well in accord throughout, variations coming in rapidly and effectively. In the production of the original stanzas, where three separate hands are seen, "W. M.," of whose true rhyming gift the public have had other opportunities of judging, has been fitly assigned the larger share. And he has done his part with great neatness and taste. Altogether the Quadrille, which is dedicated to William Barclay, Esq., of Logie Muir, is a piece of music which, although it requires a fair measure of executive ability, vocal and other, to do it full justice, ought to "catch," and to find many admirers.—*Aberdeen Free Press, January 15, 1886.*

"The Logie Quadrille." — By the publication of the "Logie Quadrille," Mr. James Scott Skinner, the well-known violinist and composer, has, we are glad to see, made a notable addition to the already large number of compositions which bear his name. This fresh production consists of a simply-harmonised arrangement of a series of very pleasing and appropriate airs composed by Mr. Scott Skinner for original verses. The stanzas accompany the score, and may be sung while the dance is proceeding. The composer has been remarkably successful in the matter of making his music at once very singable and danceable, and many people will doubtless take advantage of this by combining the two pleasures. The "lilts" are thoroughly Scotch in feeling, and pleasant to sing. As to the verses themselves, there need be no hesitation in saying that they are infinitely superior from a poetical point of view to the maudlin stuff which is sometimes sung to popular waltzes. The contributors, it may be mentioned, are two northern bards of some repute. Altogether, the "Logie Quadrille" ought to be popular both at home and in the ballromm. — *Aberdeen Journal, January 12, 1886.*

"The Logie Singing Quadrille," by Mr. James Scott Skinner, of "Hirn" celebrity, is quite an acceptable novelty. In one harmonious chain of linked sweetness, the author gives fourteen very taking original songs — a new departure from the stereotyped quadrille, which is chiefly composed of cribbed and hackneyed tunes. Mr. Skinner's melodies are very inspiriting, and happily varied both in phrase and time. We have had pleasure in putting his Quadrille to the test, and we know it has already obtained a good footing, and believe it is sure to become popular. Stanzas of words to the songs are given by experienced pens, so that, if desired, the enthusiasm of the dance may be heightened by the exercise of the voice along with the apt instrumental setting. The genial laird of Logie-Muir (Mr. William Barclay) is honoured with the dedication. The Quadrille has an attractive title page, and is finely printed by Messrs. Taylor & Henderson, Aberdeen. — *People's Journal, January 23, 1886.*

"The Logie Singing Quadrille" is a very spirited piece of music just issued by Mr. J. Scott Skinner, whose skill as a violin player and composer is well-known. The Quadrille, which is dedicated to William Barclay, Esq., of Logie Muir, is, in every way, well worthy of being eagerly sought after. — *Northern Advertiser, January 19, 1886.*

Mr. J. Scott Skinner, the well-known violinist, has issued a rather taking Quadrille, "The Logie." The music is in every instance the essence of simplicity, and should be very popular with hands not as yet tempered to more difficult work; and, mark you, the Quadrille is exceedingly tuneful throughout, so that it ought to be sought after. Mr. Skinner has dedicated this his latest composition to Mr. William Barclay, the popular laird of Logie Muir, a gentleman well-known all over the North and Deeside districts of Aberdeenshire. — *Northern Figaro, January 16, 1886.*

CRITICISMS ON CONCERTS.

Saturday Evening Entertainment. — At the entertainment in St. Katharine's Hall on Saturday night, a considerable portion of the programme was devoted to violin music, the principal performer being Mr. James Scott Skinner, who was assisted by Mr. C. Hardie (second violin), and Miss M. Hadden (piano). Mr. Scott Skinner played De Beriot's 1st concerto and 6th air, Rode's "Air in G," and a rondo in D Minor — one of his own compositions. Along with Mr. C. Hardie, Mr. Scott Skinner afterwards played "Deh Conte," from "Norma" (Bellini), and a selection of Scotch airs. The whole of the numbers were received with enthusiastic applause, and in two cases encores had to be given. Miss Hadden played the piano accompaniments throughout, thus rendering valuable assistance. — *Aberdeen Journal, January 18, 1886.*

Saturday Evening Entertainments. — On Saturday the usual entertainment was given in St. Katharine's Hall by Mr. F. C. Taylor. The concert was opened with a piano solo — The Logie Quadrilles — by Miss M. Hadden. This set of Quadrilles is the composition of Mr. Scott Skinner, and the rendering of it by Miss Hadden on Saturday was readily appreciated. The feature of the evening, however, was the violin playing of Mr. Scott Skinner and Mr. Hardie. Too high praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Skinner for his playing, all the pieces he essayed being marked by much feeling and delicacy of touch. Mr. Skinner displayed some smart fingering in playing "Duncan Gray" with variations. All Mr. Skinner's efforts were warmly applauded by a discriminating and critical audience, and several encores had to be given. Mr. Hardie also made a highly creditable appearance. The accompaniments were played by Miss Hadden. Next Saturday a grand Burns Concert will be given by Mr. Taylor. Several of the best local amateurs are to sing. — *Aberdeen Free Press, January 18, 1886.*

Mr. Scott Skinner gave one of his unique examples of violin playing in St. Katharine's Hall last Saturday evening, and succeeded in drawing together probably the largest number of instrumentalists (principally devotees to the fiddle) that have met in a public hall for a very long time. Mr. Skinner sent away his audience quite satisfied that he not only can play the popular "reel and strathspey," but that he is also capable of playing what is looked upon as far more difficult music. — *Northern Figaro, January 23, 1886.*

A NICHT WI' JAMES SCOTT SKINNER.

I had a nicht, an' only ane,
Wi' James Scott Skinner,
Nae lang ago in Aberdeen,
Wi' James Scott Skinner.
An' sic a nicht I never saw,
Nor spent afore wi' great nor sma';
For I could hardly win awa'
Frae James Scott Skinner.

The happy, soul inspiring strains
O' James Scott Skinner
Gart a' my bluid dance in my veins,
Wi' James Scott Skinner.
For never yet heard I sic play
In a' my life, I'm safe to say:
The Paganini o' the day
Is James Scott Skinner!

"Wi' hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels"
Frae James Scott Skinner,
Time flew as gin't had been on wheels,
Wi' James Scott Skinner!
Whiles "Bonnie Lass," an' "Highland Queen,"
Sweet "Gairloch," and the "Earl o' Deane,"
The vera tears brocht to my een.
Wi' James Scott Skinner.

Oor fiddlers a' maun sit in rear
O' James Scott Skinner,
For we the like had never here
O' James Scott Skinner.
Nor was there ever ane, I trow,
Save Paganini or Neil Gow,
Could wield the sprightly fiddle bow
Like James Scott Skinner.

The matchless skill an' talents rare
O' James Scott Skinner
Will yet be heard o' whan nae mair
Is James Scott Skinner.
For lang ahin he's deid an' gane
Auld Scotland ower his dust shall maen,
Nor will auld Scotland mourn her lane
For James Scott Skinner.

But noo's the time to soun' the praise
O' James Scott Skinner,
An' honour wide the deathless lays
O' James Scott Skinner.
For whan he's ance ayont that bourne
Frae whence nae travellers e'er return,
What signifies it then to mourn
For James Scott Skinner?

A wondrous gift, I maun alloo,
Has James Scott Skinner;
O' music aye jist reemin' fu'
Is James Scott Skinner.
It rankles in his restless pow
Baith day and nicht — a livin' lowe,
An' sets ilk kindred soul aglow
Wi' James Scott Skinner.

A bonnie, bricht-e'ed little boy*
Has James Scott Skinner;
The livin' image, pride, an' joy
O' James Scott Skinner.
Let's hope an' trust this little son
Will win the fame his father's won,
An' finish what has been begun
By James Scott Skinner.

Lang may the elbow joint yet jink
O' James Scott Skinner;
For few can gar the measures clink
Like James Scott Skinner!
An' when at last he's ta'en awa',
On Manson may his mantle fa',
Wha may as guid a bow yet draw
As James Scott Skinner!

W. D. Jeffrey.

* Manson Scott Skinner.

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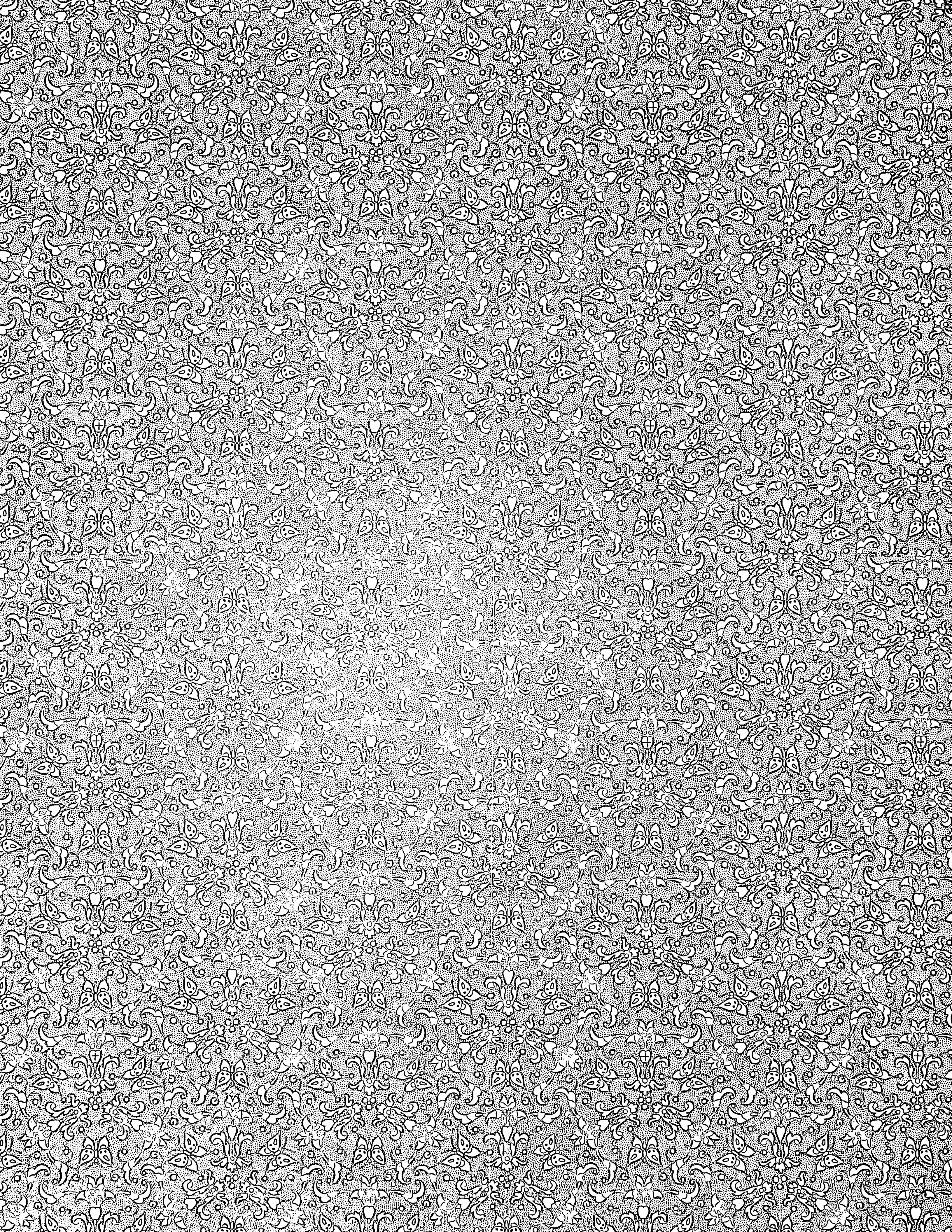

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